

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

**COL. FREDERIC M. WISE
and MEIGS O. FROST**

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A Marine Tells It to You

Frederic May Wise
1936





A Marine Tells It to You

As Told by

COLONEL FREDERIC MAY WISE

United States Marine Corps

To

MEIGS O. FROST



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A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

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*To the Old-Timers, officers and men, who
made the United States Marine Corps what
it is today, I dedicate this book.*

—FREDERIC MAY WISE.

*To the four without whom it would never
have been written—April Frost, Colonel
Robert Ewing, Captain J. Walker Ross and
James Evans Crown—I dedicate my share
in this book.*

—MEIGS O. FROST.

FOREWORD

This is the story of twenty-seven years in war and peace around the world, out of the life of Frederic May Wise, who entered the United States Marine Corps a Second Lieutenant in 1899 and retired a Colonel in 1926 with the Distinguished Service Medal, U. S. Navy, won in the Bois de Belleau; the Distinguished Service Medal, U. S. Army, won in the Argonne; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, won in the Bois de Belleau; the Croix de Guerre of France, with Palm, won in the Bois de Belleau; and the Medaille Militaire of the Republic of Haiti; also with the campaign badges for active service in the Philippines, in China, in Cuba Pacification, in Mexico, in Haiti, in San Domingo, and in France.

—M. O. F.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. WE SHOVE OFF	1
II. HELL-HOLES AND THE PACIFIC	5
III. SEARCHING FOR A WAR	15
IV. A WAR AT LAST	26
V. THE SACKING OF TIENTSIN	38
VI. MARCHING THROUGH HELL	45
VII. IN THE LAIR OF THE DRAGON	59
VIII. CHASING THE GENTLE GUGU	75
IX. BROOKLYN AND BROADWAY	82
X. BACK TO THE ORIENT	86
XI. SAN FRANCISCO AND PHILADELPHIA	96
XII. SEA DUTY AND SMYRNA	106
XIII. MANEUVERS, MARDI GRAS AND VERA Cruz	119
XIV. HAITI	130
XV. SAN DOMINGO	138
XVI. WE SAIL FOR FRANCE	157
XVII. IN THE TRENCHES	180
XVIII. LES MARES FARM, CHÂTEAU THIERRY	191
XIX. BOIS DE BELLEAU	207
XX. BACK OF THE LINES	240
XXI. ST. MIHIEL	254
XXII. THE ARGONNE	264
XXIII. THE ARMISTICE	284

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIV. THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION . . .	289
XXV. TRYING A BREATHING SPACE . . .	298
XXVI. HAITI AGAIN	301
XXVII. QUANTICO	336
XXVIII. PORTSMOUTH	341
INDEX	343

AS WE START, REMEMBER—

Every word of this story is from memory. I never took a note in my life.

If I criticize others, I do not spare myself.

I tell the story of what I saw in twenty-seven years service around the world as an officer of the United States Marine Corps.

In the main, it is the "Old Marine Corps" of which I write. There are damned few of us left. We lived hard, drank hard, fought hard. In the old days, liquor was accepted as the rule. Yet, even then, I never saw an officer on duty drunk.

We entered the Service under martinets. They accepted no excuses. They required results. They left their mark on us.

If we survived, we were officers.

I do not write as a tactician. I never claimed to be one. All my life has been spent as a troop leader in direct command. I have handled them all, from a platoon to a brigade. If I have learned anything in those years, it was men.

I have tried to tell the story of men as I have commanded them in every phase of a soldier's life, in barracks, on ship-board, in training camp, on the march, in billets, and in action.

—FREDERICK MAY WISE.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

CHAPTER I

WE SHOVE OFF

IT was hotter than hell as I climbed aboard the Colonial Express at the old Sixth Street Station in Washington, that day in July, 1899. I was headed for Boston—a Second Lieutenant of the United States Marine Corps—on my way to my first station.

Next morning, on arriving in Boston, I drove out to the Navy Yard in a four-wheeler, was assigned my room in the junior officers' quarters, and reported to Colonel Henry Clay Cochrane, commanding officer of Marines.

Our navy yards, as you may know, are commanded by a ranking naval officer who has the title of Commandant. In the old days his only superior was God. If he would avoid rows with the Navy Department in Washington, he could do anything but commit murder. The navy yard he commanded was his domain. He walked around it like a monarch, with a Marine orderly six paces behind him.

One was expected literally to hold one's breath not only when he was present, but even when his name was mentioned. His movements were the principal subject of conversation in the yard. If you were asked to dine with him, you went, regardless of other plans. You let him set the pace in conversation. You played whist after dinner, if requested, regardless of your inclination or ability. You

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

went home when he indicated the evening was over. If you were not in his own house, you did not go home until he left.

If there was a Mrs. Commandant, matters were made worse. Life in the navy yard had all the formalities and complications of court life, plus the discipline of a prison.

The commanding officer of the Marines in a navy yard was usually an older officer. He, in his turn, carried on the same régime as the Commandant, as far as he could. Life was not easy for a junior officer of Marines. By giving some thought to it you could usually avoid social contact with the Commandant. But the Marine Colonel was not easily escaped.

Colonel Cochrane was a remarkable man, distinctly a gentleman and always extremely courteous in his social contacts. He lived well and when you went to his house to dine, you always got a damned good dinner.

But he was "ornery" and meaner than hell on duty. Keen, rigidly courteous, but cold and sarcastic. He was a man of average height, with a square gray beard about two inches long. When displeased, which was often, he used to throw his head back. I always thought the beard made an upward movement of its own at this moment.

I had been around the yard only a few days when he said:

"Mr. Wise, take a chair so you won't get tired. Sit under the trees. Watch the recruits drill. If you notice any who look good, tell me their names."

I did as he told me, but without the chair.

He could not abide waste of any kind. He never permitted it by any in his command. He used to cut the backs very carefully from used envelopes for his memorandum pads. Once the Marine baker turned out a batch of poor bread. The Colonel promptly made him pay for a sack of flour.

Being late in returning to the barracks by the enlisted

WE SHOVE OFF

men was the worst offense in his eyes. The Officer of the Day was not allowed to deal with these offenders. Straight to the Colonel they must report. God help the man—because none of us could—who tried the excuse that he missed his train. Colonel Cochrane had all the time-tables of near-by towns in his head. He knew by heart the hour every train reached or left Boston.

He was a Tartar for discipline. A Marine who had been drinking but wasn't exactly drunk came into the Yard once. The Colonel smelled his breath and ordered him on bread and water for five days, for smuggling liquor into the Marine Barracks—inside himself!

He was a product of the Civil War. To him orders were to be obeyed, work was to be done. No excuses. No explanations. No quarter to be given or ever expected.

He had his barracks kept immaculately clean. Every article of the enlisted personnel he had inspected daily. Punishment descended instantly if anything was soiled, out of order, or out of place. Every detail of uniform for officers and men alike had to be above par.

The condition of the men's food, its proper cooking and serving, were of paramount importance to him. Days of torture for cooks, mess attendants and the Officer of the Day followed when food came to the tables cold. The men must have their food hot and good.

He kept officers and men on their toes twenty-four hours a day. Under his command there was no passing the buck, no laziness, no indifference. In some strange way nothing could take place without his immediate knowledge. Although we didn't see him in the flesh all the time, his presence was always with us no matter where we were.

A man of no sympathy and no affection, but efficient to an unusual degree. A magnificent barracks and mess officer. A past master in discipline. Cordially hated by men and officers alike.

I learned a lot about soldiering from him.

But though I had my difficult moments at the start in

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

the yard, there were pleasant times during those three months I spent in Boston, reaching their climax on the day that I received a note from a friend at Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington, telling me I had been ordered to the Philippines. I was wild with excitement for there was a war going on out there in the Philippines.

Besides, I had been three months with Colonel Cochrane. I had managed to escape any definite trouble by hard work, attending to business, using my wits, and listening to the constant suggestions of Sergeant McDevitt. But I never knew when Colonel Cochrane was going to get my scalp.

Nothing was said to me about my orders for departure. I wanted to get them in my hands. On receiving them, you are automatically no longer on duty with the old command. You must have the orders before you can buy your ticket, pack, or make any arrangements for departure.

Every time I saw the Colonel, I waited for him to speak about those orders. After two days' suspense I asked his clerk if they had not arrived.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, "but he won't give them to you until five minutes before the train leaves."

That, I discovered, was another bit of Colonel Cochrane's discipline. You were never allowed to relax for one minute while on duty with him. It was one of his many methods for keeping you on your toes.

I finally went in to the Old Man. I told him I knew my orders for departure had arrived. After a few sarcastic remarks, he gave them to me. It was just as well that I took the bit in my teeth. For Lieutenant Burton, who waited for the Colonel to hand him his orders, all but missed his train!

I reported at the Marine Barracks in Washington. There the troop train was made up—a Pullman, a dining car, tourist sleepers. Sixteen officers and four hundred men, we headed for San Francisco. There, we filed aboard the U.S.S. *Solace* for the voyage across the Pacific.

CHAPTER II

HELL-HOLES AND THE PACIFIC

I HAVE been in one or two hell-holes in my life. But the U.S.S. *Solace* wins the blue ribbon.

Each fleet of the U.S. Navy had a ship known as a hospital ship: a small floating hospital. Any case of illness or injury on any ship in the fleet that could not be cured in a few days was transferred to the hospital ship. I believe the idea was to give more comfort on a hospital ship than was afforded on a warship or transport.

The *Solace* had begun her life in the Navy as such a ship—with the comfort omitted. Later on another such ship was added to the Navy and was called the *Mercy*.

Many poor devils discovered there was no solace on the *Mercy* and no mercy on the *Solace*.

Originally the *Solace* had been the old *Creole* of the Morgan Line, a small passenger ship running between New York and New Orleans. She was in no way equipped to carry troops, except that she had a hold which was only large enough to accommodate two hundred and fifty men. She had a very narrow beam, which made her roll heavily in the slightest sea.

Down into that hold we packed four hundred Marines; packed them in like the traditional sardines.

Just out of San Francisco, the ice machine broke down. Our food supplies began to spoil. The only place the men could move about was the forecastle deck, so very small that there was no room for recreation or drilling. Inactivity for four hundred Marines jammed in, elbow to elbow, like that, for thirty days, breeds conditions impossible to describe.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Right off the bat we struck rough weather. The old *Solace* would roll way down on one side, pause, and then roll far over on the other side. With each roll a batch of Marines got seasick. That hold became one hell of a mess. Then the seas got so high they had to batten down the hatches. Ventilation flickered and died. That didn't help.

Soon, down in that hold, the deck was covered solidly with Marines absolutely knocked out by the most violent seasickness. Something had to be done for them. We went down among them with hot broth, and started carrying them to the forecandle deck for fresh air. But the seas were sweeping over us so heavily that we had to tie ropes around the men to keep them from being washed overboard. The forecandle was so small we had to bring up one group lashed together, revive them, take them below, and bring up another group.

One of those poor devils, limp and pale green, looked at me with dulled eyes as I was bringing him up on deck for air.

"If this is a hospital ship, sir," he managed to gasp, "I hope to God I never sail on a transport."

It was on the *Solace* that I first did duty with Hiram I. Bearss, then, like myself, a second lieutenant. There never was another like old Hiram in the world. Wild as you make them. Irresponsible to an incredible degree. Absolutely fearless. Seldom in funds. Always with some scheme afoot. He never had the proper clothes. He was forever playing practical jokes. His energy knew no control. He was always borrowing anything and everything from anybody he could. Yet always he was lovable beyond words to describe.

It was a busy voyage for me. I had to learn my duties on a transport and carry them out. There was the nightly poker. There was Hiram with whom to get thoroughly acquainted. And when Hiram finally succumbed to seasickness, I had to keep a piece of salt pork rigged on a

HELL-HOLES AND THE PACIFIC

string so it would continue to swing in front of his eyes, but just beyond his reach.

There was another commanding officer to think about. But I had learned by this time how to keep out of the way of commanding officers. On this voyage I saw very little of this one, except at meals.

He was Major Littleton W. T. Waller. We had to eat with him. There were two ward-rooms on the *Solace*, one for the Navy officers running the ship, one for the twenty Marine officers aboard.

Major Waller, handsome, distinguished in appearance, had just been made a major, and he loved to talk about his exploits. A short man, but very military in his looks and bearing. A most excellent officer. The only small man I ever knew who talked a lot about himself but who could always deliver the goods. The U.S. Marine Corps was his God. He never let you forget it.

At meals on the *Solace* we listened respectfully to his never-ending accounts of when he was ashore with Admiral Sir Charles Beresford at the taking of Alexandria in Egypt in 1884. And by the time that voyage was finished there was nothing we didn't know about the capture of the Spanish fleet outside Santiago.

Seven days of all this, and then, late one afternoon, land loomed out of the Pacific. The island of Oahu. We headed for Honolulu to coal ship.

Over the rail, Honolulu looked like Paradise. Mountains rising up back of that beautiful city. Palm trees everywhere. Beautiful homes along the shore. The beach and the surf racing in. Hotels where there would be a good dinner and no commanding officer to listen to.

Hiram and I were standing at the rail, our mouths watering for shore leave. Of course we would get it after the past seven days. We were planning our descent on the town. Deciding what we would order for dinner.

The naval executive officer of the *Solace* stepped up to me just as we had decided on the fourth course.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"Wise, would you like to go ashore to-night?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Yes, sir," I said, brightening up still more, while Hiram grinned with pure joy.

"Well, you can't!" Commander Coffin snapped. He turned on his heel and walked away. A chance like that seemed to give him pleasure.

"The damned good-for-nothing Navy bastard!" was Hiram's outburst.

But we had a commanding officer of our own. When we told him the Navy had decided to give us no shore leave that night, Major Waller started some hell-raising on his own account. None could do it in any more polished and finished style than he. And nothing got him started any quicker than any unfairness to his men or his officers.

When he got through with the United States Navy that afternoon, the Marines had shore leave that night. And I had learned another important phase of soldiering.

We had a great night, Hiram and I. To be sure, there was the world's most famous beach at Waikiki, near by. There was the notable stringed orchestra at the hotel. There was the beautiful drive to the top of the mountain, where the view of the Pacific was marvelous.

But we had no time for all this. We decided to leave it to the tourists. We had had seven days to see the Pacific. We would have twenty-one days more.

We headed straight for the famous bar at the Hawaiian Hotel, where every drink cost a quarter—a lot in those days. We found friends there. And there were two clubs in Honolulu. We were taken from one to the other and back again, with trips back to the hotel now and then. We got aboard the *Solace* next day just before she sailed.

Of course Major Waller had seen to it that the men as well as the officers were given shore liberty. And I'll be damned if those Marines, who for seven days had been cramped up either in the hold or on that small forecastle deck, with no possible chance to stretch their legs, as soon

HELL-HOLES AND THE PACIFIC

as they got their feet on the ground, didn't hire all the horses in sight and ride around and around the town, or pile into hacks and were driven around. No walking for them!

From Honolulu onward the Pacific was glassy as a mill pond. We began to shake down and find ourselves. Especially the junior Marine officers. Friendships began that have lasted ever since.

There was Lieutenant Louis McCarty Little, son of Captain Little of the Navy. Louis had been educated in France, and had spent a good deal of time in Newport, summers, with his family. He was either all French or all Irish.

There was Lieutenant Bill Clifford from Portland, Maine. Reserved. Packed with cold common sense. He never threw any money over his shoulder. Full of a mixture of caution and sly New England humor. You never got Bill into anything he didn't think over first.

There was Lieutenant Mason Gulick, son of Captain Gulick of the Marines. He had the quickest wit. Sharp and keen. Nothing that could be laughed at ever missed him. He never failed to make a point of it.

And Lieutenant Logan Feland from Kentucky. Very quiet. Very little to say. Older than the rest of us. But always listening in.

Lieutenant Wirt McCreary, too. Much older than the rest of us. Very much the man of the world, but great fun. A graduate of Annapolis, he had tried everything in the world and finally the Marines. The rest of us looked upon him as an oracle. He gave us advice about everything, and was especially an authority on all matters pertaining to drinking.

Then the great liquor drought hit us.

I had put aboard what I thought a sufficient supply. But too many visitors came to my stateroom. And a couple of my neighbors, I knew, still had a two-gallon jug. They hoarded it. They had been among the most persistent

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

visitors I had. I figured that made their jug a fair target.

Distilled spirits even then were forbidden aboard ship. So one night when an officer had accumulated a pretty full load, and, being a bad actor when in liquor, his condition had become pretty generally known aboard ship, I started a quiet rumor that the executive officer was going to search the ship for liquor and a general court-martial would follow if any was found.

Bill Clifford came to me, greatly perturbed.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "You come from a Navy family. You ought to be able to advise me. What do you suggest?"

"What's your liquor in?" I asked, knowing all the time.

"A jug," he said.

"Throw it through the porthole in your stateroom," I advised, knowing the jug was too big to go through.

"I can't. It's too big," he said.

"I'll take a chance for you," I told him. "Give it to me. I'll get rid of it."

Which was perfectly true. I got the jug to my stateroom, got some empty bottles from the wine boy, decanted the whisky and had the jug dropped overboard. Then, presently, I invited Bill among others to my stateroom, and served him some of his own liquor!

But that supply soon gave out. Then when we were at our wits' end for a drink, another officer announced he had a case of Scotch. We broke it out and scrutinized it. It was marked "Redistilled in Pittsburgh." The officer had bought it from a wine merchant of bad repute in Vallejo, California, just before we sailed. I was suspicious. But I had one infallible test.

On the *Solace* was Lieutenant 'Bias Sampson, a Navy engineer officer. 'Bias was famous for two things. He wore Congress gaiters and he could drink anything. I invited 'Bias to my stateroom and offered him a drink of that Scotch. He poured, smelled, drank slowly and with an effort.

HELL-HOLES AND THE PACIFIC

"Have another, 'Bias?" I invited hopefully.

"No thanks, Freddie," he said reluctantly, "I don't believe I will."

He departed, shaking his head. I called in the gang.

"It's no good," I told them. "Even 'Bias won't drink it."

If 'Bias couldn't drink it, no human being could. We threw the whole case overboard.

But 'Bias held no resentment when he learned we had tried it out on him. He told us we would sight the Island of Guam soon, and he'd be able to get the ice machine working enough so we could have a farewell dinner with champagne. Some of us were getting off at Guam.

Two weeks after we left Honolulu a bleak hill rose up out of that vast expanse of water. As we came nearer, on the very top of it we saw some tents and the United States flag flying.

It was Guam, the hell of the United States Marines.

The island, owned by the United States government, is used as a cable station. A Marine command of one hundred and fifty men and six or seven officers is stationed there to police and protect the island. Guam is out of the line of the Pacific steamers. The only contact with the outside world was the Navy transport once a month with supplies and mail.

As the *Solace* came around, the island spread out before us. We saw a panorama of native huts made of nipa, a grass that grows there. Natives were moving about. It looked desolate. We went ashore.

Landing at Peiti, we secured a native cart with a trotting bullock and started for Aguna, the capital, six miles inland. We arrived more dead than alive from the tortures of jolting over that rough road in a springless vehicle. We began to learn things about Guam.

Outside the Navy governor, his staff, the Marines, and the Spanish priests, there are none but natives on Guam. The women all dressed alike, with narrow skirts and a kind

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

of loose waist they call a *camisa*. Its sleeves, heavily starched, puff out like balloons from shoulder to elbow. The garments are all the bright colors of the rainbow.

There were no hotels or clubs. No beautiful homes. Nothing but clusters of native nipa huts. Many of the Marines even slept in nipa barracks. The few buildings for the Navy and Marine personnel, and the homes of a few Spanish priests and their church were the only civilized structures on the island.

There was not one white woman on Guam.

There it stood, one of the world's lost spots. If you were ordered there, you stayed there two years, unless you died. If you went insane or got ill, you usually stayed there just the same. Death seemed to be the only hope.

When we arrived it had been six weeks since the last transport had visited Guam. In that time things had gone from bad to worse with the Marine officers. Lieutenant Harry Carpenter had lost one eye because of an infection. Another officer had committed suicide. Captain John H. Russell was very ill, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the transport to take him to civilization for help. Captain Ingate was too ill to be moved. He died there.

It was a sweet place!

There we were to leave Lieutenant Gulick, Lieutenant Broach and Lieutenant Low for their two years.

From the first dismal sight of the island they began to have little to say about their new station. But the rest of us cheerily enlightened them with each new horror we could discover.

We discoursed fluently on the advantages of Guam. Nothing to do. Nowhere to go. The natives had always been peaceful. Not even the excitement of the prospect of a row with them.

We grew eloquent as we told them what we had learned about the governor, a Navy officer. Something had gone distinctly wrong with him. It may have been the effect of Guam, or the liquor, or both. But any way, he had issued

HELL-HOLES AND THE PACIFIC

orders that gave a touch of comic opera to the ghastly situation.

The constant ringing of the bells in the Catholic church had begun to rasp his nerves. Forthwith, an official order forbidding the ringing of church bells.

Some ardent moralist had brought to his attention the fact that the natives, men and women, lived together without any marriage ceremony. At once, an official order that all natives living together must be married, though it was ridiculous even to think of accomplishing that.

Someone else had commented on the lazy, shiftless life of the natives. Out came an official order that every native must own one rooster and twelve hens, to be self-supporting. There didn't seem to be any penalty if you were not self-supporting.

Again, the governor had looked with stern disapproval on native drunkenness, brought on by drinking "tuba," their native liquor made of the sap of the cocoanut tree. So another official order threatened a heavy fine for anyone caught cutting a notch in a cocoanut tree on Guam.

The Marine colonel on Guam seemed to have been infected with eccentricities, too. He was going it strong with the Marines, preaching sermons to them; leading revival meetings they had to attend, because the Colonel was the evangelist.

And then, of course, in Guam it rains, and rains, and rains.

One officer who had left Guam just before we arrived had been driven nearly insane by that régime. At last he was routed to Yokohama for hospital treatment.

"I hate this damned island so much I wouldn't even commit suicide on it," was his last word as he walked up the gangplank. He waited until he got out to sea, and then jumped overboard!

That first night Hiram and I went ashore we saw a native dance. It wasn't much. But it was the last thing we saw on Guam. For next morning the Governor and

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

the Colonel of Marines sent us orders to stay on our ship the whole three days we were in port there.

Gulick and Broach and Low clung to us like children about to be sent upstairs into a dark room. We gave them all the information we had been able to pick up about the island, and much free advice on easy methods of suicide. They were a sick-looking trio as we steamed away.

We took one look at Guam over the stern and thanked the Lord we were leaving it. It's one of those places God really forgot—the nightmare of all Marines.

You couldn't blame men for going crazy there. Years later, with the A.E.F. in France, Sergeant James Gallivan told me of one episode while he was doing a tour of duty on Guam.

Admiral Seton Schroeder, U.S. Navy, then a captain, was Governor of Guam at the time. Sergeant Gallivan always spoke of him as "Satan" Schroeder. It may have been Gallivan's Irish accent.

Some of the Marines stole a barrel of whisky from the medical stores. They took it out into the hills and camped around it while the liquor lasted. Then they drifted back, much the worse for wear, and reported for duty.

The Governor had them lined up in front of his palace, an old stone building, walked out on the second-story gallery, and from this point of vantage started damning them from hell to breakfast for their escapade. He had a heavy, drooping moustache. The effect was remarkably like a walrus.

And as Sergeant Gallivan told it:

"Private John Riordan, wit' th' liquor sthill in him, stheps out from th' rear rank an' shakes his fist at ould Satan Schroeder. Says Private Riordan: 'That's enough from you, you muzzle-faced ould walrus!' An' nivir a thing was done to him! That's Guam!"

CHAPTER III

SEARCHING FOR A WAR

ANOTHER week of steaming uneventfully through the great loneliness of the Pacific Ocean, and we slipped eventually into Manila Bay. For the first time since Honolulu we saw a real city. A walled city. It spread out before us with all the fascinating charm of the Old World. We drank it all in, wide-eyed, trying to look unconcerned.

We were on the waters where Admiral Dewey had steamed in and said quietly: "You may fire when ready, Gridley."

A sharp turn in the bay, and we headed for Cavite. Just off the Cavite Naval Station we dropped anchor. All about us were American warships.

Someone called: "Look!" There, actually before our eyes, were the half-sunken Spanish warships just as Dewey had sent them to the bottom in the Battle of Manila Bay. The water was shoal. Half under it, half above, those Spanish hulks were falling into decay.

The men on the *Solace* were on their toes. So were we. We had them all packed up, ready for action. Each Marine stood with his huge knapsack beside him, ready to put on his back; which he never did until actually ready to move because it was heavier than hell. We had inspected our men two or three times already that morning to be sure their rifles were spotlessly cleaned and oiled; to be certain their ammunition belts were filled with cartridges and around their waists. We might begin fighting the minute we landed, for all we knew. Neither we nor the men intended to waste any time getting under way.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

I was sent ashore with a number of men to report with them to a certain barracks, and then to report personally to Captain Austin R. Davis, who commanded a company of Marines. Marine guides were waiting for us on shore. Apparently no time was to be lost. It looked like action.

As soon as I got to the barracks a first sergeant took charge of my men. They disappeared. I was left with Captain Davis. He was young, tall, slim; red-headed and freckle-faced. A Southerner. Happy-go-lucky. He didn't seem to care whether school kept or not, but he did seem pleased to see me.

He told me where I was to live in the Officers' Barracks and sent his orderly along to show me my room. I had hoped he would say something about the war, but he didn't. These Cavite Marines certainly seemed phlegmatic. As I watched them going about their business I couldn't sense any more excitement than there had been in the Boston Navy Yard. But, I consoled myself, these were seasoned Marines. I supposed they were so used to fighting that it was all in the day's work for them.

I reached my quarters, a barracks like the men's, except that instead of being one large room it had been divided into about thirty small rooms. The orderly found mine. It was furnished with a bunk, a wardrobe, a washstand and one chair. My things soon arrived from the *Solace*.

The Number One China boy sent up a Chinese servant whose services I was to share with two or three other officers. It was my first taste of the luxury of the East, which is to do nothing you can get someone else to do for you. My China boy informed me, even before he unpacked me, that I must have whisky in my room, as when officers came to call they expected it. I discovered an excellent wine mess, which contained everything in the world, in the way of liquor. All I had to do was to sign a chit—a duebill—for what I got. It certainly was easy.

By the time my little room was stocked with the necessities of hospitality, the visitors began to arrive. Lieuten-

SEARCHING FOR A WAR

ant David Porter, whom I had known all my life in Washington; son of Colonel Porter of the Marines, grandson of the great Admiral Porter, great-grandson of the Admiral Porter of the War of 1812. Dave had got into the Marines during the Spanish-American War. Tall, finely built, with a magnificent head, he was by far the handsomest man I ever saw. Ever since he joined the Marines he had been considered the handsomest man in the Corps. But he was more than that. Dashing, headstrong, full of the very devil, made for a leader of men, he was ready for everything and when he got it would ask for more. He had been in Cavite three months and ranked as an old-timer.

It was a big moment for me when he appeared in my room. At his entrance mineral water and ice were provided by the China boy at once without instructions, and the party was on.

Lieutenant Arthur Harding and Lieutenant Powell—always called “Pokey” Powell—blew in next to welcome us. They had come into the Marines with me. More mineral water and ice appeared without instructions and the party continued. Lieutenant Phil Brown and Lieutenant Smedley Butler were the next arrivals. I had known Phil all my life in Washington. This was the first time I had met Smedley.

There was plenty of hot air the next couple of hours. But some facts filtered through.

Most of the Marine Corps that were worth a damn were in the Philippines. There were one thousand Marines in Cavite. More were coming. Something was going to happen. Soon. As far as the “old-timers” knew, we were standing by in case the Army needed us.

We were assigned to different companies. I drew C Company, Third Battalion. I was Officer of the Day about one day in ten.

Across the Bay, Manila beckoned. As soon as we got our first leave, Hiram Bearss, Louis McCarty Little, Wirt McCreary, Arthur Harding and I started for town. Manila

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

was just eight miles across the Bay from Cavite, with Navy tugs running a regular ferry service back and forth. Arthur Harding had been three months on duty at Cavite. We expected great things from him as guide.

An old Navy boatswain named Allen ran the ferry we took. He was a philosopher, full of advice on women and matrimony.

"There's only one way to be sure about 'em," he told us. "Do as I did. I lived with her six months before I married her."

Landing in Manila we went straight to the Hotel Orienti, where there was a large patio with small tables filled with Army and Navy officers. Harding knew everybody. In ten minutes we felt perfectly at home. We began to find, to our chagrin and disappointment, the chance of fighting growing dimmer and dimmer. We began to catch glimpses of real advantages in having Officer of the Day duty only once every ten days.

Around five o'clock that afternoon we hired a carriage and drove down the Luneta, the boulevard along the sea. At this hour the Luneta was the center of all things social in that part of the world. Private carriages with beautiful girls and women passed us. Harding told us who they were and what part they played in life in the Philippines.

Men, too. Members of the Philippine Commission. Judge William Howard Taft. Mr. Dean Worcester. Judge Ide. Many others, all older men of great distinction. Admiral Remy, the ranking Navy officer in the Islands. Army generals. No end of Army, Navy and Marine officers. Civilians by the score.

It was a beautiful sight. The women were in their most attractive dresses, the officers in white uniforms. A few officers, mounted on native ponies, cantered in and out. The sun was setting over Manila Bay, filling sky and water with colors as it disappeared slowly behind the mountains in the distance. The band was playing. Greetings were being called back and forth. There were bows and salutes

SEARCHING FOR A WAR

as the carriages passed each other. They were the miniature native carriages called *calisas*, drawn by miniature native ponies. The little carriage gongs were being rung constantly by the little brown Filipino drivers. It made an unforgettable picture.

The carriages stopped in the park around the band stand. Some got out to visit other carriages. Some strolled back and forth. Harding presented us to everyone. It was like a scene from an entr'act at the Opera.

On our way back for dinner, Hiram Bearss spoke up:

"I don't much give a damn who fights the Gugus!"

We all agreed with him—partially, at least.

At the barracks in Cavite I settled down into harness. At first my greatest responsibility was getting Captain Davis, my company commander, up in time for drill. He certainly liked his morning sleep. Soon he was asking me to take over this duty and that duty.

Before I knew it, Captain Davis was letting me run the company. But to help me I had such men as First Sergeant Murphy, Sergeant Hill, Sergeant Kasson and Corporal Rice, the company clerk. I couldn't have been in better hands to learn practical soldiering. Problems I couldn't solve myself, they helped me solve. I was trying my best to learn how to handle men. It's the one thing you've got to know if you're going to be a decent officer.

There was one thing made me feel sorry for the men. They had so little amusement in Cavite. I did my best to encourage baseball and other games. They certainly took hold.

It was a highly specialized study, too, sizing up the various officers with whom I was thrown into contact. I tried to keep my mouth shut and my eyes and ears open.

I've always considered that winter was the making of me as a young officer. Major Waller had been assigned our battalion commander. After I commenced to know him a little better I learned a lot from him and started a friendship that lasted for life.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

We had been on duty at Cavite only a short time when Colonel George F. Elliot, commanding officer of Marines, was relieved by Colonel Robert L. Meade. Like my first commanding officer, he was a product of the Civil War. He had his strong likes and dislikes, and a tongue like a rapier. He was another who was strong for discipline.

These commanding officers, I learned, always went crazy over one thing. Colonel Meade's hobby was punctuality. He trusted no man to see that men and officers alike were on time for all military formations. There was no talk if you were late. Ten days' arrest followed automatically. There were few offenders; everyone from the start was so scared of him. He certainly knew how to put a crimp in our style and hold 'us down to earth.

Presently he began issuing special orders. We were bearing about all the rules and regulations humanly possible. We resented these as schoolboy stuff.

"At meals we must always be in full uniform," was one. That meant, in effect, "Don't take off your blouse to eat in your shirt sleeves." Every one of us regarded that order as a personal insult. We began looking for a way to convey our feelings to Colonel Meade. Many ideas were suggested and rejected as impractical. Then the Lord came over on our side. Colonel Meade was laid up with rheumatism. We learned that his chief annoyance in life came from the wild monkeys scampering over the corrugated iron roof of his quarters while he was laid up.

He had a shotgun. After two nights swearing at the monkeys he got some buckshot shells. Next day he announced he was going to have those damned monkeys cleaned up. That gave us our chance.

When next morning dawned, Colonel Meade's roof was a solid mass of monkeys. We had bought every one we could lay hands on and turned them loose on that roof.

Colonel Meade stamped out on the gallery, cursing like a pirate, yelling for his orderly, Private Cooney. Cooney came on the run.

SEARCHING FOR A WAR

"Get that shotgun, Cooney!" roared Colonel Meade. "Shoot me every one of those God-damned monkeys!"

Out came Cooney with the gun. Less than twenty feet away sat a monkey chattering at him. Cooney aimed and let drive with the first barrel. The monkey chattered more profanely. Second barrel. That monkey ought to have been spattered all over Cavite. But there it sat, chattering away louder than ever. We had got hold of the Colonel's buckshot shells and reloaded them with sawdust.

The Colonel turned a rich purple and limped inside. Cooney began to try to find out what was wrong. But the Colonel had caught on. Next day the schoolboy orders were cancelled, and the monkeys disappeared that night.

One of the joys of life at Cavite was Nam Sing, a famous Chinese tailor who had been brought over from Hong Kong by Admiral Dewey and had opened his shop in the Navy Yard. He made all our uniforms. But that wasn't Nam Sing's claim to fame. He was a hot sport—simply lived for cockfights. He bet heavily on each main.

One Sunday I saw his chicken cut down its opponent at the start with one terrific drive of its gaff. Nam Sing's bird looked at its dying foe for a moment, turned up its neck feathers and walked away. That lost the fight for Nam Sing according to the rules, as technically his bird had shown cold feet. Nam never turned a hair, though he had bet one thousand dollars gold on that fight.

Girls and men alike attended those cockfights. After a Saturday night in Manila we would return to Cavite Sunday morning with a party of girls for lunch and the cockfights that followed.

In the Philippines they fought their chickens with only one steel spur. It was like a razor, with a flat blade, instead of the round, pointed steel gaffs chicken-fighters use in America. The fights always ended in the death of one of the birds.

Of course there was betting on every fight. They had the best system of books on those cockfights I ever saw.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Each chicken had half of the ring. You simply tossed your Mex dollars into the half of the ring belonging to the chicken on which you were betting. One man handled all those bets. Sometimes he would tell you with a gesture that your money had not been covered. Then it would be passed back to you. After a fight, the bets were paid the same way by this man. I never saw a mistake, though frenzied bettors would be showering money into the ring. I never heard any argument about a bet. It was uncanny.

Nam Sing had another interest in life. It was liquor. It was axiomatic that Nam Sing could drink anything and nothing could make him drunk. He was around our quarters a lot. He came in one day when a group of us were matching Mex dollars.

"We've got a new cocktail, Nam Sing," I told him. "Want to try one?"

With a broad grin he said he did. I filled a large water tumbler with a mixture of Scotch whisky, rye whisky, English gin, Holland gin, Vermouth, Listerine and Sozodont tooth wash. Nam Sing downed it without a quiver.

"Have another?" I asked. He declined with thanks. Then he asked us to let him join us matching Mex dollars.

I winked at Hiram. The three of us started matching. It was an old trick. Hiram and I shifted from heads to tails after every third matching. With the odd man winning, poor old Nam Sing didn't have a ghost of a show. That cocktail had got to work on him, too, and he lost forty Mex dollars straight before he tumbled to the fact that something was wrong. He refused another drink and after a ceremonious farewell departed pretty tight.

I made Hiram give me his part of the winnings—after some argument—and put it away to be returned to Nam Sing next time he showed up. Several days later he returned. He informed me my cocktail had made him pretty sick. But right off the bat he offered to make me two uniforms free if I would tell him how Hiram and I had trimmed him. I laughed and told him how it was done.

SEARCHING FOR A WAR

Nevertheless I had a hell of a time making him take it back.

During our first month the chit system, by which you signed for all your bills, seemed fine. But when we were confronted by our bills at the end of the month, we discovered the chit system was one of the curses of the Philippines. It often became the very devil of a job to raise the money to meet your chits.

The cost of living was high. But not the cost of liquor. That was cheap. Our supply was smuggled in from Hong Kong. The best Scotch in the world only cost us fifty cents gold a quart. The best London gin was twenty-five cents gold a quart. Square-face or trade gin was only twenty cents gold a quart. Champagne one dollar and seventy-five cents gold a quart. But everything else was high.

We were all paid in Mexican silver dollars. Of course there was plenty of American paper currency on hand, but we lost money, using it. In every-day transactions, American money passed at the ratio of two for one, while the Navy paid at the current rate of exchange, which was about forty cents. That was the only thing in which we had it over the Army.

Presently we were all in debt. Not only junior officers. The men, too. There was a shop run by an old woman just outside the Cavite Navy Yard, and patronized heavily by the men. Before long they were up to their necks in chits they could never pay. Sergeant Chisholm set out to solve the dilemma. He went to the shop one afternoon, bought drinks for the old woman until she passed out, and then he promptly destroyed all his chits and those of his friends. Hell started popping as soon as the old woman came to and discovered what had happened. Before we could get the situation straightened out, Sergeant Chisholm, poor devil, died of pneumonia.

Meanwhile fighting was going on continually all over the islands—Army fighting, with never a chance for us. Each time the army pulled off some new exploit we were all champing at the bit to get in on the show.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Then General Lawton, who seemed to believe absolutely in the advantages to be gained by using all the trappings of war, was riding out behind Manila to inspect the first line of defenses. He was mounted on a large American horse. He was wearing a white helmet. A yellow slicker was draped from his shoulders. His staff, mounted on native ponies, was riding in a group around him. His corps flag was flying.

Some Gugu hidden in the bush took a pot shot and killed him.

There was a military funeral for General Lawton that will never be forgotten by any who saw it. It was a solemn, impressive sight. The cortège was miles long. Every branch of the Service was there. All the bands were playing dirges. In the lead rolled the flag-draped caisson bearing the body.

After that we begged to be allowed to fight. But General Otis didn't seem to need us. We cooled our heels while the months went by, with Colonel Meade putting the fear of God into us. Then, early in the Spring of 1900 Admiral Remy decided to give the Island of Guam a new deal in a Marine command. Various rumors had drifted over to Cavite that things were not running very well on Guam. The Admiral ordered Major Waller with a new outfit of officers and men to take over the place. Major Waller was allowed to choose his own command.

Smedley Butler, Arthur Harding and "Pokey" Powell, three of my friends, were among the five officers Major Waller selected. They accepted.

But when I, too, was notified that Major Waller would like to have me go along, the pride I naturally felt at being one of the five selected out of all us juniors at Cavite was outweighed by my horror of Guam. I had seen the place. I couldn't make up my mind to go, even with such companions. I declined. I don't think the Major liked it.

Another junior officer was selected, and Major Waller and his outfit got ready to sail.

SEARCHING FOR A WAR

But before they sailed, rumblings began to sound from up China way. Rumors commenced to reach Cavite that hell was breaking loose in China. We heard that the Marine guards of the U.S.S. *Oregon* and the U.S.S. *Baltimore* had gone up to Pekin to guard the American Legation. That other nations had also sent Marines or sailors ashore for the same purpose. That there was a strong movement among the masses of the Chinese against all foreigners. "China for the Chinese." That a society called The Boxers had been formed to run all the foreign devils out of China.

Admiral Remy was requested to reinforce the Marines at our Legations. Major Waller and his new command were all ready to board ship for Guam. Their station was changed to Pekin.

I was bitterly disappointed, for the Colonel had promised me I would be sent. But naturally Major Waller's command, already packed to go, had first call. Early in May they sailed. I stayed behind, cursing myself because I had turned down that Guam invitation.

But a month later my turn came. At six o'clock one night in June, 1900, the orders came to Cavite. We must be ready to board ship at six o'clock next morning for active service in China.

There was no sleep in Cavite that night. I had my hands doubly full. Besides getting the company ready, I had to make out all the bills of the wine mess, as that job had been wished on me. But by daybreak we were ready. Colonel Meade commanding, a full battalion of us went aboard the U.S.S. *Brooklyn*, then one of our largest cruisers, at dawn. Orders were to steam to Nagasaki, Japan, to coal, and then head for the Taku forts at the mouth of the Pei-ho River.

We were on our toes with excitement. This time, by the grace of God, we were headed for a war the Army wouldn't get a chance to monopolize.

CHAPTER IV

A WAR AT LAST

WE were part of the Big Parade of its day. All over the Pacific Ocean armored cruisers of six nations were pushing, full steam ahead, for China. The U.S.S. *Brooklyn* was just one more.

Ten or twelve days after we left Cavite we reached the rendezvous of the inter-allied squadron. On our way to Taku we passed the U.S.S. *Oregon*, which had gone ashore in a thick fog several days before. Somewhere after Japan, the Pacific Ocean became the Gulf of Petchili without our realizing it.

One Sunday morning, suddenly, without warning, a veritable city of warships loomed before us. All shapes and sizes and colors. It was some sight. We picked them out by their flying flags. British, French, German, Russian, Italian, Austrian, Japanese. Chinese junks, with their bamboo sails, swarmed about them. Tugs and little steamers puffed around. We were in Taku Roads, about fifteen miles off shore.

I looked at that dim, flat coast line far ahead. There the Pei-ho River, bordered by marshes, flowed down to join the Gulf of Petchili. Then I looked around at all those warships. I had thought we were the last arrival. But the *Brooklyn* had just finished anchoring when a Russian cruiser steamed in and anchored near us, her deck filled with horses and field artillery.

A small steamer soon puffed up alongside the *Brooklyn*. The Marines boarded her, each man with his rifle and knapsack, mess sergeants looking after their cooking equipment, Navy doctors and hospital corps men getting their

A WAR AT LAST

stores aboard. The men crowded eagerly together on the deck, eyes straining to catch their first glimpses of China.

We cast off and headed straight for the mouth of the narrow river. We passed the forts there. They had been captured several weeks before, we were told, by gunboats now anchored farther up the river. We were also told that the Allies had the forts garrisoned, now.

Ten miles up-stream we came to the small Chinese town of Tong-ku, where the railroad started for Peking. The station was still there but the trains no longer ran. Several gunboats of different nations were tied up here.

We went alongside the bank and tied up just below the U.S.S. *Monocacy*. She was an ancient, wooden gunboat, propelled by paddle wheels and armed with old smooth-bore muzzle-loading cannon. My father, Commander Frederic May Wise, U.S. Navy, commanded her.

Huge hills of coal were piled on the shore. Beyond them we could see the low, strange-looking Chinese houses of mud and bamboo, with their queer tiled roofs. We disembarked, bag and baggage. We bivouacked there for the night. Sentries were posted, supper cooked and eaten, and the men rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep.

I went to visit my father. Speaking several languages, he had been made Commandant of All Nations at this base of Tong-ku, with a representative from each of the allies to assist him. I found him with Captain Sir George Warrender, of H.M.S. *Barfleur*, the British representative, who was living aboard ship with him.

I listened and learned.

"For several days no word had got through from Peking. There, barricaded in the foreign legations, men, women and children were fighting for their lives every hour until help could come. Peking was one hundred and thirty miles up the river. There was no way to get to the legations except through the walled city of Tientsin, now garrisoned with a Chinese army of great strength and a howling mob of Boxers. Tientsin was forty miles up the river from

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

where we sat. All the allies had troops quartered in its foreign concessions which, like small suburban towns, spread out beyond the walls. There had been continual fighting, but as yet no advantage gained by either side. The outcome seemed most doubtful. The allies were no nearer getting into Tientsin than the first day they landed. Vice-Admiral Sir E. E. Seymour of the British Navy had started from outside Tientsin with a column of allied sailors and Marines to relieve the Pekin legations. He had met ferocious resistance, been driven back badly mauled, taken refuge in the Hsiku Arsenal a few miles outside Tientsin, and a column had gone out and brought his outfit in."

It sounded like action. I went back to my company fully convinced I had a war by the tail at last.

Early next morning large barges were ready for us. We got aboard. The barges were made fast together and towed up the river by a tug.

The Pei-ho River flowed sluggishly between flat, muddy banks of brownish gray. The water was thick with mud. On either hand a flat, bleak country stretched away into nothingness. Then floating slowly down to the Gulf, dead Chinese began to appear. The bodies were swollen twice normal size. Some drifted against the banks and stuck in the mud where wolfish dogs tore and gnawed at them. Débris and refuse in every disgusting form floated along with those dead Chinese. Thick, stifling stench began to fill the air. A pitiless sun blazed down.

Then we heard firing. The detonation of artillery, the rattle of rifles, the faint sporadic popping of snipers. It was getting late in the afternoon. Tientsin was just ahead.

Buildings appeared. It was still light when we were warped along the left bank and a small city stretched before us. It was the British concession. Major Waller and some of his officers were on the Bund—the river front—waiting for us. We disembarked quickly. We marched through to the far side of the concession.

Every street along the Bund, and the Bund itself, was

A WAR AT LAST

barricaded with sandbags, bales of camels' hair, bales of wool, even with household furniture. Some houses had burned. Others were burning. Others were in shattered ruins. Doors and windows were splintered. Shell holes gaped in walls. Every now and then shells exploded around us. Snipers' bullets were whining overhead. Chinese with modern artillery and rifles were shooting at us from the walled city itself and outside the concessions.

British troops were all over the place. Native troops from India, with copper-colored faces and turbans wrapped around their heads; Sikhs, with tall, swaggering figures and black beards; white infantry and sailors and Marines.

The English civilians were damned glad to see us. They had put out tubs of bottled beer packed in ice. Captain S. Bayly of H.M.S. *Aurora*, commander of the defense of the foreign settlements, was standing beside the beer.

"I say, my lads, don't hesitate to take that," he called out. "They offer it to-day. To-morrow they'll think about it. The third day they'll be asking you war prices for it!"

We didn't hesitate.

At last we halted before an open door. Through it we marched into a courtyard around which were several large warehouses. Each company was assigned a warehouse. There we found Major Waller's outfit. They had been in the fighting already. Some had been killed.

Our quarters were a large, empty room. We had not eaten since morning. As each company had its own kitchen outfit, supper was started. The men stacked their rifles and dropped their knapsacks on whatever part of the floor took their particular fancy. From then on for many days that bit of floor was all the luxury they were to know. It was bed, chair; anything else they wished to use it for.

We got some boards together and made a sort of mess table. Food was canned but plentiful; sent up from the ships at Taku. We clicked at once into the regular Marine Corps routine—Officer of the Day, sentries, bugle calls from reveille to taps.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

The old-timers told me that until Tientsin was captured we could make no move against Peking. We were to do the job as soon as a few more troops arrived. It looked like a stiff job. General Ma had a modern Chinese army behind those walls, besides thousands of mad, fanatic Boxers. All North China, I was told, was aflame against all foreigners. Missionaries, men and women and children, had been massacred; the women outraged first. Allied soldiers captured by the Chinese had been tortured to death and unspeakably mutilated.

We went across the river to the railroad station. There I found Smedley Butler in command of a Marine guard. Several nights before, he told me, the Chinese had rushed the station. Mostly Boxers. A lot of their dead still lay right up against the barricade. Marine rifle fire had stopped them just in time.

I was not required for duty that night, so we went back to the English Club for dinner. Arthur Harding, now Major Waller's adjutant, joined us. His information sounded good. It made quite an impression on me, as I knew he had taken his ideas from Major Waller.

I learned more about the Seymour column. They had left Tientsin for Peking by railroad. They had got beyond Yangtsun, where a railroad bridge crossed the Pei-ho River, when they found the track torn up ahead of them. Next morning the track behind them, they found, had simply vanished in the night. A horde of Chinese had ripped up rails and ties, taken them somewhere, and buried them.

Fortunately some river barges were at Yangtsun. Seymour put his wounded and supplies aboard, and started back to Tientsin, following the river afoot. They had had one hell of a time all the way. Chinese were after them every minute. When they got to the Hsiku Arsenal they had to take refuge in it and stay there until an allied column came out from the Tientsin concessions, about eight miles away, and relieved them. They had found Hsiku Arsenal stocked with modern rifles, Mannlichers and Win-

A WAR AT LAST

chesters, and plenty of ammunition—enough to arm a hundred thousand men.

We were losing about fifty men a day in casualties, I learned. The Allied Council was very anxious to capture Tientsin. We would attack very soon, take the town, and march on Peking.

It all looked very rosy to me. Those were Major Waller's opinions. I looked on his opinions as The Law. I went to bed happy that night.

Next morning the usual routine started, just the same as in Boston and Cavite. After dinner, men not on duty were allowed liberty until five P.M., after being told that the ringing of a bell at a certain hall meant an attack and that each man then must report at once to his company. Every day certain companies did a twenty-four hour tour of outpost duty. My company got that every third day.

The Marines were brigaded with the Welsh Fusiliers, with Brigadier General Dorward of the British Engineers in command. Colonel Meade and Major Waller, his second in command, were a busy pair. In that gathering of the best officers of the world, it made me proud to see how Major Waller stood out.

The streets of the foreign concessions were a mass of friendly soldiers and a Babel of languages. Cossacks, Austrians, Germans, British, French, little Japanese soldiers in their European uniforms, Italy's Bersaglieri with their plumes of cock-feathers, France's Zouaves in red and blue, her African Chasseurs, tall blond Germans in pointed helmets, Russians with flat caps, Indian cavalry of the British with huge turbans, United States Infantry and Marines in khaki with their big felt hats—all were intimate friends after an hour or two together on liberty.

I studied these troops of all nations closely. I came to the conclusion we were as good as they were. Naturally the English appealed to me more strongly from our common language. I grew to like many of them.

I reported one day for some orders to Captain Bayly,

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

who had urged us to take that bottled beer the day we marched in. He was a typical Englishman, complete with side burns. He invited me to have a drink. I did. But it seemed to amuse him when I wouldn't take a second one and told him if I was to work I'd better be told what I was to do and be allowed to go on my way and do it. A youngster takes his first war seriously.

Day by day the Chinese kept shelling the foreign settlements from behind Tientsin's walls. Chinese snipers kept popping away at us. More Russian troops arrived. More Japanese. Fires kept breaking out from Chinese shells. More British sailors and Marines arrived. The Chinese kept up repeated attacks on the railway station, often reaching the barricades, but always stopped there. Spasmodically the Chinese artillery would break out in a roar of heavy cannonading, shells exploding everywhere.

More Japanese infantry and cavalry arrived. Four-inch guns and six-pounders. Twelve-pounders, too. The Chinese mounted some Krupp guns on the walls and started heavier shelling than ever. The weather grew hotter and hotter; almost insupportable.

By now I had a pretty fair idea of the lay of the land. About a thousand yards outside the thirty-foot stone wall surrounding Tientsin was a mud wall ten feet high, thirty feet wide at the base and ten feet broad at the top. It had been built during the Tae-ping rebellion. Along the bank of the Pei-ho were huge mounds of salt that had been under the control of the Salt Commissioner, a Chinese official so powerful he maintained his private army. Those salt heaps made excellent cover for Chinese snipers.

Suffocating heat continued. On June 11th the shelling became terrific. Next day toward evening the Chinese quieted down. The Ninth U.S. Infantry arrived. That evening Captain Davis told me to have the company ready to move any moment after midnight. We were to attack Tientsin next morning.

By now Captain Davis had become "Reddy." I issued

A WAR AT LAST

the orders and we strolled over to the English Club for a drink. I took one and quit. There was too much action ahead for me to want to feel fuzzy when I rolled out next morning. But Reddy mopped up several in a row.

"Quit it, Reddy," I told him. "We don't want any more to-night."

"What's the difference?" Reddy asked. Then: "I'm going to be killed to-morrow, anyway."

Back from the Club to the warehouse I rolled up in a blanket on the floor beside my men. At three A.M. the guard woke us. We dressed and ate. First Sergeant Murphy was giving orders to the men. Sergeant Hill and Sergeant Kasson were inspecting.

The men were ready. Each with his rifle, ammunition belt, small haversack and blanket roll and canteen, they stood in groups. It was still dark. Captain Davis passed the order along to me to start.

Out through the streets we marched. The movement of marching troops of all nations could be heard on all sides. But now there was no Babel of voices in many languages.

A terrific crash beat against our ears. The allied artillery had started a heavy bombardment. Sharp flashes stabbed through the darkness. Out of the foreign settlement we marched onto a vast barren plain, keeping that mud wall on our right. The sky was turning faintly gray. Chinese snipers across the river began to fire as fast as they could pull trigger. Now they were shooting into our backs. We marched on. We were part of thousands of allied troops pouring out on that plain. Snipers on our side of the river, behind those salt mounds, took up the chorus. Artillery began to blaze from the walls of Tientsin.

Dawn broke. The Chinese fire was doing little damage. They were shooting high. We marched steadily on across that plain, parallel to that mud wall.

The order came to halt and deploy. It was daylight now. We stretched out in line of skirmishers. We were ordered forward.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Over the mud wall we went. Straight towards the southwestern corner of the walled city. Chinese artillery on the walls was firing away at us. Modern rifles, matchlocks, gingals, were sending a steady stream of bullets at us.

Those gingals were pure Chinese. Rifles with a seven-foot barrel and a modern breech-loading stock. They fired about a one-pounder projectile. It took three men to handle each gingal. The weapon was sighted over the shoulders of two and fired by the third. They could be sighted very accurately to a very long range. They gave terrific wounds.

A few of my men were hit and went down. We went on. Corporal Matthews was hit and fell back. First Sergeant Murphy was hit and dropped out, cursing. Sergeant Hill instantly took his place.

On the mud wall to the right, and now behind us, the same naval guns from the British battleship *Terrible* that had been taken inland in South Africa to defend Ladysmith, were hammering away at the wall. The din was frightful.

About six hundred yards from the city wall we found a long natural ditch, nearly six feet deep. We took cover in it. Lying flat against the inner side we opened fire for the first time that day.

Ahead of us six hundred yards of marsh stretched to the wall. On our right were the Welsh Fusiliers—whose officers had told us it was part of their regimental history that they had been cut to pieces at the Battle of Bunker Hill. In the World War they were to provide a guard of honor for General Pershing. Farther to our right were the Japanese at the South Gate of Tientsin, British sailors, the Ninth U.S. Infantry, the French back of them, and the Wei-hai-wei regiment of Chinese raised and commanded by Colonel Bower, a British officer; a smart outfit.

There was nobody on our left.

There we stayed, stretched out on our bellies, firing away at the wall with our rifles. Now and then on top of it we

A WAR AT LAST

would see a head to shoot at. But mostly at the wall.

The sun climbed in a cloudless sky. The heat grew intense. We fired away at the wall, the only thing we could see, now. For thick dust, foul-smelling, began to sweep over us mixed with powder smoke and the acrid stench of burnt explosives.

The Chinese were blazing away at us with everything they had. Still they fired too high to do much damage. The ditch protected us, too. But not all of us.

My company commander, Captain Austin R. Davis—old Reddy—was killed. A gingal bullet struck him squarely in the chest. His premonition of the night before had come true. The senior first lieutenant took command of the company. We kept on emptying our rifles at that wall.

Noon. The sun blistered us. Thick, foul dust choked us. Water was scarce. Cartridges were running low. We were hungry. No water came up. No ammunition arrived. No food appeared.

I went from man to man, cautioning them to use their canteens sparingly; not to fire too often. The heat was becoming torture. Major Waller came up and inspected; cautioned us to be saving of water and ammunition until more arrived. None arrived. Colonel Meade came up and inspected. Captain Lemly of his staff had been hit in the leg; Lieutenant Leonard, his aide, in the arm; captain Long was wounded. The Colonel cautioned us about using water and ammunition. I told the men to nurse their cartridges along until more came. None came. Our throats now were raw and burning with that dust. Again I warned the men not to use their canteens until water came. None came. The afternoon wore along.

Toward evening an indistinct moving mass of Chinese appeared far around to our left on the west side of the wall. They were pouring out of a gate. They stopped. They moved toward us. They stopped again. It looked as if they intended to attack on our flank.

Smedley Butler came along to my company with some

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

of his men. I took some of mine. With about seventy-five men, Smedley and I climbed out of the ditch and started toward those Chinese to find out what was going on. We got some distance when a runner overtook us with orders from Colonel Meade to return at once. On the way back, Smedley was shot in the leg. The bone wasn't broken. One of the men and I carried him back to the trench.

It was growing dark now, and cooler. Major Waller inspected again. Complete darkness fell. It grew cold. We were ordered back to the mud wall. Over it we went, placing it between us and the fire from the city wall.

Thank God, they had brought up from the foreign settlement a water cart, full, cold food, cartridges. The men filled their canteens, drank and filled again. Stuffed their belts and haversacks with ammunition. Ate. Rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep. Shells still burst all over the place, but the Chinese were still firing high. The men slept like children, exhausted, in all that racket.

Far over to the right a frightful bombardment was going on. Lieutenant Dunlap joined me. We wandered over to the Welsh Fusiliers. They gave us some rum.

We juniors all agreed the day's performance had been a joke. That the Chinese had certainly had the best of it. That hitting a stone wall thirty feet thick with rifles wasn't going to get us or the bullets anywhere. That General Dorward was only an Engineer, and probably didn't know what he was doing, anyway. Somebody said the whole day's show had been the idea of the Japanese, who told the Allied Council that if we made a demonstration in force against the walls, the Chinese would lose their guts; that those Chinese we had seen on our left flank were not thinking of attack, but of flight.

The big guns still blazed away while we talked. We had another nightcap of the Welsh Fusiliers' rum and I returned to my men, rolled up in my blanket on the ground beside them and went to sleep.

A WAR AT LAST

My shoulder was shaken. Word passed along the line to get up. It was still dark. The allies' artillery was still blazing away, the flashes cutting through the darkness, the detonations shaking everything. We ate what was left of the cold food of the night before. All kinds of rumors began to run around.

"The Ninth U.S. Infantry had been on the right flank yesterday. Two Chinese guns had opened up on them, point-blank, at only seventy-five yards range. They had lost ninety killed or wounded. Colonel Liscum, their commanding officer, had been killed. Lieutenant Leonard's arm was to be amputated. The allies had seven hundred casualties. The Germans and Russians had attacked from the northeast, carrying everything before them. The Japanese, two thousand strong, had been given the most important post in front of the South Gate. They had led the attack. They had taken the South Gate, by then weakened from allied artillery. They had been making headway all night. They had blown up the South Gate. They had scaled the wall. They were in the city. The gates were open. Japanese, British and French were inside, bayoneting and shooting every Chinese in sight. The Chinese, barricaded inside houses, were putting up a fearful resistance. The Chinese were in a panic, getting ready to clear out by the North Gate. The Chinese had fled."

It was a fine collection of rumors. I was skeptical.

But as the sun rose I could see that Tientsin was on fire. The big guns had gone silent.

Just before daybreak orders were passed to us to fall in and march.

No skirting the mud wall this time. Right through its gate we marched, down the road leading to the South Gate of Tientsin.

Into the Walled City we went. It was ours.

CHAPTER V

THE SACKING OF TIENTSIN

THE Japanese had blown up the outer South Gate at three-twenty A.M., July 14th. While they were blowing up the inner gate, scores of those agile little brown soldiers had swarmed up and over the wall, hand over hand. Into the city Japanese, British and French had poured, shooting and bayoneting everything in sight. The Chinese, thousands strong, first fought, then fled. Organized resistance had ended when my company marched through the South Gate. Nothing but desperate snipers remained. They were being wiped out, house by house.

For the first time I was in command of my company. I was the only officer left in it. The senior first lieutenant, who had taken command after Reddy Davis was killed, went down sick that night after we spent the day blazing away at the wall.

Tientsin was a picture of hell's delight that morning. Above the crackle of shots sounded the roar of buildings burning fiercely, the crash of falling timbers. Dead strewn the streets. Men shot, men bayoneted, men wounded who played dead as we neared them, lay about in strange postures. Through the streets rushed Chinese, their shoulders bent beneath a burden of loot. The city was burning anyway. The stuff would soon be destroyed in the flames.

Many commanders turned their men loose. Soldiers of all nations joined the orgy. Men of the allies staggered through the streets, arms and backs piled high with silks and furs and brocades, with gold and silver and jewels.

I got my orders from Major Waller. The Salt Commissioner's Yamen was burning. It held a vast treasure of

THE SACKING OF TIENTSIN

"sycee" silver. The Japanese had already taken away loads of it—a million dollars worth, we heard afterwards—and now Chinese were frantically pawing the blistering ruins for what was left. I was to take my company there, drive out the Chinese looters, and police the place.

When we reached it, the place was burned down. Only the masonry walls were standing. I led my men to the great gate. On each side of it were two huge carved lions of red and green stone, with big round eyes and curly tails and manes. We could see the place full of Chinese we would have to drive out. They were pawing the hot ashes for that silver.

We went through on the double. As we rushed inside, a Chinese soldier with a bayoneted rifle was just in front of me. My trumpeter shot him over my shoulder. We cleaned the Chinese out of the place and posted sentries.

Like all important Chinese buildings, the Salt Commissioner's Yamen had been a little walled town by itself. Buildings around courtyards. More buildings and more courtyards. Piles of ashes still hot and smoking. Legs, arms, torsos of dead Chinese sticking out of this mess. It was in these ashes that the Chinese looters had been pawing when we entered. We had arrived just in time. They had made very little headway. They didn't fight. They scurried away like rats as we went through the place.

I put clean-up squads to work at once in some of those courts to make a place for us to live. There in those courts for ten days I stayed with my company. No protection from the sun by day or the cold at night. Each night we simply rolled up in our blankets on the ground.

With First Sergeant Hill I ran the show in that Yamen. I had him send Marines out to corral Chinese coolies to dig out the silver. It was in wooden boxes behind heavy plank doors in masonry vaults all over the place. Doors and boxes had been burned through. So hot had been the fire that in many cases the chunks of silver fused together. I saw masses of silver as big as a dinner table.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"Sycee" silver was solid silver cast in lumps roughly the shape of a shoe. Each lump weighed about four and a quarter pounds and was worth seventy dollars. At night we would give each of the Chinese coolies a string of the copper cash we found in the place for their day's work digging up the treasure. They always returned next day bringing friends with them. We piled the silver in a courtyard under guard. At one time we had a pile of solid silver thirty feet long, thirty feet broad and four feet high.

Some U.S. Army mule teams with four mules each and Army drivers had been attached to my company. We loaded these teams with four hundred chunks of silver each and with Marines as guards we hauled the treasure to the Marine barracks in the British Concession outside the walls.

Before the anti-looting order was issued it was "help yourself." Several of us formed a jackpot of this silver. A civilian friend arranged to bank it. It gave us a credit of eight thousand and four pounds sterling. My share was about five thousand dollars.

The bulk of this silver, however, was turned over to the United States Government. The money it brought was to be held against reparations claims for Boxer outrages. But I understood that later it was all turned back to the Chinese by President Roosevelt.

One American banking firm made what you might call a profitable deal in some of this silver. They bought it up at twenty-five dollars for each seventy-dollar chunk—and paid for it in thirty, sixty and ninety days!

One famous infantry regiment in the U.S. Army has to this day a handsome punchbowl hammered out of those chunks of Tientsin silver.

Other companies of Marines were placed at various points in Tientsin on guard duty. But as I was the only officer in my company, I couldn't leave the salt Commissioner's Yamen long during those ten days we were stationed there. I did get a few trips out around the city,

THE SACKING OF TIENTSIN

however. I never saw such looting. Except for the Japanese, none of the allies knew the real value of many priceless treasures of porcelain and cloisonne shattered to fragments by allied soldiers searching for gold, silver and jewels, silks, brocades and furs.

My friends kept coming to see me at the Salt Commissioner's Yamen. Of course it was pleasant to see *me*, but those chunks of silver, of which the word had gone out all over Tientsin, were an irresistible lure to white as well as to yellow; to high rank and upper class as well as to low rank and coolie.

Among those visitors came Major Waller, Captain Long, and Lieutenants Smedley Butler, Dave Porter, Little, Dunlap, Powell, Clifford and McCreary.

Although my men were too busy to take serious part in the looting the first day or two, they soon made up for lost time. The courtyards in the Salt Commissioner's Yamen took on the appearance of a wealthy Chinese lady's private apartments as the men sat around off duty comparing trophies. Silken robes of every color, embroidered with the gaudiest flowers; rich, costly furs—ermine, sable and white fox; bolts of valuable silk; were piled about the place. The men had no idea of the value of porcelain or enamels or lacquer. But they knew all about bars of gold and chunks of silver. They could be sold instantly for cash.

The dead lay about the streets, filling the air with choking stench, dogs and hogs gnawing at them, until the allies piled them in heaps with wood and cremated them to keep the place from becoming a pesthole.

Our ten days in the Salt Commissioner's Yamen ended. With my company I was ordered back to the warehouse barracks in the British Concession. There I received my commission as first lieutenant. Dunlap got his as captain and was put in command of my company.

We spent the next ten days preparing for the march on Peking. We bought or confiscated Chinese vehicles of

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

every description to carry our equipment. We looted mules to drag them along. Anything we thought might be useful we marked as belonging to our company.

While we were there, Chinese merchants from Tientsin came out to see the representatives of foreign business houses living in the concessions. Those Chinese had seen their city captured, burned, looted. Their stocks of goods, their treasures, were destroyed or in the hands of the soldiers of half a dozen nations. They could have gone into bankruptcy if anybody could in the history of the world. But they came out to explain to foreign merchants to whom they owed money, that though they could not pay it now, they would in time. I was told later they paid every cent. The commercial honesty of the Chinese merchant is proverbial in the Orient. After that I understood why.

Now began a period of rumors. The desperate plight of the legations at Peking seemed forgotten. The allies seemed to be having a hell of a lot of difficulty in agreeing on the date to start. A new Japanese army arrived. More Russians. More French. The Fourteenth U. S. Infantry.

Two more companies of U. S. Marines arrived with Major William P. Biddle in command. Then Colonel Meade was taken sick and left for the United States.

Major Biddle ranked Major Waller and took command of all the U. S. Marines in China.

There was a great upheaval in the Marine organization then and there. But Major Waller still remained second in command. We had discovered in the upheaval that Major Biddle's dominant characteristic was love of a comfortable chair. Privately we christened him "Sitting Bull."

The marine outfit in China now was two battalions, five hundred strong in all. After the upheaval I found myself in the first battalion under Major Waller. I was first lieutenant in Captain Dunlap's company. Smedley Butler, now a captain, and Captain Bannon had the other two

THE SACKING OF TIENTSIN

companies. Captain Franklin J. Moses commanded the second battalion. The companies were seventy-five to eighty men strong.

Old "Sitting Bull" in that upheaval had done one thing that made the stock of our own particular group at once jump above par. He made Dave Porter, now a captain, his adjutant.

The adjutant, who always has the ear of the commanding officer, is a very important factor if he has any pep. He can make things go not only according to his own lights, but according to those of his friends.

Rumors now began to fly thick and fast.

"Some of the allies' commanders wanted to wait for more troops. The rainy season was soon to commence. Some of the commanders wanted to wait until the rains ended, as the country across which we must march to Peking would be one huge bog. Others wanted to start at once, before the rains began."

General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. Army, was the commander-in-chief of all the American troops there. Rumors told us all about him, too.

"He was getting fed up with the delay in starting for the relief of Peking. He had announced to the allies' chiefs that if they didn't decide to move on Peking at once, he would take all the American troops and go alone. Washington had ordered him to relieve the legation at Peking. He was going to carry out his orders without delay."

The night of August third we received our orders to start the march for Peking the following day.

Lieutenant Wirt McCreary had been put in command of the fleet of thirty Chinese junks that was to carry the supplies of the whole American column up the Pei-ho River and with which, theoretically, we were to keep in contact all the way. Wirt grinned cheerfully at the news that his fleet was to sail. His junks, about sixty feet long, each had a stumpy mast and a lateen sail of woven reeds or bamboo. But their real motive power was a crew of Chi-

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

nese coolies to each junk. The coolies walked the river bank like canal boat mules along a towpath, and towed each junk by ropes attached to the mast and fastened to the coolies by a stick across their chests.

Wirt sat down with an old blue flannel shirt and cut himself out an Admiral's flag, complete with stars.

"That'll give me the right of way on the Pei-ho River, I guess," he chuckled.

We were up early next morning. The minute breakfast was finished the mess sergeants piled all the pots and pans in the Chinese carts—springless, two-wheeled vehicles with a sort of latticed house built above the body. Marines were to drive them. Other Marines slipped up to the drivers, wheedling for the privilege of hiding their loot in these carts.

The men were only allowed their blankets, haversacks, canteens, rifles and ammunition belts. Looted Chinese furs which they had discovered would keep them warm at night, were rolled away in their blankets along with other souvenirs. Every Marine had his collection of chunks of silver. These, too, they rolled in their blankets. They were very anxious to take that silver along. It meant money. Money meant liquor.

One delay followed another as the hours wore on that day. The allied generals had all sorts of last-minute questions to settle. Rumors began to fly again.

"The Japanese must go first, because they've got the biggest army. The Russians next; they've got the next biggest. Then the British must get well under way before our turn comes."

Hour followed hour. We were getting sorer and sorer; more impatient. The heat beat down on us. Men and officers alike grew fretful. Finally, under the sun of that scorching afternoon, the command came.

We started for Pekin.

CHAPTER VI

MARCHING THROUGH HELL

FIRING had been sounding out ahead of us as we had stood waiting the order to march. It grew heavier as our column moved out on the plain to the north-east of Tientsin. The sun sizzled. Dust, raised by the thousands ahead of us, blew around us in clouds.

We followed the right bank of the Pei-ho River to the military bridge of boats and planks. We crossed. There we found the high railway embankment which followed the river. We followed the embankment.

Ahead the firing never stopped. As we marched along, suddenly it changed in sound; grew heavier. I climbed the embankment. With field glasses I picked out bands of Chinese here and there across the plain. They were firing into the advancing line of the allies. The line never stopped. Firing steadily as they advanced, the allies brushed the Chinese aside.

I climbed down from the embankment, sprinted, and caught up with my men. We began to pass dead Chinese. Up ahead the sound of shooting continued. The sun began to sink. The plain began to cool off.

Just ahead we saw a large group of buildings. It was the Hsiku Arsenal, about eight miles from Tientsin. We marched into the courtyard. The two battalions of Marines broke ranks to bivouac for the night. Wells in the courtyard gave us ample water.

At seven A.M. we were on the march again. Level country stretched endlessly away—into eternity, it seemed. On every side rose ancient Chinese burial mounds. Tombs—tombs—tombs—wherever we looked. The plain was

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

dotted with them. A red-hot sun began to climb a cloudless sky. Though it was morning, already the heat was hellish. Thick, heavy, blistering heat that made us stream with sweat; seared our lungs with each breath. Our felt hats seemed to generate it like stoves.

Over on our right in magnificent isolation rose a tomb fifty feet high. Farther on a dozen tombs three or four feet high huddled together. We passed through a village, deserted except for a handful of allied soldiers looking after a dressing station.

Out ahead heavy bursts of firing rose and subsided. The Japanese were meeting determined opposition. Stirred into the air by our own marching feet, that heavy, choking dust stifled and nauseated us.

Hours we marched through dust and heat, the sound of firing always in our ears. Every ounce began to count. Piece by piece the men started throwing their loot away. All that afternoon our line of march was plainly marked by silk robes, rich furs and chunks of solid silver.

We had been ordered not to drink any water from the wells we passed, unless we boiled it. But on a march like that, how could we stop to find wood, build a fire, find our carts, get a pot to put the water in, wait for it to boil, and then wait for it to cool so we could drink it?

My men had to be kept up with the others. I picked the best-looking wells I could find in the little villages, drew up some of the water, smelled it, tasted it. If it wasn't too bad, we drank it. We had to. It was all there was.

Villages came in sight every now and then. Chinese dead were piled in them. Houses were burned and wrecked. Japanese dressing stations had sprung up, giving first aid to their wounded.

Ten minutes every hour we halted to rest. But there was never any shade to rest in. Time came for the mid-day meal. It was scant.

All that afternoon the firing ahead seemed to increase. Artillery could be distinguished above rifle fire. Evidently

MARCHING THROUGH HELL

the Japanese were having trouble. The only other evidence we could see were the first aid stations we kept passing.

The sun began to go down across that endless plain dotted always with the tombs of China's ancient dead. We were marching in sight of the river now. It was thick with floating bodies of dead Chinese and dead animals. Along the line of march lay more dead, the backwash of the Japanese fight that day. Death everywhere you looked.

Just before sunset we halted outside the small town of Pei-tsang. There, tied up to the bank, was Wirt McCreary's junk fleet, his blue flannel Admiral's flag still flying. From the junks we got food and clean water. Men were sent into the town for wood. There wasn't much left, but we found some. Fires were soon going. Supper was cooked.

We wanted a bath worse than anything in the world. But the river was so thick with mud and foul with dead Chinese, animals and filth, that we could not use it.

Sentries were posted, the men ate, rolled up in their blankets, and sank instantly to sleep.

Seven o'clock next morning, the third day, we were on our way again. The carts were freshly stocked with food from the junks, the canteens filled. The men were stripped down to the last ounce. You could tell from the look of the blanket rolls that nothing but necessities were kept.

Again the sun blazed down like a furnace, hourly increasing in heat. Again dust clogged throats, noses and lungs. Past us the river flowed sluggishly, with its nauseating burden of dead and filth. As far as the eye could reach the depressing bulk of those tombs filled the plain.

From the start, that day, the men marched stubbornly along, eyes always on the ground. They were sick of river, plain, tombs. Jokes no longer passed from man to man. No more laughs were heard.

Marching along at the rear of my company I saw nothing but muttering, marching men. They scowled when one began to stagger. They muttered continually:

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"Bastards!"—"Chinese bastards!"—"Yellow bastards!"

Every mile we made was marched to the accompaniment of oaths and imprecations.

Every hour the heat grew worse. One of the men would stagger. I would carry his blanket roll awhile. Water in the canteens grew hot, grew low, vanished as choking men poured the last drops down raw throats.

Occasionally, far ahead, faint in the distance, we could hear rifle fire. It no longer spurred the men. They had been hearing it the past two days from morning to night. Nothing had happened.

Up in front something was happening. But this marching at the tail of the show was beginning to get at the morale of my men.

An occasional shirker showed up. I fixed them. I took the bolts out of their rifles. It wasn't long before they understood that, with Sergeant Kasson explaining.

"Sure, the Lieutenant doesn't care what Chinese son-of-a-bitch cuts your throat. But he ain't going to let you make any of those yellow bastards a present of a high-powered rifle *that works*."

Again we were passing deserted Chinese villages, with evidences of the fighting we had missed looming up to taunt us. Smoldering houses. Bullet-riddled walls. Dead Chinese soldiers. Always grinning Japanese or Russians at the first aid stations.

The men scowled more ferociously, cursed more bitterly. Why the hell weren't we up there ahead where the fun was going on? Were the Japanese and the Russians to have it all just because there were more of them than of us? All the time, now, the firing ahead was increasing.

Captain Dunlap and I were on the jump. Relieving exhausted men here and there of the weight of their blanket rolls. Spotting shirkers. Jerking them quickly into shape again by any method that worked. Talking with our sergeants. Marching in front of our men. Marching in the rear. Trying to act as if that heat wasn't stifling and blis-

MARCHING THROUGH HELL

tering us as it was them. We held those eighty sulky men in a grip which grew more taut every hour.

Suddenly a handful of Chinese soldiers appeared far off to the right. Fifty or sixty of them, massed together. They were a godsend.

The line was halted. A ripple of excitement flashed down it as they spotted the Chinese.

Then the order came to fire at will. We knew it would do no good. The Chinese were too far off to be hit. But we grasped at any straw to give the men action; something to think about instead of sun and dust, river and tombs and dead.

For a few minutes the firing was allowed to go on. Then we took up the march again. A little later we halted for food. Now and then, as the men stood around in groups, eating, I saw a little animation. I heard one giving his ideas on how he'd have taken care of those Chinese if he had been Captain Dunlap. It sounded good to me. If the men were commencing to talk again; they weren't as far gone as it looked.

We took up the march again. In that unknown country ahead the firing steadily grew louder. Captain Dunlap and I realized we must be nearer to the actual fighting than since we left Tientsin. That band of Chinese we had met that morning showed us the allies were not carrying all the enemy ahead of them. Some were slipping aside.

We marched on through heat now terrific. All our water was gone. The firing ahead grew even heavier. Each step brought us nearer to it.

I knew we would be in action soon. I stopped and scrutinized each rank as the company marched past me.

Those Marines were taut. They were sick with exhaustion. Their tongues were thick with thirst. Nearly three days' marching with sweat streaming, with parched throats choked with dust; two nights' sleeping on the ground; not a garment taken off since they left Tientsin; not even clean water enough to wash faces and hands. But

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

they were taut. Tired muscles snapped into action. Heads were up. Eyes were keen.

It was my first great moment. Dunlap and I had brought them through. We had kept them on their toes. Now that they sensed action, every one, to a man, was straining at the leash.

Ahead of us the river made an abrupt turn to the right. At the bend was the town of Yangtsun. Just beyond the town an iron railroad bridge crossed the river. A high railway embankment led up to the bridge. Allied troops were swarming everywhere. Far on our right rose the sound of artillery and rifle fire. We could see nothing across that plain.

We were halted. Word came back that we were to drive a heavy force of Chinese out of some earthworks far over to our right.

We stood there with mouths and throats gritty with dust; without a drop of water in our canteens and no chance to get any. Then when it seemed we had stood there for hours that afternoon, the orders came to deploy to our right and attack.

The plain in front of us was a furnace. Dust rose in thick clouds. There was no air to breathe. That heavy heat and dust left us choking.

As we started forward there was a crash of sound at our rear. Our own artillery, firing over our heads, was covering our advance.

We advanced a thousand yards. Down on us, every step of the way, beat that blazing sun, heavier every second.

Another thousand yards. My men began to stagger again. They were taut and game, but all in. Here one turned ghastly white. There one dropped dead from heat. More and more men were staggering.

Dunlap and I had a job on our hands. Those men were done. You have to go through an experience like that to realize what it means to keep exhausted men moving forward—with a fight on their hands at the end.

MARCHING THROUGH HELL

Up and down the line we went, encouraging them. We kept them going somehow.

Another man dropped dead from heat. Chinese bullets were whizzing over our heads. They were shooting high, as usual. We couldn't even see them yet, dust and smoke were so thick. We advanced deeper into it.

My sergeants' faces were grim. Their lips drew tighter and tighter. They rasped out orders, cursing.

Everybody from General Chaffee down they cursed.

A Marine staggered and lurched along.

"Come on, you gutless son-of-a-bitch!" he heard from a sergeant.

They called those men everything they could put their tongues to. Anything to madden them beyond all thought of their exhausted condition was roared by those magnificent old sergeants.

They knew their business. We kept on.

The firing ahead of us was slackening. The Chinese artillery alone was blazing away as fast as they could work the guns. But they, too, were firing too high.

Through the dust and smoke those earthworks came in sight. We stopped, fired, advanced again. Rifle fire blazed out at us. Not a man was hit. We stopped, fired, advanced, again and again.

Now we were close to it. Behind the earthworks the Chinese were milling. We went on. We could see them begin to break.

Off to our right I got a glimpse of a Chinese battery limbering up and rolling off as if it were on parade.

Then we were on the earthworks. Over them. Behind them.

They were empty. The Chinese, each man for himself, were vanishing rapidly amid the tombs in the dust of that endless plain.

Men and officers collapsed in the shadow of those earthworks. We couldn't have made another hundred yards to save our lives. Men sprawled on their backs, on their

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

sides, on their stomachs, hiding their faces from the sun in their arms. The Chinese artillery across the river ceased firing. In small groups they rolled away across the plain.

Strained muscles slowly relaxed. Nerves near the breaking point went loose. Blood-shot eyes, burning with dust, closed wearily. Everybody was all in.

The sun began to sink. It grew cooler. Collars were loosened. Belts unfastened. Blanket rolls and haversacks were thrown off blistered shoulders. Marines wiped dirty, sweaty faces with dirty sleeves or dirtier handkerchiefs. You could hear a word here, an answer there.

Major Waller was looking things over. Talking to his officers. His enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"The finest bunch of men on earth!"—"I never thought for a minute you wouldn't make it!"—"It takes the Marines to crack the hard nuts for them!"—"Two hundred and fifty Marines only have to appear in front of their entrenchments and the enemy crawls away!" The Old Man was yapping thus all over the place.

Toward dusk orders were given to fall in. Back across the plain we retraced our steps, rejoining the rest of the Marine outfit just outside Yangtsun. We hadn't had a drop of water for hours. Our lips were cracked, our tongues leathery, our throats raw.

There we heard the French were going no farther until better arrangements could be made for sending up their food. This question of food was a never-ending source of worry. It was only beginning.

Past Yangtsun, across the bridge, we went with just water and food in our minds. Our last real meal was twelve hours behind us. If the French supplies hadn't come up, and with only a few cans of food left in our carts, nothing in our haversacks, and nothing to be found from the country, I was getting anxious again.

Then, just ahead, tied up to the river bank, I saw our junk fleet. That old blue flannel flag of Wirt McCreary's was giving him right of way on the Pei-ho.

MARCHING THROUGH HELL

We found the U. S. Army all comfortably settled down in the village. We reached an open field, broke ranks, and pitched camp. There was a rush for the village wells. Mess sergeants and cooks were on the jump. Men collected wood—anything else portable they could lay their hands on. Camp fires sprang up along the bank. Supper was eaten. Soon afterwards, sentries posted, the rest of us rolled up in our blankets and slept.

While my men were cleaning their rifles for inspection early next morning, orders came that we would spend the day there to rest and clean up. The rest was simple. Cleaning up was almost impossible. The river was out of question with the floating dead and filth, even without considering the mud, now so thick that a hand dipped into the water came out coated with slime that dried and caked. We found wells in which my men washed hands, faces and necks; then handkerchiefs and extra socks. As a pair dried, on they went and the ones they replaced were washed. Clothes and shoes were brushed with anything that came to hand; haversacks turned wrong side out and hung up to air. Dust was shaken out of blankets which were sunned and aired. Every bush was covered with Marine Corps paraphernalia and washing.

I had left Tientsin with a pack in the care of a Chinese coolie. I hadn't seen him for two days. When I finally got my hands on him that morning, my pack was gone. He had abandoned it, when one of our doctors grabbed him for a stretcher bearer. There was nothing to do but wash up and brush the clothes I stood in.

By noon the sun was blazing down again. The men, thoroughly worn out, were pretty quiet. They ate and rested. For once I was not Officer of the Day. As soon as my men were cleaned up and comfortable I started a tour of visiting. I had discovered Wirt McCreary had a supply of liquor aboard his junk. I had a drink or two.

Back with my company I found orders to pile all the food possible in our carts, as next morning we would leave

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

the river for several days. Another night sleeping on the ground and next morning, filling our canteens, seeing the Army depart, we started our fifth day.

At Yangtsun the Pei-ho River changed course at right angles, flowing east and west. We marched due north. Each hour we were farther away from the river and our junk fleet. The tombs had disappeared. Here and there were little villages, and on all sides rose fields of grain as much as ten feet high. Millet of a sort the Chinese call "sorghos." We plodded along a road broken by troops ahead of us right through these fields.

In this forest of grain there was literally no air to breathe. The heat became appalling. Dysentery began to show up in my men from the infected water they had drunk on the way to Yangtsun. That one day's rest had not been enough. Before noon we were staggering, sweating through the furnace of those grain fields.

I began to caution the men to use their canteens sparingly. Orders came through to halt for rest. There wasn't a spot of shade big enough for a man to rest in. The men simply flopped in those grain fields beneath that blistering sun and panted in the dead, heavy air. Again I warned my sergeants to see that the men used canteens sparingly.

We went on again, finally emerging on the barren, arid plain. Tombs again rose up on all sides. Men began to die from the heat. By night we were in more grain fields. Orders came to bivouac there. Our four carts had been at the rear of the battalion all day. They pushed along until they found us. Cooks and mess sergeants got busy. Men explored near-by villages for wood. I hunted for wells. After that meal of bacon and hard-tack, Mess Sergeant Storgehan's life became a hell. He and General Chaffee were held responsible for the men's troubles.

In that grain field without a breath of air, we slept, exhausted. But sleep was broken by mosquitoes, midges, crawling things that swarmed over us and bit and stung and tickled until we were nearly crazy.

MARCHING THROUGH HELL

Reveille. Breakfast of bacon and hard-tack. Canteens filled again from wells I had found. March again.

It was a nightmare, now. Dirty, exhausted men, dysentery and typhoid breeding in them. Men who hated every step they took, desperate, harassed, marching hourly deeper into an unknown country. The heat was driving us mad. The sound of distant firing was always in our ears. A great show was going on up ahead. In all of it we had no part. It was ground into us now that we were at the tail of the show. Yet we never knew what minute would find us facing that force of Chinese soldiers.

More small villages and towns. More allied dressing stations. Those men would tell our men all about what had happened when the place was captured. Couriers headed for the rear would stop to tell of pitched battles of which we had heard the firing; of looting of which presently we would see the evidences; of the Asiatic ferocity of Japanese, Cossacks, British native Indian cavalry, to which we could soon testify on the evidence of dead of all ages in villages and towns—bodies strewn everywhere.

Tortured Marines staggered along, damning General Chaffee and the United States Army. We halted in grain fields. We ate in grain fields. We slept in grain fields.

Breakfast of bacon and hard-tack. We started again. More men developed dysentery. I developed it myself. We marched on. Heat. Monotony of endless fields of motionless grain. No air. Prostrations. Dirt and sweat. Hard-tack, bacon, canned salmon. That blistering sun. Grain fields everywhere.

Four days since our rest at Yangtsun. Eight days since Tientsin. Four days and nights breathing the dust-filled air of those grain fields. The nights horrible with crawling, buzzing, biting, stinging things. Dysentery and typhoid. And the river nowhere.

Then, when it seemed human endurance had gone past its absolute limit, the river came into sight once more. There, off to our right, was the junk fleet. Food. Clean

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

water. Camphor-opium pills for dysentery cases. Sick men too weak to stagger another step were stretched out on board the junks. The cooks prepared a gorgeous supper of corned beef and tomatoes and potatoes. We filled ourselves. We filled our carts. We even had roasted ears of green corn from the field where we slept that night.

In the morning we marched again. Again we lost the river. It grew hotter every day. Colder every night. Imperceptibly the plain was beginning to slope upwards as we lurched along through unending jungle of millet, corn and reeds. Four days to do a normal two-day march.

Ten days of it. Then we came to the city of Tong Tchow.

In Chinese that means the City of Celestial Purity. It is the point where you leave the Pei-ho River for Pekin, fourteen miles away. Late in the morning of the tenth day out of Tientsin we marched up to the walls of Tong Tchow, nearly as high as the walls of Tientsin.

The city had been captured by the allies in a battle we had been hearing for hours. On Tong Tchow had been wreaked the vengeance of Boxers and allies alike.

First the Boxers had their way with the city, killing and looting all they believed sympathetic with the foreign devils. Then the Japanese had swept in, destroying and killing. On the heels of the Japanese had come the Cossacks, the half-Mongolian Siberian troops of the Russians, who also made war in the old barbaric way. After them had come the native Indian cavalry of the British. And then through Tong Tchow had been let loose American soldiers, sick with dysentery, typhoid cooking in them, vicious from that hellish march. Tong Tchow had paid.

We halted, broke ranks, bivouacked on the river bank. A meal was cooked and eaten. I hastened in through an open gate in the city walls to see the place. Tientsin had been bad enough, but this was a nightmare out of hell.

In one house I saw five Chinese women, aristocrats, to judge by their home and their clothes, swinging from cords

MARCHING THROUGH HELL

from the ceilings. They had hanged themselves as the invading soldiers swept in.

The stench of the dead hung like a cloud about the city. Through the streets swirled putrid, infected dust. Dead bodies everywhere. Bullet wounds. Bayonet wounds. Skulls crushed by gun butts. Grotesque and horrible they huddled and sprawled wherever I walked.

Groups of allied soldiers sat about fires fed with fragments of beautiful carved furniture of teak, mahogany, rare Oriental woods. My boots crackled on a carpet of shattered porcelain, cloisonne, enamel, lacquer. Windows were broken. Doors smashed in. Houses riddled with shells and bullets.

Great gilded, carved façades were splintered and shattered. Shops were broken open; their contents strewn the streets. Human bodies, severed limbs, lay tangled in silks and brocades. Tiles and brick lay everywhere. Walls were spattered with blood. Mangy dogs, feeding on the dead, skulked around corners and down alleys, tails between legs, as I came near.

Japanese, Cossacks, English, Indian cavalry swaggered through the streets. Everything Chinese cringed from their path.

The Russians had used scaling ladders in their attack. They wanted those same ladders for Peking, too. I saw squads of Cossacks, rifles in hand, driving squads of Chinese to carry those ladders away from the walls. More than coolies were impressed into that service. The Cossacks had rounded up Chinese aristocrats and drove them to the work. It was a pitiful sight. In their own eyes those Chinese patricians were disgraced for life. Menial work was a greater shame than death.

Tong Tchow was a rich city. Full of warehouses of wealthy Chinese merchants. Full of rich homes. Now it was a shambles after an orgy of ferocious fighting and mad looting.

Outside the walls, along the river, the junk fleet nosed

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

the bank and thousands of soldiers camped. Camp fires of the same rich, costly carved furniture stretched up and down the stream two or three miles. We ate supper, rolled in our blankets, and slept, worn out.

It was still dark when we were awakened. Before dawn we started to march across the level plain of dust and tombs for Pekin.

It began to rain. But that dust was so thick the rain couldn't even lay it. All it could do was soak us and make us, if possible, more miserable, as we staggered on, weak, sick, worn out. Filthy, too. Since we left Tientsin we had never got one bath or one change.

We marched steadily along through rain and tombs. Sometimes by road. Sometimes through tall, dripping grass. After all our detours and delays, we began to feel we should never reach our destination.

Then, late that afternoon, we rounded the corner of a stand of trees.

There was Pekin. It seemed incredible that anything so gigantic could keep itself concealed so long. You would have thought it would have been looming against the skyline for days. But by some curious trick of the terrain, when first you see Pekin you are there.

I had thought the walls of Tientsin and Tong Tchow were high. But here towered and stretched the greatest wall of all. It went on, apparently, without end: bastions and towers, high and black and menacing in the rain.

In our ears was the booming of artillery; the sharp crack of rifles. Sluicing down our necks, the steady drive of the rain. Under foot the thick, putrid dust, unlaid by the downpour. Before our eyes, that huge black wall of Pekin.

And in our nostrils, still, the foul smell of the dead that we had been breathing most of the time since we entered the mouth of the Pei-ho River.

We marched straight for the wall.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE LAIR OF THE DRAGON

DRENCHED, exhausted, that afternoon of August 14th, we trudged along outside the great wall of Peking. The place was a nightmare of walls. Through what I think was called the Sha-huo Gate, we entered the Chinese City. A huge rectangle of walls surrounded it. It lay flush against one side of a great square wall that inclosed the rest of Peking. Inside the square wall was the Tartar City. Inside that, surrounded also by huge irregular walls, lay the Imperial City. And inside that, walled, too, lay the Forbidden City. We knew that much from maps we carried.

Inside the Chinese City, as we marched along, we saw the same huddled Chinese dead, the same mangy dogs eating them. We smelled the same putrid odor of decaying human flesh. We saw the same inevitable living Chinese scurrying from one place to another. The same stuff we had been seeing and smelling for weeks.

Detonations of field artillery still sounded. Explosions of gingals. Sharp cracks of rifles. The same old snipers' bullets did the same old whine over our heads.

We halted a moment at a small duck farm. Captain Smedley Butler staggered and clutched at his breast. A sniper's bullet had struck him squarely in the chest. His luck was with him. It was a spent bullet, and it hit squarely on one of the heavy metal buttons of his blouse, flattened it, and tore the skin of his chest, but that was all.

We marched on again. Other walls loomed up, discouragingly high. We marched toward them. They were the walls separating the Chinese City from the Tartar

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

City. High above them rose a great tower. It marked the Ch'ien-Mein or Ch'ien Gate. In front of it, near an ancient market, we halted and bivouacked. No shelter. It was dark now, raining hard and uncomfortably cold. A hasty supper and the men rolled up in their blankets and lay down on wet ground in the rain, utterly spent.

Far inside the city artillery kept booming away, rifles still sounded, shrill yells and screams came faintly to us. But except for the snipers' bullets whining overhead, there was no action around us.

Dave Porter, reaching the American Legation, had come back with three quarts of Scotch. He gave one to Major Waller who stuffed it under the folded blanket that served him for pillow and went to sleep. I knew I needed that Scotch, as did some of the other juniors. I crawled up in the dark, got it from under Major Waller's head without waking him, and presently crawled back and replaced the bottle, empty. Then I got a handful of coffee beans, chewed them, and destroyed my share of the olfactory evidence in case the Major woke and investigated. Then I, too, rolled in wet blankets and went to sleep.

The north wind blew down on us. We shivered in our soaked clothes and blankets. But we were so exhausted that we slept in spite of our shivering.

By dawn we were up and ready for action. Major Waller came over to my company and ordered us up on top of the Ch'ien Gate. It had been captured the day before we arrived. We marched in through the great, cavernous opening, climbed above the wall to the top of the tower.

A Chinese gate in a fortified city is like a great bay window of masonry curving out some fifty feet from the opening in the actual wall. Three gates in the bay window lead toward the inner gate in the wall itself. They are easy to defend; hard to breach.

At the top we saw, ahead of us, a network of great walls against a long wall, which was the main wall sep-

IN THE LAIR OF THE DRAGON

arating the Tartar City from the Imperial City. Thousands of Chinese troops were swarming about, firing at us on our tower; firing into the Tartar City. Their heaviest fire was toward a small walled entrance just ahead of us; another gate.

Captain Reilly, commander of Reilly's Battery and one of the finest and most-loved officers in the United States Army, had one of his guns up on top the Ch'ien Gate tower with us. Other guns in his battery were on the ground just inside the Ch'ien Gate. He was keeping up a steady fire with thorite shells against the small gate ahead. It was of heavy timbers, the massive wood thickly studded with huge nails and metal braces. They were barred and bolted heavily. They took a terrific hammering.

Lieutenant Summerall of Reilly's Battery, now General Summerall, ordering firing to cease for a moment, walked up to the gate with a piece of chalk in his hands and under heavy Chinese fire marked big crosses on the gate so his gunners could have a better target at the exact point where the metal bars and braces could be shattered.

Officers and men of the Fourteenth U. S. Infantry were waiting amid the strewn dead of the Chinese Imperial Army for Reilly to breach the gates. They had brought up heavy timbers for battering rams if needed. But the shells from the guns on the ground loosened the gate while Captain Reilly himself on the tower with that one gun calmly shelled away at the Forbidden City.

Some infantryman squeezed through the gate where a shell had torn a hole, drew the bolts, and the infantry dashed in, Colonel Daggett of the Fourteenth at their head. They had entered a great courtyard paved with stone down the middle, and full of high grass. At the far end another gate faced them, greater than the one through which they had just passed. They had only gone a short way down the court when, point-blank, a murderous fire opened up at them from the far gate and the walls on both sides of the courtyard. It was a slaughter pen.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

From the tower my company kept up a steady fire at these Chinese on the walls. Down in the courtyard the infantry had thrown themselves flat amid that high grass, and were blazing away. Reinforcements joined them. Fresh Chinese kept swarming along all those side walls that connected with one another, branching out, larger and larger, until they met the main wall far ahead.

Inch by inch the infantry were forcing their way to the next gate. More Chinese reinforcements came up. Their fire became heavier. They seemed to swarm in myriads.

I was standing beside Captain Reilly when I heard the sound a bullet makes when it strikes flesh. I wheeled and looked. He was stretched flat, a pool of blood spreading out from the spot where his head lay. A bullet, shattering his jaw, had passed on through his neck, killing him instantly. He never even spoke.

His men, tears streaming from their eyes, carried his body into the big bare hall at the top of the tower. Then, certain that he was dead, they went back to their gun. They kept up a steady shelling, tears running down their faces as they worked the gun.

Major Waller moved among us, directing fire, for our targets were changing constantly with the advance of the infantry and the retreat of the Chinese. The next gate, burst through by those thorite shells from Reilly's guns on the ground, was taken. On the infantry went, the fighting more vicious each moment as they approached the Sacred City. They took the next courtyard in the face of increasingly heavy fire. They took the next gate. The Chinese now were pushed back to the last wall before the Sacred City, where the foot of a foreign devil had never trod. Reilly's guns blasting the way, this fourth and last gate in the outer network of walls was taken.

The Chinese were fighting like devils. But the American infantry was outfighting them, pushing them back yard by yard. On they went. One more gate, and they would be inside the Forbidden City—the first of the allied troops

IN THE LAIR OF THE DRAGON

to fight their way into it. The Chinese soldiers were losing heart. They couldn't stand against men who would advance in the face of fire like that. They began to disappear from the walls. As we fired from the top of the Ch'ien Gate, our targets grew fewer and fewer. The Chinese fire slackened. Suddenly there seemed to be panic among them. They rushed wildly from the walls. We had the range and were rapidly overhauling stragglers. The infantrymen were charging forward with hoarse yells.

Suddenly they halted. Up on the tower we asked one another what was wrong. We could see no reason for the halt. Then we received orders to cease firing.

The infantry began to come back.

I never knew what happened. There are many different stories. The most probable seems that the ministers at the legations had asked General Chaffee not to penetrate the Sacred City, because Peking had been taken, and further destruction was unnecessary.

Whatever the reason, the infantry came out, cursing like pirates because after they had fought their way to the threshold of the Sacred City, with complete victory in sight, they were ordered back by their own general. The Chinese never could have stopped them.

Down from tower and wall we climbed. We marched out to our bivouac of the night before while Captain Reilly's men bore away the body of their beloved leader.

We could still hear firing, but it was in the distance and rapidly dying down. I didn't know what was going on, but I wanted something to happen. There I was, tied down to my company and I wanted to get away. Precious time was being lost. Everyone was loose in Peking, looting. And in my pocket was a map given me by an American civilian in Tientsin, with special places marked to show where I could find the best pickings in Peking.

Next day, in our bivouac, I wrote my mother. She still keeps the letter. I used a Chinese brush and ink cake on Chinese paper. This was the whole letter:

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"MY DEAR MOTHER:

"I HAVE REACHED PEKIN. I AM ALL RIGHT. I MUST CLOSE FOR WANT OF NEWS."

That map burned in my pocket two or three days while orders held us in that bivouac outside the Ch'ien Gate. At last either on August 17th or 18th, orders came. Our "barracks" had been selected.

We marched through the walled courtyards of the desperate fighting by the infantry that day we were in the tower. We passed through the fourth gate—the last one through which Reilly's guns had blasted a path. We turned to the left. Presently we came out into a spot of great beauty. Trees. Palaces, the roofs all colored enamel. Wooded hills. Glimpses of still water. We stopped at the Palace of the Eighth Prince. This was to be our "barracks" for the next two months.

It was the usual Chinese succession of quadrangular courtyards with buildings on all four sides. We marched from one courtyard to another until we reached one which, with part of the next and the surrounding buildings, was assigned to my company. The men were allotted sleeping space in some of the buildings. Officers took others. Yet another was converted into a galley where the men's food was cooked and they ate. The courtyard, paved with flagstones, was drill ground and recreation hall. We had marched in past piles of dead, occasional distant shots sounding, a pall of smoke rising from burning buildings. But we had been through too much of that to give it any attention now. We were in a prince's palace. It was filled with beautiful carved woods, silken hangings, precious cloisonne, red lacquer, priceless porcelain, bronzes.

In one building, which must have been the harem, there were great rolls of gorgeous gold and silver brocades, open chests of priceless furs, open boxes with jewels hanging

IN THE LAIR OF THE DRAGON

over the sides, just as the prince's household had left them when they fled for their lives.

For the first time since I entered the Marine Corps, I found a situation where rank did not take precedence. Here it was a case of "first come, first grab." I gathered up one large bolt of beautiful brocade; an armful of furs, sable, ermine, white fox; eight or nine large cloisonne bowls. I hurried with them to my own quarters where there was a big Chinese box with lock and key. Into this I put them. I put the key in my pocket.

I had a Chinese bed of masonry, a high stone oven with a space beneath for a charcoal fire to keep you warm, nights. I padded the masonry top with layers of costly silk quilts, and was at home. By noon we were all established, sentries posted, Officer of the Day appointed, the Marine Corps routine in full swing.

Thank God, I was not Officer of the Day. For the first time since we left Tientsin I was a free lance. I could go where I liked. Do what I liked. All Pekin was ahead of me. With that map in my pocket I felt my fortune was made if I used my head and went about the looting of Pekin with some system.

That first afternoon, accompanied by another officer, I went out on a scouting expedition to find the places marked on my map, to see which had the most to offer. Especially to look for jewels. I had figured out that strings of pearls were easy to carry and of the greatest value.

We went through streets along which staggered Chinese and allies alike, their shoulders loaded down with loot. We passed pawnshops with looters swarming like ants around sugar. We reached spot after spot marked on my map. But four days had passed since the allies had first entered Pekin. Each palace we entered in the Imperial City had been pretty well ransacked. There was any amount of stuff left. But silks were unrolled and tossed aside. Vases, porcelain and cloisonne were knocked to the floor and lay in broken bits⁹ everywhere. It was chaos.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

But in several places we managed to lay to one side furs and bolts of silk to gather up later. We went back to our quarters through streets where severed heads were hanging from walls by their long queues; where men and women still dangled from the ropes with which they had been hanged; where dogs snarled and left off gnawing the dead, to slink away as we neared.

Next morning I started out with a Chinese cart and a Marine driver we had brought from Tientsin. Also a Chinese manservant who spoke English, and who had been supplied me by the Reverend Gilbert Reed, a missionary.

First we gathered up the pickings of the day before in the cart which I sent back with the Marine to my quarters. Then with the China boy I went on in the Imperial City to the Palace of the Emperor's Harem.

We crossed a marvelous white marble bridge. We went around the Lotus Ponds—beautiful, still bodies of water, the surface almost covered with broad green leaves and pale pink blossoms. It was a beautiful spot. Marble, enamel, lacquer, leaves and flowers gleamed in the sun. I went straight on through it.

Not a sound could be heard. Not a soul was in sight. There was something eerie in all this forsaken Oriental gorgeousness. It made you think of the enchanted palaces of the Arabian Nights.

Suddenly two jet-black Pekinese dogs stood in the path ahead. They looked at me with royal disdain. Many of their playmates lay around, dead from starvation. Past them we went into the palace. Not a soul in sight.

We pushed through room after room. Then a few courtyards. I was looking for the rooms used by the ladies. The jewels would be there.

At last I entered a room in which all kinds of gorgeous Chinese feminine garments were in disarray where they had been thrown wildly about. There I began to find the boxes I sought. Jewel boxes. They were filled.

Combs of intricately carved gold and silver. Strings

IN THE LAIR OF THE DRAGON

of pearls. Strings of beads of all colors. Marvelous carved jade from pale gray through pink and deep rich green. Rings set with stones.

I was curiously disappointed. The sheer tumbled gorgeousness of it made it look tawdry to my occidental eyes.

I didn't know much about precious stones. I decided to stick to strings of pearls. From box to box I went gathering up them only, leaving everything else behind. I remembered somewhere I had heard that strings of matched pearls were the most valuable. I took more time and tried to pick out only strings perfectly matched. Then I gathered up any ornaments I could find with pearls in them.

My China boy followed with one of the big jewel boxes from which we had dumped the original contents. Into it I piled my selections. When it was full we made our way outside. There I intended to get those two Pekinese dogs. My father had asked me to get him a pair and had said the Palace of the Emperor's Harem was the only place I would find them.

The boy still held the box of pearls. I tried to make friends with the two Pokes. Nothing doing. They looked me through and through as if I was air, and moved just out of reach. After half a dozen tries, I gave up, took the box of pearls, and let the China boy have a go at it. At last he got them, one under each arm.

He carrying the Pokes, I carrying the pearls, we crossed the garden, went past the Lotus Ponds, reached the Marble Bridge. There we met a Russian patrol of one officer and eight or ten men. I saluted the officer and kept right on moving. But he stopped me.

"What have you been doing?" he asked in English.

"I've been looking around," I told him.

"What is in that box?" he demanded.

"A few odds and ends I've picked up," I said.

"Let me see them," he commanded.

Then, blandly, he said: "The Russians have taken over

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

the protection of this palace. We intend to keep it intact. Anything you have taken out of here will have to be put back." He reached out and took my box.

I knew he was a liar. But what could I do? He had eight or ten armed men with him. I was the only American in sight. And he certainly had caught me red-handed with that box of pearls.

If only I had not been so damned businesslike! If only I had stuffed those priceless pearls in my pockets and walked out empty-handed! Inwardly I was raging.

Fortunately the Russian did not fancy the dogs. I was allowed to keep them.

The next few days off duty I spent on looting expeditions, but never again did I come across any more jewels. Somebody before me had got them all.

However, our piles of loot were growing bigger and bigger. More Chinese trunks and chests were added to each officer's room.

The men had lost their enthusiasm for looting Chinese silks and robes and furs. There were no cakes of solid silver loose in Peking. So, presently, as the pickings grew thin, I would take a few Marines and go out into the country after horses, cattle, ducks, chickens and vegetables. This was looting the men appreciated, three times a day!

Things were shaking down to normal, daily. Within ten days after we took Peking, the city was divided into zones, each zone under the protection of one of the allied nations. The troops were under orders to stay in their own zones. The looting automatically stopped.

Wirt McCreary still operated his junk fleet from Tientsin to Peking and back. Each return trip found some of my treasures aboard Wirt's flagship junk. These he turned over to a friend in Tientsin who carried them down to Tong-ku where they were turned over to still another friend on one of the American ships.

Others used other methods. One missionary, I was told, put up an auctioneer's red flag, rang an auctioneer's bell,

IN THE LAIR OF THE DRAGON

in front of the palace of a prince he claimed was a Boxer, and literally sold him out.

The British held an auction every afternoon at the British Embassy, and pooled the proceeds of their loot.

A lot of those white Christian missionaries in Peking couldn't get Chinese loot out of their minds. Time after time one of them would sidle up to me and tell me he knew where there were stores of buried Chinese gold. Would I take a few Marines and go after it? He would guide us to the spot. And get his share, of course.

I went on several of these buried treasure hunts on missionaries' tips with missionary guides. We drew a blank every time. After that I got hard-boiled when a missionary came up with that sort of information.

After I had been in Peking three weeks, Major Biddle put me on his staff. In those days a staff consisted of three officers—the adjutant, who was the executive, and indirectly ran the show; the commissary officer, who secured the food; and the quartermaster, who hustled for the ammunition, the clothing, the transportation, and anything else needed.

At times there are decided advantages in being on a staff. You only report to the commanding officer. If you produce the goods, you're more or less your own boss. A staff job under Major Biddle was greatly desired. I was twice blessed. He had me fill the place of commissary and quartermaster. He liked me and was very decent. And though I never changed my opinion of him as "Sitting Bull," I became very fond of him.

And Dave Porter was his adjutant!

It was a combination hard to beat. Dave and I together managed the Major rather more than less, and so maneuvering, controlled the outfit in general.

By this time Peking was becoming the Mecca of all sorts and conditions of men. Every day new arrivals turned up, all hot after news. Newspaper correspondents. Commissioners from Washington to make treaties with the Chinese. Army and Marine officers.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

And, damn it, who should blow in one day from Boston but old Colonel Henry Clay Cochrane himself. My first commanding officer of those Boston Navy Yard days!

He had come over with a Marine battalion which he had left in Tientsin under the command of Major Randolph Dickens. Colonel Cochrane's arrival was bad news from every possible angle.

He had been sent over to replace Colonel Meade and take full command of the Marines. It meant another upheaval. Everything was running smoothly. Major Biddle was playing his part of "Sitting Bull" to perfection. Our real commander was Major Waller, who was running the works in his own peculiarly happy fashion. Dave Porter and I had everything under control. The entire outfit—men and officers—was happy under the existing régime.

Colonel Cochrane's arrival meant to everyone of us the complete collapse of this pleasant state of affairs. Nobody ever ran any show or had any control when he was around. He was the whole works himself all the time.

But it had been eleven months since I had seen him. In that time I had seen a thing or two myself and learned half a dozen others. Generals had been too numerous in the past six weeks for me to start shivering in my shoes over any mere colonel, now.

I decided to take a hand. Confiding my ideas to nobody, I hot-footed it to Captain Frank DeWitt Ramsey, U. S. Army, who was the chief aide to General Chaffee and who had the General's ear on all matters. Captain Ramsey, among other things, had charge of the Army Commissary and Quartermaster Departments. My work had brought me in touch with him a lot. He seemed to have taken a decided fancy to me. I had been able to get anything I wanted from him.

I told him our situation and put it up to him to help us out. He laughed. He thought a few seconds. His eyes began to twinkle. Then he produced this masterpiece of strategy:

IN THE LAIR OF THE DRAGON

"With this Third Battalion of Marines that has just arrived, that makes a regiment of Marines in China. A regiment must have headquarters. The ranking Marine officer must be with it. I'm sure General Chaffee feels that the United States should be represented in Tientsin by exactly this. We are very inadequately represented there now."

Half an hour later, when Colonel Cochrane reported his arrival to General Chaffee, he found the General frightfully distressed that the Colonel had made the long, unnecessary trip up to Peking from Tientsin, as the General was establishing Marine Headquarters at Tientsin and was delighted to have the United States represented there by Colonel Cochrane. There's many a battle lost and won in the Marine Corps without the use of gunpowder.

The Marines and the Army had worked together splendidly at the Ch'ien Gate and in handling the Colonel Cochrane situation. Now another combined movement of Army and Marines took place.

The objective was the Palace of Ancestors. The plan of attack was made by three or four junior officers at a dinner at the Ninth U. S. Infantry Headquarters.

The Palace of Ancestors was near by, behind the wall of the Forbidden City. It was guarded by sentries under orders to shoot. But in it were the world-famous Imperial Seals of the Emperors of China. They were treasures to make a collector's heart leap with joy. Oblong blocks of solid green jade, nine or ten inches long, seven or eight inches wide, an inch thick, with the seals deeply carved on one side.

The Army had ascertained the exact positions of the sentries' posts. Through the pitchy dark the Army led the way. Over a stone wall that loomed mountainous in the night, one of the Army climbed on a long, light ladder. The rest of us slipped along silently to a gate that was locked and barred. Presently the gate opened a few inches, slowly, silently. We slipped in.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Through courtyards pitch black under great trees we went without a sound. We crossed a white marble terrace guarded by great bronze statues. We opened another door. We were in a huge room, black as the Pit.

Straight to the rear we went, the Army leading the way. There were no sentries in here. We lit matches. We forced sealed doors. We found the chests we sought. In them were eight of the Imperial Seals of the Chinese Emperors.

We retreated without encountering a single sentry. Silently we got back to our quarters. I received two of the seals as my share.

Was that looting expedition discovered? It was. Did hell pop? It did. Through Pekin swept the news that the Emperor's Seals had been looted. Through the camps of the allies swept menacing intimations of what would happen if the looters' identity ever was learned. Each ally suspected all the other allies. But we were never discovered. And now all the soreness about that Russian who got my pearls was wiped away.

Things were just getting straightened out when a German army arrived under Field Marshal Von Waldersee. They came a month after we had taken Pekin. The whole city had to be re-zoned to take them in. They were strong for reprisals against the Chinese. They sent a German column out into the country. Promptly everything was upset again.

We had trouble with them from the start. In the re-zoning the Germans got an ice house that had been in the American zone. One of my Marines was sent over for some ice as a matter of natural reciprocal courtesy. A German sentry stopped him and would give him none. I went to the German officer and explained the situation. He stalled around without giving any satisfaction.

I went back to our barracks, took a squad of Marines, and returned to the ice house. The German sentry stopped us again. We didn't argue, this time. One of the Marines

IN THE LAIR OF THE DRAGON

stepped up to the German, socked him on the jaw, and he went down. We got our ice.

We did get some amusement out of the Germans, though. They had contracted for a lot of horses in the United States. The animals arrived, unbroken range stock. There wasn't a broncho-buster in the whole German outfit. German riders were flying through the air all over the place. Finally they quit and gave it up as a bad job.

We had had our Big Parade. Now came our League of Nations. Some time in the second month of the occupation of Peking, Captain Ramsey had an idea. He was something of a personage—an unusual man with extraordinary vision and a mind like a steel trap. He stood out head and shoulders above the run of officers.

With him now originated the plan to hold together for all time the officers of all the nations who had gone through that campaign. To accomplish this he drew up the Constitution and By-Laws for the Military Order of the Dragon. That done, he got a barrel of whisky and called his first meeting. It was made up of officers of all the allied nations in China. It took three meetings to complete the plans and finish the whisky.

The last night we met, when I was leaving, by misadventure I turned to the left instead of to the right, into the Colonel's room—and fell over his bunk. The noise could be heard far and wide. Everyone held his breath. I was too frightened to hold anything. Old Colonel Robb was no man to trifle with.

He got out of bed, took hold of my arm, escorted me to the door, called an orderly, ordered my pony brought around, saw me safely mounted.

And called out: "Good night!"

The growing friendships of those weeks in Peking had warmed even the cockles of his stern old military heart!

Six or seven weeks had passed since we took Peking. The Chinese had settled slowly down to normal. It was now October. It was growing steadily colder. The first frosts

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

had appeared. Plans for winter were well under way.

Then General Chaffee decided he didn't need so many troops. The Marine regiment, the Fourteenth Infantry and the Cavalry were ordered out of China, bag and baggage.

Two days we spent cleaning up the Palace of the Eighth Prince. Everyone was having trouble to find packing space for loot. I was besieged for space in my wagons.

Then again we were on the march. This time from Peking to Yangtsun. But I no longer marched afoot. I was on the staff, now. I rated a pony and the right to ride.

The men were in fine shape. The weather was cool and brisk. The sorghos, that giant millet ten feet high through which we had sweated and staggered on our way to Peking, now was red from the frosts. It had taken us eight days to march from Yangtsun to Peking. It took us four days to march from Peking to Yangtsun.

The railroad had been rebuilt up as far as Yangtsun. We left most of the Chinese carts at the Yangtsun station, put our animals in box cars, and headed by train for Tong-ku. There the regiment boarded a steamer for the transport out beyond the bar at the mouth of the Pei-ho.

I stayed behind with four men to await the arrival of a horse transport for the animals in my charge. That gave me three weeks to visit with my father. He was still on the old *Monocacy*, still Commandant for all nations of the allies at Tong-ku.

At last the horse transport arrived; the *Packling*, a Blue Funnel boat the United States had chartered from the British. The cavalry had six hundred head of horses aboard. In my charge were fifty-one beautiful Chinese ponies, the personal loot of officers. At the last minute General Chaffee ordered them seized as loot. But General Humphries, chief quartermaster of the expedition, got it straightened out, somehow. I got them all aboard.

We steamed away from the bar. Two weeks later we were back in Cavite.

CHAPTER VIII

CHASING THE GENTLE GUGU

COLONEL Cochrane was in command of the Marines at the Cavite Navy Yard, now. He had everybody on the jump all the time. He was especially fond of those who had been to Pekin! Marine Corps storm warnings were flying all over the place. Cavite was becoming a hell-hole of frazzled nerves. Neither men nor officers could do anything that was right. Rank had no privileges. The Inquisition was on. Colonel Cochrane was chief inquisitor. Everybody was being hauled over red hot coals.

About a week after my return, Colonel Cochrane sent for me. When I entered his office I found him laying down the law to Major Biddle in his bitterest vein of poisonous sarcasm. The Colonel had been riding old "Sitting Bull" with spurs ever since the return to Cavite. This was the climax. The unending persecution had got on Major Biddle's nerves. That morning he blew up. He bawled the Old Man out properly.

The Colonel had spoken about his organization.

"You can take your damned organization," exploded Major Biddle, "and——"

Well, what he told him to do is something no Colonel was ever known to do with his organization.

"Sitting Bull" could be heard a block away. It was a magnificent explosion. But before a court-martial it would have been classified as insubordination. All Colonel Cochrane needed was a witness. He swung around on me.

"Mr. Wise, you heard what Major Biddle said to me."

Old "Sitting Bull" stood there looking at me. Those

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

weeks in Pekin had brought us very close together. I didn't hesitate. I looked the Colonel straight in the eye. I answered him.

"Sir, I did not UNDERSTAND a word."

Colonel Cochrane's head snapped back. His beard made that separate upward jerk of its own.

"Get out of here," he ordered.

I realized it was time for me to move.

That night I ran across Colonel "Manse" Goodrall in Cavite. He had just been ordered in command of Marines in the Subig Bay Naval District, about sixty miles north of Manila. I told him what had happened.

"Wise," he said, "that old man will get you if you stay around here. I need some more men up at Subig. I'll get Admiral Remy to give me your company. If I can't get the company, I'll get him to let me take you along as Collector of Internal Revenue and Inspector of Customs, so you'll be safe anyway."

Several days later my company got its orders and I my appointment to the civil job. Captain Dunlap and First Lieutenant Wirt McCreary came along, of course, with the company.

We went up the coast on the gunboat *Manila*. The afternoon of the day we started we rounded the point on which stood the Olongapo Navy Yard. Subig Bay spread out before us. Grande Island in the center of it. Eight miles across the bay from Olongapo lay the village of Subig on the beach, quite a large rice plain back of it, and the hills rising beyond the rice fields. Colonel Goodrall and his staff got off at Olongapo. We steamed on across the bay, got into the ship's boats, and landed at Subig. There we relieved a company of the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry. With Captain Long's company we constituted the Subig garrison.

Subig was nothing but a native village of nipa shacks on tall poles. Compared to it, Olongapo, with its few old Spanish buildings, machine shops and barracks and the

CHASING THE GENTLE GUGU

wall that defended it from land attack, was a metropolis.

That afternoon before the Army went back inland, Lieutenant Martin of the Twenty-fifth told us something about the Gugus. Only recently they had killed Lieutenant Schenck of that outfit about four miles out of Subig.

He told us the whole population of that province were terrorized by the Gugus out in the hills. That it was practically impossible to get any information from the natives. He told of the Gugus' bad habit of taking natives they suspected of giving information to Americans and burying them alive up to their necks near an ant hill. Then sugar would be sprinkled over their heads, a trail of sugar run to the ant hill, and those tropical ants did the rest.

We were in the Province of Zambales. Iba was the capital and was headquarters for the Twenty-fifth Infantry under Colonel Andrew Burt. Scattered all over the province were groups of armed Filipinos. The revolution was slackening. To keep the insurrectos from becoming bandits, the United States had offered thirty pesos and amnesty for every rifle turned in. Two Gugus named Alba and Arcy had control of all the insurrectos in that neighborhood. The Army was after them all the time and soon requested our coöperation.

As soon as we reached Subig I had found the cook was a can opener. I inquired around. I asked the Presidente of Subig if the Spanish commandant hadn't had a cook. He had. He was cooking for the Presidente. He offered him to me. We began to live a little better. I tried out the fishing, too, with a hand-line. Spanish mackerel were plentiful.

About a month after we settled in Subig we organized a native police force. Wirt McCreary was provost marshal of the town. He found some of the old police of the Spanish days among the natives. The police force we organized consisted of a captain, a lieutenant, a sergeant and three privates. We had some old Marine Corps equipment and fitted them out. The police captain rated

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

an old Marine helmet with spike, chin strap and the Marine emblem. The lieutenant wore a similar helmet but without the globe and anchor device. The sergeant got a helmet without spike or device, but with chin strap. The three privates got helmets without spike, chin strap or device. They were awfully proud of those helmets. Juan, the sergeant, also had an old Marine overcoat. He wore it proudly on the hottest days. We armed them with rifles taken from the Gugus.

Weeks wore along with hunting, fishing, and every now and then expeditions after the Gugus, either in concert with the Army or by ourselves. Those Gugu chases were pretty disheartening. We never caught anybody. The closest we ever got to a band of them was one morning when we came into a little *barrio*—a village—on the banks of a creek. Stepping-stones crossed the creek. There were wet footprints on them. But we never caught the Gugus who made the footprints.

About this time Captain Long was ordered home. Hiram Bearss, now a captain, came over from Olongapo and took command of Long's company. Hiram had missed out on the show in China and was sore. He had been held at Olongapo while we were away. He was keen to run down some Gugus.

Army officers drifted over from near-by posts. Parties and poker games. Baseball, too. Marine and infantry teams fought it out on a diamond we had laid out in Subig. Colonel Andy Burt was a hot baseball fan.

But even with all these efforts to keep men and officers interested, life in Subig grew monotonous. Liquor relieved the monotony. One of the Marine officers began to drink a bit too heavily. We got worried about it. An Army doctor drifted in. We talked it over with him. He gave us some medicine to put in that officer's whisky. We loaded his liquor with it.

Next day a delegation of native Filipino officials headed by the Presidente of Subig called on this officer. He broke

CHASING THE GENTLE GUGU

out the whisky to entertain them. They drank. He drank. They excused themselves suddenly and left. They were violently ill all over Subig. The officer never even turned a hair!

That spring Alba and Arcy, the two Gugu leaders, came into Subig with about three hundred men and surrendered to Colonel Burt who had come down from Iba for the occasion. It was then we first heard about Joaquin.

Alba and Arcy told us he had been a murderer, a bandit, a general outlaw, even back in the days of Spanish rule. He had refused to come in and surrender with them. That gave Hiram Bearss his chance.

Three or four times after that we went out chasing Joaquin. The same old story. Slip out of Subig at night. Plow along through thick swarms of mosquitoes. Wade through the mud of the rice fields. Cut our way through the jungle. Follow strange trails. Slip into barrio after barrio on tip after tip. We couldn't reach him. We always thought that the Filipinos who tipped us where we could find Joaquin sent out messengers to tip Joaquin we were coming, and that way kept in right with both sides.

But late one afternoon the Presidente of Subig came in and told Hiram he had some news.

"Joaquin is at a small fishing barrio about ten miles up the coast."

Hiram came around to me.

"We'll take one man and go after him," he said.

We took Juan, the Subig police sergeant with the Marine overcoat, as guide. The only way you could get to that small fishing barrio was by boat. We put patrols on the beach so no other boats could shove off.

Hiram and I picked out a large *banca*, gathered a crew of four Subig fishermen and shoved off at five o'clock—about half an hour after we got the tip. Each of us carried a pistol.

It was dark when we reached the fishing barrio on the beach. Just ten or twelve nipa shacks on poles. We

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

landed just below it. Juan knew the house of the headman. We sent him to summon the man.

The headman came back in custody, sullen. He "didn't know anything about Joaquin." A little persuasion was used. He began to remember that Joaquin had been at his barrio that day, but had left for a little barrio down the coast. Hiram thought he was lying. I was convinced he was telling the truth, for Joaquin was beginning to get in bad among the natives, he was stirring up so much trouble. Anyway, the headman stuck to his story. We started for that barrio.

I was perfectly familiar with the territory, now. I had shot snipe all over it. I knew that the houses stood on a little point where a small river ran into the sea. We hugged the coast as we neared the barrio and entered the river undetected. There was no moon. The four fishermen paddled without a splash.

We beached the banca up the river and Hiram and Juan and I crept silently toward the barrio from the rear.

One of the nipa shacks showed a light. We figured that must be Joaquin's headquarters if he was there. Hiram crept around to the rear of the shack, to block any retreat. I went around to the front, Juan at my heels. We went up the ladder and jumped in.

In the middle of the shack a group of eight or nine Filipinos sat in a circle on the floor. Their rifles stood in a corner. I knew then we weren't going to have much trouble.

"Tell 'em we've got 'em," I told Juan. Then I stepped between the group and their rifles. In the meantime Hiram had come in.

"Ask them where their sentry is," I told Juan. It was pure hunch. He did. One of the group shouted for the man. He had been down on the beach. He came in with his rifle. We disarmed him.

I noticed one native was doing all the talking.

"Who is he?" I asked Juan.

CHASING THE GENTLE GUGU

"Joaquin," said Juan.

Joaquin wore a pistol and all of them had bolos. They never tried to use them. We disarmed them.

Hiram and I stood guard while Juan went around to the banca and had the fishermen bring it from the river to the beach. We unloaded their firearms, made a couple of the prisoners carry them, and marched them down to the banca. Our own poor boatmen were pretty nearly dead from the speed with which they had paddled us up the coast. We made the prisoners paddle us back to Subig.

Hiram sat at one end of the banca and I sat at the other. I went to sleep on the way back.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when they paddled us into Subig. We notified the Army that we had them. The Army sent for them. They were given a trial at Iba. Joaquin was hanged and the others given jail sentences.

The Province of Zambales was cleaned up at last.

Meanwhile down in Cavite Colonel Cochrane was ordered home. Colonel Goodrall took his place. Captain Herbert Draper relieved Colonel Goodrall at Olongapo.

I took a few days leave down to Cavite. It was safe for me to travel there now. Manila was very gay then.

Back to Subig I went after a pleasant leave. But after I had caught up on the sleep lost at Manila time began to hang heavily once more.

Then news reached me that my father had died in the Naval Hospital at Yokohama. My sister cabled me they needed me back in the States, and the family had asked the Department to bring me home. Soon orders followed, ordering me to Washington. I reported there early in November, 1900, and was ordered to duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

CHAPTER IX

BROOKLYN AND BROADWAY

AT the Brooklyn Navy Yard I found Colonel Robert L. Meade, commanding officer of Marines. He was simply corking to me. He had always liked me. And though I had served under him in Cavite and in China, now I began to get a more intimate contact at closer quarters.

He was one of the finest old officers I ever knew. And one of the pepperiest. He was a nephew of Major General George Gordon Meade who commanded the Union forces at Gettysburg. He was himself a product of the Civil War. A young Marine lieutenant, he had been captured by the Confederates at the battle of Fort Fisher and had spent eleven months a prisoner in Andersonville. To his death he never forgave "Fighting Bob" Evans for the Navy's share in that Fort Fisher show. Tall, slender, very much a gentleman, he managed to be in hot water in one quarter or another most of the time.

His row with Theodore Roosevelt, when Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is a Service classic. Colonel Meade wrote to the Secretary of the Navy:

"A man signing himself Theodore Roosevelt has written me a very impertinent letter. I request that practice to cease."

Three hundred Marines were on duty in his command at the Brooklyn Yard. Lieutenant Dick Hooker, his adjutant, was a childhood friend of mine. Tippy Kane was second in command. Second Lieutenant Brunzell and I

BROOKLYN AND BROADWAY

were the other officers. Officer of the Day duty came every other day. The same old routine.

As time went on more officers appeared. Officer of the Day duty now came only every four or five days.

There were some fine old-timers among the non-coms and the privates. Sergeant Danny Riordan was one of them. An old friend I had known when I was a kid. Danny loved his beer.

Visiting the sally-port where the main guardhouse was, on Officer of the Day inspection one morning, I entered just in time to find Danny with his face buried in a bucket of beer. He was sergeant of the guard.

"Does it taste good, Riordan?" I asked.

That Irishman was quick-witted. With a wave of his hand he indicated a private standing near him.

"Well, you see, sor," he said, "this recruit here was trying to smuggle it in and I was just tasting it to see if it was real beer."

I let him get away with anything as good as that.

Scully was another old-timer. He had been up and down the line from private to sergeant and back again, countless times. Let Scully leave the Yard with money in his pocket, and he would get drunk. One morning they brought him in on a stretcher. Drunk, he had been hit by a trolley car. He was pretty badly shaken up. Shyster lawyers began to buzz around him, offering to bring suit for damages. The street car company offered him three hundred dollars in settlement. I advised him to take it. He took it. It was more money than he ever had at one time in his life. A little later he went out with announced intention of finding another trolley car.

When pay day rolled around these old-timers went out and got drunk as inevitably as the sun rose. That situation was so well recognized that on pay day certain men were always put under arrest and locked up, automatically, to keep them out of trouble.

That winter I had had a series of colds. By July the

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

doctors began to overhaul me. They said it was tuberculosis. I was given three months sick leave. I went out to the Bar-Anchor Ranch which my family owned at Wise, Wyoming. There I outfitted for a long hunt, traveled by pack train through Yellowstone Park, shot elk and mountain sheep and deer up on the Wind River Divide, lived in the open day and night and was cured.

On that leave I was at Cody, Wyoming, when Buffalo Bill opened the Irma Hotel. It was a remarkable ceremony. A huge stuffed buffalo stood in the billiard room. Beginning at the bar, tubs of iced champagne were placed all over the building. Buffalo Bill had sent out a blanket invitation to the opening. Cow-punchers were standing around in squads, trying to drink champagne out of the bottles.

At the end of that leave I went back to Brooklyn. The doctors thought I had better go to a warmer climate. I was ordered down to San Juan, Porto Rico, for the winter.

Four days later I reported to the Commandant at the Naval Station and discovered I was in command of Marines there. I ranked the only other Marine officer. About seventy-five Marines were on duty. It was my first command of a post.

Things started at once. All the ships of the United States Navy had gathered at Culebra, near by, for a big maneuver with Admiral Dewey in command. Cruisers, torpedo boats, Marine transports, came over to San Juan for liberty. Christmas week came shortly after my arrival. I was appointed provost marshal of the town, as the police had instructions not to handle men in uniform and it was up to the Marines to preserve order with hundreds of sailors ashore celebrating Christmas. It was my first big job of that sort. We got through without trouble.

There were no hotel accommodations for such a crowd. Many of the sailors who didn't go back to their ships for the night, slept in the Plaza. A little Jew named Isidore

BROOKLYN AND BROADWAY

Sachs kept the First Chance Saloon at San Juan. We found him going around the Plaza early in the mornings, waking the sailors, to tell them his place was open for business. It was commercial enterprise, but a type we didn't want. The one idea was to get the sailors back on the ships in the morning. I had to threaten to close up his place to make him stop it.

At first I lived at the hotel. Then I got quarters in a house in town with Mr. Coe, a civilian. About this time Tippy Kane, a Major now, came to San Juan and took over the post.

That winter Miss Alice Roosevelt came to San Juan to visit Governor Hunt's family. Instantly a round of parties started to last to the end of her visit, when the ordinary life of a small post resumed.

Then I was taken sick again and was ordered to the Naval Hospital in Brooklyn. I went north on the steamship *Philadelphia*. A month in hospital was followed by a three-month sick leave. I spent two months of it around Washington and Baltimore, went broke, and asked them to send me back on duty. I was ordered to Annapolis to study for my examinations for my captaincy, long overdue.

Major Charles A. Doyen was commanding officer of Marines there. He was very decent to me, didn't require me to go on duty, and gave me plenty of time to study for my examinations, also turning the men over to me for drill.

I brushed up on tactics, military law, drill regulations. Toward the end of 1903 I went up to Washington for my examination.

Old Sitting Bull was chairman of the examining board! I came out a captain.

Back to Annapolis, I was on duty about a month during which I ran up to Baltimore to see the great fire that destroyed all the lower part of the city.

Then orders came to report to Washington and start for Cavite Navy Yard to go on duty.

CHAPTER X

BACK TO THE ORIENT

MAJOR DOYEN in command, six companies of Marines started from Washington as replacements in the Philippines. Captain Harry Lee, who had been with me at Annapolis, Captain Phil Brown, and other friends were in the outfit. We crossed the continent uneventfully, went straight to San Francisco instead of Mare Island, and boarded the transport *Buford*. Some thirty days later we sighted the northern end of Luzon. Late one afternoon we anchored off Manila. Barges took us over to Cavite.

It was the same old place but with a different crowd. I took up the same quarters I had when I first came out, was detailed in command of a company and the familiar Navy Yard routine began again. The Philippine Insurrection was over. Everything was quiet throughout the islands. Three months routine duty, then Colonel Paul St. Clair Murphy, the Marine brigade commander at Cavite, appointed me his adjutant-general. It was against my wishes. I didn't want the job. I protested. But he told me I had to take it.

Presently, however, he was ordered home. Major Barnett came off the U.S.S. *Wisconsin* and became brigade commander. He requested me to remain.

Conditions under him were very pleasant. After several months he went home and Doyen, now a Lieutenant-Colonel, came down from Olongapo and took the brigade. The job continued pleasant.

I learned that my old boyhood friend Sergeant McDevitt, who had been a friend in need when I started at the

BACK TO THE ORIENT

Boston Navy Yard, was dead. He had been stationed at Olongapo. Somebody in the Marine Barracks there had dropped a pistol one night, it was discharged as it hit the floor, and the bullet killed McDevitt.

Major Pendleton, an old friend, was in command of the barracks. Manila was very gay with the usual parties and dances. We developed at Cavite a Marine baseball team that won the pennant in the Manila League. The Duc D'Abruzzi came out to the Islands and was entertained extensively. I saw quite a lot of him and his staff. Luke Wright was governor-general of the Philippines. He and Mrs. Wright entertained a lot. Admiral Charles Train, who had the fleet that winter, was very hospitable, too. My acquaintanceship with the Army was greatly extended. Captain Fitzhugh Lee and I, in particular, became close friends. It proved to be a pleasant winter.

The job was teaching me a lot. It was the first time I had had any experience with staff work. But though I had learned much and was learning more, the job was getting too expensive to handle on a captain's pay—then one hundred and sixty-five dollars a month. As adjutant-general I had to do a lot of entertaining. Checking one month's bills, I found out that entertaining had required eleven cases of whisky that month. I talked it over with Colonel Doyen and decided to put in for a transfer. I was sent up to a company at Olongapo.

I had been at Olongapo only a few days when I found out it was a petticoat post. The wife of one of the senior officers was running the show. And one morning, at dress parade, the extent to which it was a petticoat post was revealed in all its glory. This officer's house was at one corner of the parade ground. As the battalion marched past it, his wife leaned out of one of the windows and called out to her husband:

"They're not marching well! Make them do it again!"

I knew it was time for me to get out of there.

Luckily a tooth began giving me some trouble. I went

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

down to Manila to a dentist. I ran over to Cavite to see Colonel Doyen and learned from him there was a vacancy in the Marine guard on the U.S.S. *Oregon*. He told me I could have it. And if she went home next fall, he told me I could go home on her. I was keen for the job. I had never had a tour of sea duty on a battleship. I took it.

Late in June, 1905, I went aboard the *Oregon*. The guard consisted of about sixty Marines. First Lieutenant Arthur O'Leary was my junior officer. In a couple of days we sailed for Chefoo on the Asiatic Squadron's regular summer cruise.

It was a very pleasant crowd on the *Oregon*. Captain John Merrill, her commander, had known me when I was a child at Annapolis. Another old friend was Lieutenant-Commander Charles Dyson, her chief engineer.

About a week's steaming and we were at Chefoo. The city was full of tourists and officers and their wives. I found many old friends. The round of parties, dinners and dances was under way at once. There was a race track outside the town and a meet was held with horses belonging mostly to Englishmen there. A good club and a good hotel, too.

But there was work to do. For two years the *Oregon* had won the gunnery trophy of the United States Fleet. The Marines had the four six-inch guns to handle. We worked hard at subcaliber practices, for we thought we were to shoot those guns the coming winter.

On top of that, shore duty developed. There were between three and four thousand men on the three battleships and three cruisers, and hundreds of them were ashore daily. Naturally the Chinese police couldn't handle them. The Chinese authorities requested our coöperation. Each ship in turn—the battleships *Oregon*, *Wisconsin* and *Ohio*, and the cruisers *Baltimore*, *Raleigh* and *Cincinnati*—did a twenty-four hour tour of duty as guard-ship, one officer and thirty Marines constituting the provost guard sent ashore every day.

BACK TO THE ORIENT

Busy days and busier nights. The Russo-Japanese War had just ended. Port Arthur was only about sixty miles away. All the scarlet ladies of Port Arthur who had left the city hurriedly just before the siege started, had come down to Chefoo. It was an amazing assortment of women of the underworld from all nations.

There was a definitely-defined Red Light District in Chefoo. The duty of the provost guard was to comb it every morning, rout out the men, and see that they got back to their ships. At night we had to patrol the district to quell incipient riots when some of the men would get drunk and start to break up the place.

I was on a tour of inspection one night when the mistress of one of these houses offered me a drink. I thanked her but declined. She looked at me in astonishment.

"You're certainly not like Captain X," she said, naming an officer none of us liked very much. "When he's on provost guard duty here he drinks champagne—and never pays a cent."

A little later we learned that one of the women had asked this Captain X to lend her a little money.

"What for?" he asked.

"For luck," she said.

"I don't believe in luck," he told her.

That always struck us as good!

Shortly after our arrival the British armored cruiser squadron came to Chefoo. Admiral Sir Gerald Noel was in command of the *Andromeda*, the *Diadem*, the *Hogue* and the *Sutledge*. Officers and men of both fleets fraternized.

During the third month of our visit I began to lose weight and develop temperature. The *Oregon's* doctor overhauled me and sent me as a sick passenger to the United States Naval Hospital at Yokohama on the *Wisconsin*, just leaving for that port.

On the *Wisconsin* were a number of old friends, including Captain Jimmy Bootes, commanding her Marine guard. We stopped a couple of days at Kobe. I went

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

ashore to a very pleasant club. There I met Captain Worrell, who had been in command of the horse transport *Packling* on which I had gone from Taku to Cavite.

A couple of hours' railroad journey out of Kobe lay Kyoto, the former capital of Japan, then a famous watering place. I ran up to see it. The old Imperial Palace was filled with Russian prisoners.

Back on the *Wisconsin* we steamed through the Inland Sea passing all kinds of small boats along the coast and watching the little Japanese villages along the shore. Early one morning we entered the Bay of Yokohama.

It was my first visit. It was a beautiful sight. The bay formed a great half-circle. The harbor in which the *Wisconsin* dropped anchor could shelter half a dozen fleets. All kinds of queer Oriental craft were there with modern steamers. The city lay along the curving shore. Some European buildings in the business section down toward the water front. A high bluff overlooking the city. European buildings there. Trees and greenery and masses of quaint Japanese houses filled out the picture.

I went ashore and took a 'rickshaw up to the hospital. It is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw. Modern American buildings, clean and white and sanitary. Quarters for sick officers were by themselves. I reported to Dr. Henry Percy, was assigned quarters, and settled down. They didn't find much wrong with me. After leaving Chefoo I had picked up rapidly.

Old friends were at the hospital; Captain Phil Brown of the Marines, Lieutenant J. P. R. Ryan of the Navy. We lunched together at the United Club and went visiting the quaint Japanese shops.

It began to dawn on me there were worse things than sick leave in Yokohama. I was not held to my bed. Hospital regulations kept you in every night and there for every meal unless excused. But excuses were easy to get. With my friends I set out to enjoy Yokohama. They were good guides.

BACK TO THE ORIENT

Three or four days after I landed, we naturally gravitated to the House of the Hundred Steps. That tea house was a famous institution; the only "straight" one in Japan. It was kept by an old Japanese woman named O-Kin-San, a famous Geisha girl in her youth. She was proud of the fact that she had danced before President Grant while he was in Yokohama on his tour around the world. She was very old and very wrinkled and full of memories of officers of all nations. About ten Japanese girls in the place served drinks, sat and talked with you, or danced and sang.

We climbed the hundred steps that day and entered the quaint old house with its walls of oiled paper, its sliding panels, thatched roof, and the curious Japanese garden around it. We left our shoes behind at the door and entered in our stocking feet. The little girls came in wearing kimonos and wooden clogs. Presently O-Kin-San joined us. Lieutenant Ryan introduced me to her as "Wise-San." She looked at me intently.

"Many years ago there was a Wise-San out here," she said. "He wore a big mustache."

I recognized my father who had made a cruise with the Asiatic Squadron in the late sixties!

We were conducted to the register and signed. An old one was dug out. In it I found my father's signature.

By now Yokohama was all aswirl with preparations for the great Naval Review in which the Mikado, from Admiral Togo's flagship the *Micasa*, would watch the Japanese fleet escort the captured Russian fleet across the Bay of Yokohama. Admiral Sir Gerald Noel came in with the British armored cruiser squadron for the ceremonies. Pershing, then a captain and U.S. Army attaché at the Embassy at Tokio, came down to see the show. That was the first time I met him.

With my friends I saw the review from the deck of the *Wisconsin*. It was a magnificent sight. The Japanese warships, trim in their gray war paint, steamed in single

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

file past the *Micasa*, the Russian ships following, also in single file. Some of them were badly mauled. Guns boomed in salute. Great clouds of powder smoke billowed over the bay. The shore was black with thousands of spectators.

A few days later Admiral Togo was given a reception at the United Club, just prior to the banquet given in his honor at the Imperial Hotel by the mayor of Yokohama.

That reception grew hectic. Toward the end, officers of all nations were running hurdle races all over the lower part of the club, with overturned chairs for hurdles. I sprained an ankle.

The banquet at the Imperial Hotel was equally hectic toward the end. Admiral Togo seemed to enjoy it. A slim, slight figure, in blue uniform, his breast ablaze with decorations, his head cropped close, the little sea-fighter took it all in and smiled.

Every Autumn the Mikado gives his garden party at the Imperial Palace to show off the royal chrysanthemums, just as, every Spring, he gives a garden party to show off his cherry blossoms. Every American in Yokohama known to Lloyd Griscomb, our Ambassador at Tokio, received an invitation. I went up with a group of friends. Two things stood out at that party in my eyes. The Mikado seemed to be enjoying his champagne. The Japanese court ladies looked out of place in the European gowns which they wore instead of their natural, graceful native costume.

Back in Yokohama we found the races in full swing. I had to go in a 'rickshaw, because of that sprained ankle.

At the Naval Hospital was a Navy doctor whose wife never would let him drink whisky—and he loved Scotch. To account at home for his various falls from grace, he had built up an elaborate story about constantly-recurring attacks of dengue fever.

His wife didn't mind if he drank wine. We gave him a party at the hotel. To play safe I had the Scotch put in

BACK TO THE ORIENT

white wine bottles. The doctor accumulated a glorious cargo. I took him home.

His wife took a look at him, and then at me.

"You see, Captain Wise," she said, "how horribly those dengue fever attacks floor him."

I never knew how long he got away with it.

My health had returned. After two months in Yokohama I took passage on the steamship *Korea* to rejoin the *Oregon*. It was the usual trip along the China coast. A brief stop at Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai and then we came to Hong Kong for a brief stop. I was to take the *Legaspi*, a smaller ship, for Cavite there.

I put up at the Hong Kong Hotel and started out to see the city. Some of our ships were in port, old friends were ashore and the English colony was hospitable. I drifted around to the Hong Kong Club after dinner. No special party, but Scotch and champagne were plentiful and everyone was having a good time.

Nobody knew just how it started, but two United States Navy officers, one a line lieutenant, the other a doctor, got into a heated argument. Finally they decided to go outside the club and settle it with their fists. Several of us went with them. A few blocks away a clear space was found, they stripped to their underwear, and the fight was about to start. A United States Navy warrant officer stepped up at this point and tried to stop them. They both turned on him and started in to demolish him. He licked them both, thoroughly. Then, with no more fight left in them, they started to dress. They discovered that in the excitement some Chinese had stolen the lieutenant's trousers with six hundred dollars in one pocket.

We all went back to the club again, and a real party started. It was about three A.M. when, with other guests, I reached the Hong Kong Hotel. In the lobby I saw a big Chinese gong and the stick beside it. I picked up the stick and went to work on the gong. All the guests in the hotel turned out, thinking it was a fire alarm. There

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

were some strange negligée costumes as men and women came rushing down into the lobby. Stranger language when they learned what it was all about. Next morning the management invited us to leave. But the *Legaspi* sailed that day and it caused us no hardship.

A few days later I was back in Cavite. Then aboard the *Oregon* again. Captain Merrill was still in command. But she was filled up with more than her full complement of officers headed for home. Her cruise was up. On return to the United States she was to go out of commission.

In about a month the *Oregon* headed for Hong Kong en route home.

It was in April, 1906, when we came in through the Golden Gate. San Francisco was booming. Everybody seemed to have money and to be eager to spend it.

The usual dinners and parties. I visited the St. Francis Hotel, a magnificent building; the Pacific Union Club, as nice a club as I've ever seen; Tate's Café, well-appointed, with a splendid chef; looked up old friends in their homes.

After a week of this, the *Oregon* went north to the Bremerton Navy Yard on Puget Sound to go out of commission. For about three weeks I lived aboard her there.

An old Navy fireman came around to say good-by. He was sore. Back in Chefoo when I was on provost guard duty he had gotten himself into trouble ashore. I managed to get him out. So he came to me again. He was very drunk. And he had a grievance. In his hand was his transportation order printed on yellow paper. The dishonorable discharge or "bobtail," known also as the "short discharge" was likewise printed on yellow paper.

"Look at this," he said, disgustedly. "After twenty-two years in the Navy—a short discharge!"

"You're a damned fool," I told him. "That's your transportation order."

"I know it isn't," he insisted. "I've never had one that color before, though I've seen others that have."

BACK TO THE ORIENT

I questioned him further. I found he was bound for New York with five hundred dollars aboard. He had a sister there.

I took his five hundred dollars, gave him fifty of it for expenses back home, and bought a New York draft for four hundred and fifty, made out in his sister's name.

"Now," I told him, "if you try to cash that draft on your way to New York they'll arrest you. And I won't be there to get you out of trouble this time."

Then I detailed a sergeant to take him over to town and put him on the train. His five hundred wouldn't have lasted him to the railroad station without the draft and the sergeant.

The old man drew himself up and saluted.

"Sor," he said, "when I get to New York, if it takes every cent I've got, I'll get your name in the paper—for you're a good man!"

It was the old-timer's idea of the highest compliment he could pay me.

With the rest of the world, we at Bremerton were horrified to learn of the great disaster that overtook San Francisco. I was ordered to Mare Island as soon as the *Oregon* went out of commission. That old ship couldn't get out of commission quick enough for me. Three or four days after the San Francisco earthquake and fire I was on my way.

CHAPTER XI

SAN FRANCISCO AND PHILADELPHIA

I STEPPED out of the train at Vallejo Junction, took the ferry to Vallejo and from there was ferried over to Mare Island where I reported to Admiral McCalla. He told me all the Mare Island Marines were over in San Francisco and ordered me to report to Colonel Lincoln Carmody, in command of a section of the devastated city.

I stepped off the ferry at the foot of Market Street carrying my own bags. It was a different San Francisco from the city I had just left. Some Navy men told me where Colonel Carmody was located. He had made his headquarters in the home of Mrs. Elinor Martin, one of San Francisco's social leaders, on Broadway. There was no transportation of any kind. I picked up my bags and walked a couple of miles from the ferry landing to Mrs. Martin's home. All the way almost everything was a mass of charred ruins. The clean-up hadn't even started.

Great office buildings were heaps of brick and stone and twisted girders. The steel framework of others still stood like skeletons. People were wandering aimlessly around. Sailors with rifles were patrolling the streets.

I found Colonel Carmody in Mrs. Martin's drawing-room, a group of officers about him. That section of the town hadn't been burned. I reported.

"The city has been divided into districts, and these into subdistricts, Captain Wise," said Colonel Carmody. "You will take command of the company of Marines now commanded by Second Lieutenant White. You'll find it in Clay Street below Lafayette Square. Headquarters is Mrs. Morgan's residence."

SAN FRANCISCO AND PHILADELPHIA

He sent me around in his car. I found I was in charge of a subdistrict about twelve city blocks long by nine city blocks wide. Only part was burned. There were about sixty Marines in the company. I learned from Lieutenant White what conditions were and what my job was.

Marines, Army and Navy were the law in San Francisco. Martial law had not actually been declared, though everybody thought it had. There were no police. The San Francisco police force had ceased to exist.

Our job was to feed a lot of civilians and ration a lot more. We fed about five thousand daily at a big soup kitchen in Lafayette Square. Some two thousand were in that square under canvas. We had to ration about twenty-five thousand more.

Besides that, I had to see no fires were built in any house in my district, even to cook, because of danger through damaged chimneys. No lights could be lit in houses at night, also because of fire danger. All cooking must be done in open yards over open fires. Toilet and bathing facilities had simply vanished. All saloons had been ordered closed. If we caught anyone selling liquor, our orders were to dump the whole stock.

It was a period of terrific hardship on the residents. But the spirit of the San Francisco people was magnificent. Everything was orderly. The civilians were exceedingly easy to handle. I never saw a single case of looting.

From all over America train loads of supplies poured in. They never fell short. Every day we issued food, blankets, clothing, medical supplies, while the Navy and Army doctors cared for the sick.

Near Lafayette Square was a home with a good-looking girl as maid. I had noticed her making eyes at one of the privates in my company. One evening he strolled toward the house. He was reported absent. He showed up next day.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" I asked him, investigating his absence.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

He looked me straight in the eye. In the most sincere way he said:

"Sir, that girl invited me over there several times to see her. Last night she invited me again and told me the family was away. And if you'd been me, Captain Wise—you'd have gone in, too."

A badly worried husband came to me in deep distress.

"Captain Wise," he said, "a friend of mine got burned out and I invited him to come and live with us. He's getting altogether too popular around that house. Can you have him put out?"

I went up to the house and told the man's wife that there was beginning to be talk about her intimacy with that star boarder.

"Has that dog been talking!" she exclaimed. Then she invited me to come in and discuss the subject. I declined. I heard no more complaints.

I never worked harder in my life than I did on that job. The cavalry turned over some horses to us. Mounted, I could cover a lot more ground. I needed to. There were more than a hundred city blocks with all the complications of a police precinct captain to handle on top of relief work.

At last I decided San Francisco people could handle a lot of these minor complaints themselves. I organized four or five leading residents of my district into a Committee of Public Safety. Henry Crocker turned over his private secretary to serve with the committee. That man proved invaluable. They settled innumerable petty complaints. A lot of tact was necessary.

That job took all the tact a man had. We wanted to help them. We didn't want them ever to get the idea they were under drastic military rule. Yet we had to enforce rigorously the regulations devised for their own safety, the reasons for which they themselves could not always understand. Yet when reasons were explained and they understood I never saw anybody easier to handle.

SAN FRANCISCO AND PHILADELPHIA

My men's conduct was perfect, too. They never gave trouble with liquor or any other way. Everybody connected with that disaster seemed to rise and meet any requirements.

One Navy officer who had been in command of a ship when the boilers exploded was waiting for orders in San Francisco, then. The Navy Department was punishing him by making him wait for a job. He was living on Van Ness Avenue when the earthquake came and, fearing fire, moved all his stuff. His house was burned down.

He attached himself to Colonel Carmody's headquarters. The Colonel had no job to give him around the city. But newspaper correspondents from all over America were in Colonel Carmody's headquarters all the time.

Joe Hotaling, a San Francisco man, had sent a barrel of whisky as a gift to Colonel Carmody in gratitude for the Marines having saved his warehouse. The Colonel told the Navy officer to entertain the newspaper men. So the Navy officer served out that liquor. The newspaper men in sheer gratitude began to mention him in all their stories. Liquor was hard to get in San Francisco.

Story after story went out of San Francisco with the Navy officer's name prominently mentioned in the rescue work. Presently he got a complimentary letter from the Secretary of the Navy, was ordered back to duty, and appointed President of the Court-Martial at Mare Island.

That is the only case I ever knew where an officer drank his way back into reinstatement.

San Francisco began to emerge from its ruins. A stunned people rallied to rebuild. Their homes had been shattered but their spirit was unbroken. Gangs of workers started to clear away the ruins. Business began to move uptown—clear to Van Ness Avenue, which had been residential.

For a month I continued in command in my subdistrict. I met many splendid people. The only club left unburned in San Francisco was the Jewish club. I dined there occasionally.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

The Army began sending more troops in. Our services were no longer needed. Colonel Carmody was growing anxious to get the Marines out of San Francisco while the people still had a good taste in their mouths. We had done a good job. We didn't want any later possible complications to spoil it. We went back to Mare Island. I was there about two weeks.

One evening I went over to Vallejo with the Navy officer who had drunk his way back to reinstatement. We tried out a slot machine in a saloon. It must have been out of order, for I dropped in a quarter and it disgorged twenty dollars. We invested it over the bar in two gallons of excellent Bourbon and some cigars. We started up the line, the Navy officer with the jug over his shoulder. Dropping in at place after place, we would demand glasses and ice water—and then he would pour our drinks with our own liquor. The bartenders eyed us hard in several places. At last one Irishman looked at our jug, pushed across the glasses and the ice water, and held out his hand.

"Fifty cents for service, gentlemen," he said.

It was the first "service charge" I ever encountered.

Telegraphic orders came for me to report at Washington. I crossed the continent by train again and reported to General George Elliott, Commandant of the Marine Corps. He told me he was going to send me to Parris Island as instructor in the school for junior officers. I didn't like the idea. I asked for a month's leave. I got it.

I fooled around Washington and Baltimore awhile and went to see Colonel Frank Denny. I put that school job situation up to him. He said he would help me. He was in command of the Marine Corps' Quartermaster Corps. He got me detailed for duty in it. That killed the school job. I had to cut my leave short to take this opening.

I was ordered to be supply officer at the Marine Barracks at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

I had been to Philadelphia just once in my life, to see an Army-Navy football game. I wasn't so keen to go there

SAN FRANCISCO AND PHILADELPHIA

or take a staff job. But at least it got me out of that school detail. And I had old friends living there. The commanding officer at the Marine Barracks, too, was Colonel Randolph Dickens whom I had known slightly out in Cavite. It might have been worse.

In August, 1906, I reported to Admiral Joseph Craig and Colonel Dickens and took an apartment in a house on Nineteenth Street, uptown, with some other officers.

The job was the same as I had in Pekin, only on a much larger scale. Putting through requisitions for commissary, ordinance and quartermaster supplies, running the Post Exchange and acting as mess officer. I relieved Captain Johnness. From him I inherited a well-equipped office with a very competent staff of clerks, all enlisted men.

Prior to my arrival, the supply officer had not had to run the Post Exchange. When I came to take over that Post Exchange I found some five hundred dollars more cash on hand than showed on the books. Naturally I refused to take the job over until this had been straightened out by an inspector. That inspection resulted in a court-martial for my predecessor at the Post Exchange.

Captain Mike Bannon and I were the only two other Marine officers at the Yard beside Colonel Dickens. Navy Yard life at Boston, Cavite, Olongapo, Brooklyn and Mare Island had always included Officer of the Day duty. I had understood this Philadelphia job didn't include that detail. But Marine officers were so few there I had to do Officer of the Day duty every other day on top of that supply officer job.

The Second Intervention in Cuba had started. About two thousand Marines went through the Yard headed for that job. That meant every man had to be equipped with khaki for tropical duty. It was a busy period. Captain Bannon was ordered to Cuba and that left Colonel Dickens and myself to only two Marine officers at the Yard. That meant I had to stay in the Yard all the time. But after several weeks some youngsters showed up and the routine

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

lightened. I got away from Officer of the Day duty, but the Old Man asked me to be executive at the Barracks, and I had to run the show for him. It was strenuous, but excellent training. I was learning now in fullest detail from practical experience day by day not only staff work but the job of running the entire post.

The Colonel had a famous orderly named Thompson. Out at Cavite the Colonel had gone down with Asiatic cholera. The doctors had given him up. But Thompson had stuck to him and saved his life. Naturally, the bond between them was strong. In those days when an officer had an orderly like that you didn't fool with them. You kept out of it.

I came to the conclusion that Thompson's activities for his friends were a serious menace to discipline. It looked to me as if Thompson was taking advantage of the Colonel's decency to pull the wool over the Old Man's eyes. Fortunately Thomas Hayes, the Sergeant-Major at the Yard, was a very fine type of man; one of the finest non-commissioned officers I've ever seen. I called him in and talked it over.

It was a most difficult situation. We suspected that Thompson was influencing the Colonel with regard to promotions of enlisted men. There were rumors about the post, even, that privates would bet Thompson they wouldn't be made non-commissioned officers; that Thompson would tell the Old Man what splendid non-com material they were; and that presently the man would get his chevrons and Thompson would collect his bet. There were rumors that a quart of liquor never came into the post without Thompson getting half of it. Thompson had given me a great deal of trouble when that Cuban outfit had gone through. An officer, an old friend of mine, had got soused to the gunwales, and I was certain Thompson had furnished the liquor.

I determined that Thompson had to be eliminated. I sent for him. I simply told him that he had to lay off;

SAN FRANCISCO AND PHILADELPHIA

that if any more trouble originated from him, I had my own methods of fixing him. It worked.

That was the best winter I ever had in my life. I joined the University Club and the Philadelphia Country Club. Lots of ships put in at Philadelphia. The University Club was full of Service people most of the time. Among the civilian friends I made that winter were David Lawis, Graham Shaw, Dick Buckley, Ned Hance, Ulie Mercur and Ned Price. Dinners, dances and parties in town. Week-ends along the Main Line, and up Chestnut Hill way. After things eased up at the Yard, so that Officer of the Day duty came less frequently, I don't think I spent a single week-end in town.

Colonel Dickens and I became very close friends. As an evidence of this friendship, he offered me the use of his horse Denmark. The Colonel never rode Denmark. Thompson used to take him out for exercise. I didn't particularly want to ride the animal. But, not to offend the Colonel, I took Denmark out one day. That damned horse stopped automatically in front of every saloon along the street!

About this time one of the Marines at the Yard was arrested on a charge of selling uniforms to a Jew second-hand clothing dealer in town. It was a Federal offense to sell or purchase government clothing. Thompson was detailed to take the prisoner up to the office of the United States District Attorney to have him brought before the Federal Grand Jury.

On the trip Thompson got so drunk that the prisoner brought him back to the Yard. At the gates Thompson collapsed. The prisoner wheeled him up from the gates to the Marine Barracks in a wheelbarrow.

Colonel Dickens lived in town at the Hotel Walton. But his favorite resort was the University Club where he dined every night. From five o'clock in the afternoon, onward, the Old Man would sit there and consume his liquor. As the liquor rose in him, his voice rose, too. When that

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

voice began to resound through the club, I knew it was my job to get him home. I had become "Freddie" to him, by now. He was "Uncle Randy" to me.

"Uncle Randy, it's time to go home," I'd tell him, his coat on my arm, his hat in my hand.

The accent of his boyhood in Fredericksburg, Virginia, grew more pronounced the more he drank.

"Freddie, Ah suah am not goin' away from heah!" he would inform me. But I would coax him into his hat and coat and get him around to his hotel. Sometimes I would have to charter a four-wheeler to do it.

Uncle Randy went down with diphtheria that winter. He came out too soon. A stroke followed. They took him to the Naval Hospital, completely paralyzed. As soon as they would permit him to see visitors, I went to call on him one afternoon. I had a hunch. I slipped a pint of whisky in my overcoat pocket. I stood beside his bed.

"Freddie, I'm afraid it's all up with me," Uncle Randy said, feebly. "I can't even wiggle my toes, let alone raise a hand or a foot."

I pulled the flask out of my pocket and set it on the dresser at the foot of his bed, where he could see it. His old eyes lighted up, but his face grew sorrowful.

"The doctors tell me it'll kill me if I take a drink," he said mournfully. But there the flask stood. He kept eyeing it. After a little while he spoke.

"Freddie, I believe I'll take a little of that."

I put about a third of the pint in a tumbler. It went down like water. He lay there for a minute.

"Freddie, by Gawd, I believe I can wiggle my toes a little!"

A little later I gave him another drink. He was waving his arms around in a minute or two. Then I gave him the rest of it. He wanted to get out of bed right then and leave the place. I got scared. I put the empty bottle in my pocket and told Uncle Randy if he didn't keep still he'd get me in trouble. I beat it, badly worried.

SAN FRANCISCO AND PHILADELPHIA

He came back to the post the next day!

One of the doctors cornered me at the club several weeks later.

"Did you give the Colonel anything to drink that afternoon you were up there to see him?" he asked me.

I told him I had.

"Do you know," he said, "I was scared to do it myself. He lay there paralyzed, and I knew liquor would either cure him or kill him. I was afraid to take the responsibility of giving him a drink."

After that Uncle Randy and I were closer than ever.

My work at the post was running smoothly now. I had learned the valuable lesson that, if you have competent subordinates, the thing to do is let them run the show.

Routine duty continued at the Yard until October, 1907, when orders transferred me to Cuba to join our forces there in the Second Intervention.

It was with genuine regret that I left the Colonel. A fine old gentleman, Uncle Randy. A splendid officer, one of the most famous characters in the Marine Corps of his time. He had been one of President Grant's aides on Grant's tour around the world. He had been on the *Oregon* on her trip around the Horn. He could drink and hold more liquor than any man I ever saw.

People worked for him because they loved him. We could do with a lot more like him. But he is gone, and most of his breed are gone.

I said good-by. Tears came into the Old Man's eyes.

"Wise," he said, "I love you like a son."

That was the last time I ever saw him. He died while I was in Cuba and when I returned to the Philadelphia Navy Yard after my Cuban session only fragrant memories of him survived.

Of my Cuban days little need be said, nor of my brief sojourn back in Philadelphia before I was detailed in command of the Marine detachment on board the battleship *Georgia* in 1909.

CHAPTER XII

SEA DUTY AND SMYRNA

I HADN'T been aboard the *Georgia* for a week before I learned that the easy days of sea duty I had known on the *Oregon* were a thing of the past. Life aboard ship in the Atlantic Fleet was a different thing from life aboard ship in the Asiatic Squadron as I had known it. The loafing days for a Marine at sea were over.

We were more than the ship's policemen. We had as definite a part in fighting the ship as the sailors themselves. And it appeared that the old idea of disliking the Marines aboard had ended.

From Philadelphia we steamed for Hampton Roads where the Fleet met to start the regular winter cruise to Guantanamo. The *Georgia* was the flagship of the Third Division of the Atlantic Fleet. I settled down to find out all about my new job.

We had a very congenial mess in the wardroom. Captain Dick Wainwright commanded the *Georgia* when we left Philadelphia. He was relieved at Hampton Roads and Captain William L. Rodgers assumed command. First Lieutenant Henry Manney was my junior officer at the start. But he was relieved at Hampton Roads and Second Lieutenant Wilbur Thing came aboard to serve in his place.

Heading south, off Cape Hatteras we ran into the first storm that brought back memories of my first typhoon off the China coast.

The Fleet was cruising along in a single line, battleships and destroyers some four hundred yards apart. All that day the sea had been picking up. That evening the wind

SEA DUTY AND SMYRNA

started to blow. It increased steadily. A heavy sea set in. It kept getting heavier.

On board the *Georgia* we began to get uncomfortable. The limit of safety for a battleship to roll is fifty-one degrees. Repeatedly we rolled forty-seven degrees, I was told.

Night had fallen. The wind kept increasing. The sea grew higher; the highest I ever saw it in the Atlantic. On the four corners of the *Georgia's* superstructure were waist turrets forty feet above sea level. Time after time I saw green seas break over them.

It was a hell of a night. When day broke, we could see several ships around us, though that long single line had been hopelessly broken up. A terrific sea was running. We were tossed about like a cork. Wireless reports began to come in about destroyers believed lost.

We steamed ahead for Guantanamo. Five days later every vessel in the Fleet came in. There had been some magnificent seamanship displayed in that storm.

I had settled down to my job. The Marines' day started with reveille. The men rolled out of their hammocks, triced them up and stored them in the netting. Their first job was putting their own compartment in order. Then they cleaned all the paint and bright work in the cabin country.

About seven-thirty came breakfast. Half an hour for that, and then they got ready for morning quarters by cleaning their rifles and getting themselves polished up. Morning quarters was at nine-fifteen—a general muster of the whole ship's company on the main deck. This inspection over, the various drills followed.

Chief of these was the gun drill, for the Marines had a torpedo defense battery of twelve three-inch guns. This was subcaliber practice. An electrical dotter punctured a paper target with every shot. The men called it "ping-pong."

Other days we had abandon ship drill, collision drill, fire

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

drill, general quarters—which meant clearing the ship for action—and some mornings we had infantry drill. This kept up until eleven-thirty. Half an hour's rest, and the mess call sounded at noon.

Afternoons we had gun drills only from one-thirty to three-thirty. There were no drills from three-thirty to five. At five o'clock we had supper.

Normally the men were free in the evening, except in the period just before target practice. Then we had night drills. Those night drills were gun drills only, working with searchlights. Evenings when there were no night drills, there was a program of movies and boxing. Taps sounded at ten.

When the big guns were being worked the Marines were detailed to fire control.

I was familiar with this routine by the time we reached Guantanamo. There we went ashore for three weeks for small-arms target practice, living under canvas.

Guantanamo was nothing but drills and maneuvers. Different divisions would go outside for torpedo practice, for towing practice, and to have Fleet maneuvers against each other. Three months of this was the schedule.

I went shooting almost every Saturday after duck and snipe. There was good fishing, too. Caimanera, a miserable little Cuban town, was at the head of Guantanamo Bay. But we could go up to Santiago on Saturdays, coming back Sunday. Tugs made a regular trip. There were very good hotels there, with relief from the monotony of mess and drilling.

The men had baseball for amusement. Teams from the different ships fought it out for the fleet championship. The cutter races also provided keen competition. That year the *Georgia* developed a cutter crew of twelve who met the whole Fleet and won the Battenburg Cup—a trophy presented by Prince Louis of Battenburg on his American visit, to be competed for annually.

Just before we started north, we had our annual target

SEA DUTY AND SMYRNA

practice. It was the first time I had ever seen the twelve-inch guns in action. That year was the first time the Navy had started shooting at a towed target. We got under way, steamed to a certain bearing from the target, the whistle blew, and the big guns opened up. I was up in the mast as the firing started, watching the targets through my glasses. The great squares of canvas, stretched on a wooden frame and floating on a fin keel raft, were moving across the Bay, towed by a tug at the end of a four-hundred-foot hawser. Suddenly a big blast of smoke shot out from the turrets beneath me. I felt no vibration at all. The water leaped up in a great splash near the target. A couple of ranging shots. More splashes. Then great holes gaped in the targets. Three minutes of this. The whistles blew again. Our run was over.

Then at night the Marines got their turn with the three-inch guns. It was torpedo defense. The targets were towed closer and the *Georgia's* searchlights illuminated them as for three minutes, from whistle to whistle, each gun blazed away. The men shot fairly well. Regulations that year required an officer's crew of pointers for each class of gun. I was gun pointer on one of those three-inch guns.

Target practice over, we headed for Hampton Roads. We were at anchor out in the Roads, about eight o'clock one morning, coaling. I was up on deck. A collier was coming alongside. It was blowing and there was a heavy tide. As she slipped up on our port side to tie up to coal us, the tide caught her and forced her toward us. Her captain decided to make another try. She was twin-screw. As she started to sheer off, her starboard screw ripped through the *Georgia's* hull below the armor belt for about forty feet.

Many a time in maneuvers at Guantanamo I had heard the collision call blow—a long blast on the siren—but this was the first time I heard it because there was a real collision.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Every man rushed to his station. The doors of the water-tight compartments were closed. We discovered the ammunition passage was flooded.

It was discovered the damage was not serious and it was soon fixed. We cruised up to Philadelphia and thence to Newport, Rhode Island, to join the Fleet. Newport was very gay that summer. All kinds of parties. Swimming at Bailey's Beach. A tennis tournament. Afternoons and evenings at the Reading Room and the Casino. The people were very hospitable. A lot of maneuvers off Newport followed.

President Taft came to New York to review the Atlantic Fleet in the Hudson River, and we went there. It was an imposing sight. There in the Hudson, against a background of New York's skyscrapers, lay the whole Atlantic Fleet—nearly a hundred ships of all classes strung out in a single line. The line began down near the Battery. We on the *Georgia* were off Ninety-sixth Street. Up that long line came the President on the yacht *Mayflower*. As he passed each ship the rails were manned, the Marine guard turned out, the band struck up the National Anthem, and the Presidential Salute of twenty-one guns was fired.

Up to Boston we went next. We were there about a month. I lived aboard the *Georgia*, but there was a lot of shore leave and I renewed the acquaintances I had made years before when I was a kid at the Boston Navy Yard. That fall we heard that instead of going to Guantanamo the next cruise was to be to Europe.

We sailed November 1st. One division sailed from Boston, one from New York, one from Philadelphia and one from Norfolk to rendezvous at sea some distance off the coast. The Navy made a damned good job of it. One moment our division was alone far out of sight of land. Suddenly we were in the midst of a fleet.

From that rendezvous we steamed for Europe. Half the fleet went to England, half to France. I was with the division that went to Brest.

SEA DUTY AND SMYRNA

We ran into a hell of a storm crossing the English Channel to reach Brest. It dawned on me what a terrific job the British Navy had, blockading that port with their old wind jammers in the Napoleonic Wars. We anchored inside the breakwater amidst the salutes of the French guns. We were to stay there three weeks. Every officer and man was to be allowed to go to Paris for a week. I was keen to get ashore. It was my first sight of France.

We gave one big reception on the *Georgia*. The French gave another, ashore. We wandered around, sight-seeing, in the old French seaport and then I went to Paris. My sisters, Miss Julia Wise and Miss Douglas Wise, were living in Paris then. They put me up. A week of parties, sight-seeing, theaters, cafés and drives passed swiftly. Paris was full of American officers and men raising hell. The fact that I was staying with my family kept me out of a lot of trouble. I was afraid to go out and play with them.

At last I started back for Brest. There was no *wagon-lit de luxe* on that French train. My sister warned me to get a pillow and a blanket, as it was a cold, rainy night. I got the blanket. But with memories of American Pullmans in my mind I never dreamed what I was in for. I had one of four berths in a full compartment. I undressed, put on my pajamas, and rolled in. It got cold. It got colder. I got up, dressed, put on my overcoat, wrapped that French blanket around me on top of everything I had. But with all that I never spent a more miserable night. I reached Brest next morning half frozen.

Then we went over to Gravesend. Three weeks there. Plenty of shore leave and a chance to run up to London. I liked London a lot better than Paris. I could speak the language. I had old friends there. A cousin of Otho Cushing knew the ropes and showed me London from one end to the other. I ran across some British officers I had known out in the Far East. We went the rounds of theaters, music halls and restaurants and I was put up at

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

various clubs. I went to a dance at their Naval Station at Chatham and went out to several country places for week-ends. It was a pleasant stay.

I found out that when the English started to do anything they did it right. A complete roster of the visiting American officers was secured in advance and posted at all their home stations and aboard every ship of their home fleet. In that way many British officers I had known in the Far East looked me up.

From Gravesend we sailed to Guantanamo.

When I went ashore one of the first men I ran into was Captain Hiram Bearss. He was in command of the Marine Barracks.

He came out to dinner with me on the *Georgia*. Doctor McCullough, the ship's doctor, mixed some cocktails. I wasn't drinking. But Hiram was. Those cocktails were so effective that after dinner Hiram suddenly reached into his pocket, pulled out some money, and paid me seventy-five dollars he had owed me for I don't know how long. I wanted the doctor to make me some more so I could send them around to some other friends.

That winter all the Marines were taken off the ships at Guantanamo, sent ashore, and with the addition of a lot of other Marines from the United States, a Marine Brigade was organized. Washington was expecting trouble with Mexico. Our twelve ships' detachments made a regiment.

We had small-arms target practice, drills and maneuvers. Colonel Waller was brigade commander. Lots of old friends were with the brigade. Colonel B. H. Fuller had our regiment and the other two regimental commanders were Colonel Barnett and my old friend Colonel Moses, with whom I had clashed now and then in Cuba. The entire brigade, nearly twenty-five hundred strong, lived under canvas.

We organized a club and got a fellow who kept the store at Caimanera to come down and run it.

Colonel Moses continued mean as ever. For a long time

SEA DUTY AND SMYRNA

it had been customary for Marine officers, off duty but still in uniform, to wear long trousers. Moses issued an order that nobody in his regiment could wear long trousers at any time. I put on a pair one day and went over to visit some friends in his outfit. He caught sight of me.

"What the hell do you mean by being in those long trousers, Wise?" was his greeting.

I saluted—and grinned. He caught himself.

"Oh, you don't belong to me, now," he said regretfully. He walked off.

Wirt McCreary was provost marshal of the camp. Harry Lay, Phil Brown, Mike Bannon, Louis McCarty Little, "Pokey" Powell, Billy Hopkins, Logan Feland—a lot of my old friends were in that crowd.

Hiram was as broke as ever. So his friends organized an old clothes donation party. We went over to call on him one evening, each man carrying some ancient part of a uniform. One had a pair of breeches; another a blouse; another a shirt; this one a hat; that one a pair of puttees.

Hiram was sore as the devil. But in about fifteen minutes he was better dressed than he'd been in a long while.

That club provided us our only amusements. Sessions at bridge, sitting around and talking, badger fights whenever we could find a victim. And endless discussions of the maneuvers. Those discussions damn near ended in pitched battles most of the time. One battalion would go out and maneuver against another, and then the junior officers would continue the battle at the club.

A Ward Liner pulled in one day. I went aboard to see a steward I knew and get some grub to supplement the mess. Among other delicacies he gave me some ripe Limburger cheese. I planted a big piece of it under Wirt McCreary's tent floor. A little later, one by one, we would drop in to call on him, sniff, look around in a sad, pained way, and ask Wirt why he didn't bathe. We nearly had Wirt crazy. Finally moved out of the damned tent.

That was the biggest outfit of American Marines that

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

had ever been together. Three months of it, and the Mexican situation eased up. The brigade was disbanded. That three months had brought more men to a higher peak of efficiency than any other in Marine history up to then.

The Fleet had sailed north. But the armored cruiser squadron had remained, and the Fleet Marines were taken up by them. Navy transports took the others.

On the cruiser *Washington* I went to Norfolk, took ten days leave which I spent visiting in Philadelphia, and re-joined the *Georgia* at Boston.

Hampton Roads next—and then off the Virginia Capes to shoot on the Southern Drill Grounds, as we called that section of the Atlantic.

I was up in the forward military mast when the firing started. The first ranging shot went off all right. The second shot was fired. Out of the puff of smoke below me I saw a huge chunk of metal emerge, flying straight up in the air. Firing ceased immediately. I knew something was wrong. I went below.

The end of one of the forward turret twelve-inch guns had blown off. It was a miracle nobody was injured. Only about eight feet of the breech was left of that forty-foot gun. One piece struck the deck, tore through, and penetrated two decks below.

That put the *Georgia* out of commission. We headed for Norfolk to get a new gun. We stayed there until ready for Guantanamo.

A winter at Guantanamo, back at Hampton Roads, and again we shot off the Virginia Capes. Up to Boston next, and then down to Provincetown for battleship torpedo practice. I was in my third year of sea duty, when wireless orders came transferring me from the *Georgia* to the *Tennessee* at Philadelphia. I was put ashore and went by train from Provincetown, taking along twenty-four men I dropped off at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Back in Philadelphia again I boarded the *Tennessee*. She was the flagship of the Reserve Fleet which had been

SEA DUTY AND SMYRNA

tied up in the Back Basin of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, with skeleton crews.

That was a gentleman's job if ever I had one in my life. Also I was back in Philadelphia, my old stamping ground.

Captain Harry Field was in command of the *Tennessee*. Admiral Austin Knight was commander in chief of the Reserve Fleet. His aide, Lieutenant-Commander Lee Pryor, had about as much work to do as I had, and was my running mate.

There we were aboard ship, tied up in the Back Basin. You didn't have to get aboard early. When quarters sounded at one o'clock the men were mustered, there was just a short drill, and nothing to do until one o'clock next afternoon. When they had abandon ship drill, I'd go over the side and show up next day.

I brought down Thomas Quigley, my old first sergeant on the *Georgia*. He was a good man. That Marine detachment on the *Tennessee* ran itself automatically.

A very pleasant summer. The Racquet Club was headquarters. A continual riot.

That fall the *Tennessee* and the *Montana* went up to Newport on a cruise. Another Presidential Naval Review was due in New York. The *Tennessee* and the *Montana* went back to Philadelphia where we picked up all those old Reserve Fleet cripples that had been tied up for months in the Back Basin. It was a miracle, but the cripples made it to New York. The Detroit Naval Reserve was aboard the *Tennessee* on the trip up and at the review. We returned to Philadelphia.

Over in the Near East, the Bulgarians, the Serbians, the Greeks and the Montenegrins were all ganging the Turks in another Balkan War. As nearly as we could learn, stories were out that the Turks had started another Armenian massacre, and the American missionaries had become scared and had stirred things up at the State Department in Washington.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

The *Tennessee* and the *Montana* suddenly received orders to go into full commission and start for Smyrna within forty-eight hours to protect American interests.

It was some job getting that ship under way. She had to coal, be provisioned, and receive more than six hundred new officers and men aboard. Somehow it was done. We started down the river on time.

We went sixteen knots all the way across the Atlantic. We stopped at Gibraltar two days to coal. I got ashore and saw the sights. We couldn't get enough coal at Gibraltar, so we stopped at Malta another two days and filled the bunkers. I found Malta an interesting old town with its ancient buildings and the relics of the Knights Templar. A few days later we pulled into Smyrna. The *Montana* went on to Beirut.

We anchored in the bay, close in. I got ashore that first day and went through the bazaar. Rugs seemed to be the principle stock in trade. Like everybody else, I bought a rug.

Smyrna was a cosmopolitan city. Besides the Turkish and Greek population, in it were British, French, Germans, Italians, Dutch, Russians, Japanese, Americans, and all the mixtures of the Levant. But we got no action at all. All the fighting was around Constantinople. Some Turkish refugees were sent farther down to Anatolia, but we came into no actual contact with the fighting or its results.

We settled down to a very pleasant winter. The British colony, particularly, was delightful.

I learned that there was splendid shooting in the interior. Duck and doves, woodcock and snipe. Within a couple of weeks we were on our way to the interior for week-end shoots, and thereafter we went out every Saturday.

Mr. Van Lenneps, the Dutch consul, used to go shooting with us. We rode by train about thirty miles out into the country one day, got off at a little village, and stopped at a reed hut to change into our shooting clothes. Some of the villages at which we had stopped had been Christian,

SEA DUTY AND SMYRNA

some Mohammedan, some mixed. This was a Mohammedan village. We got into our shooting clothes and then looked at our other clothes piled on the floor.

"Is it safe to leave them here?" we asked the old Turk who owned the place and who was leaving when we did.

"They're perfectly safe," he said. "There isn't a Christian within eight miles of us."

Europeans were allowed to go only a certain distance into the interior to shoot. Naturally, the shooting was better beyond those limits. We tried to get a pass from the Turkish general to go into this zone. Although it was promised, it was never produced. So we decided to go anyway. Lee Pryor and I took the train one Saturday and got off at a station far beyond the limit for Europeans. I had with me an Armenian-American, an enlisted man from the Marine detachment on the *Tennessee*, who spoke all those lingos. As we stepped to the platform an old Turkish non-commissioned officer stopped us. Then I sprang a curfew pass I had. It was good inside Smyrna, where it allowed you to be on the streets after nine o'clock. But Smyrna was a long way off. The Turk took it and scrutinized it. I noticed he was holding it upside down. I asked my Armenian man to ask him if he could read.

"Yes," the Turk said, "but I haven't got my glasses."

Van Lenneps had told us: "If you want anything of a Turk, never give him a chance to think. If he stops to think, he'll always say no."

That proved good advice. I told my Armenian to point out the Turkish general's signature on the pass. It was accepted. We had a fine day's shooting. When we returned that night I made the old Turk a present of a Turkish pound. He invited us to come back whenever we wanted to. We had a lot more good shooting there.

During the winter, warships of all nations began to come into Smyrna. American, British, French, Italian, German, Dutch, Russian and Japanese battleships and cruisers. The

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

bay began to look like the days of the International Fleet off Taku when we landed to take Tientsin.

Hickmet Bey was the Turkish commodore at Smyrna. In an old mud fort at the point where you entered the bay, he had mounted modern naval guns taken from his ship. He claimed also that there was a mine field planted off Smyrna. We used to run the life out of him, telling him he couldn't shoot his guns and his damned mines wouldn't explode. He took the joking good-naturedly. Then one day a little Greek steamer got out of the buoyed channel and among the mines, and was blown up. Hickmet Bey was all set up about it. The efficiency of his mines had been proved.

His chief of staff was Captain Rossi. Those two were always coming aboard the *Tennessee*. They liked the liquor. It was against their religion to drink it ashore, they explained.

Presently the European colony had a day's racing meet. I had been tipped one horse was a sure winner. I plunged on him. He came in first; but I didn't collect. For at the post he wheeled and ran the wrong way of the track.

With nine nations represented in Smyrna, we decided to give an international dinner at the Cramer Palace Hotel. The one stipulation was that every officer who came to it had to speak English. And still all nine nations were represented.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes of the English colony were responsible for many of our pleasant memories of that Smyrna stay. Their home was open house.

Some five months passed, and American interests seemed to be able to get along without armed protection. Orders came to return to the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

In May we sailed. We stopped at Algiers, in Africa, to coal. Three days ashore. A great winter resort with big hotels, but the season was over.

We cruised uneventfully back to Philadelphia, landing there late in May, 1913.

CHAPTER XIII

MANEUVERS, MARDI GRAS AND VERA CRUZ

AT Philadelphia the *Tennessee* went back to reserve. I went ashore and reported to Colonel George Barnett, commanding the Marine Barracks at the Yard.

A new scheme of things was under way in the Marine Corps. A regiment had been designated as an Advance Base Force. It was being trained to occupy a base in advance of the arrival of the fleet.

I found that the easy days in Philadelphia were over. With drills and four hours a day schooling, we didn't get out of the Yard until four-thirty in the afternoon. Then we had to study at night.

"Squeegee" Long, now a colonel, was in command of this regiment. He made an excellent regimental commander.

We had six companies. One was field artillery, one had four five-inch naval guns, one had four three-inch naval guns, one was engineers and machine guns, one was mines and one was signals.

I was put in command of the Sixth Company, to handle the three-inch naval guns. I had two junior officers, First Lieutenant Randolph Coyle and Second Lieutenant Quincy Adams, who had made the Smyrna cruise with me.

Hours every day in the Yard we had to haul those three-inch naval guns around. We had to build a portable railroad. We had to dig pits. We had to build gun-platforms. We had to mount the guns. And then, when we had it all done, we had to tear the whole business down and do it all over again. That kept up until the first of January, 1914.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

There was to be a big maneuver down in the Caribbean Sea. Our regiment was to land on the Island of Culebra, one of the Virgin Islands, occupy it, and fortify it as a base pending the arrival of the fleet. That January we went aboard the Navy transport *Hancock* at Philadelphia. We were keen for that maneuver. We knew our job.

Six or seven days later we landed on Culebra. It is a small island inhabited by a few natives and many cattle. Overnight it was swarming with Marines. We had a definite time limit within which it must be fortified.

There was a peculiar situation on Culebra. It had no land-locked harbor where we were going to land, though at another part of the island you can go through a cut and find a land-locked harbor big enough to shelter the whole fleet. But at the spot where we landed, with a heavy wind blowing up every afternoon, all the material had to be landed mornings. In the afternoon the sea was too heavy.

Lighters we had carried down on the *Hancock's* deck were swung overboard. Those heavy naval guns were hauled up from the holds, lowered aboard the lighters, and towed ashore by launches. They were skidded ashore, the portable railroad was constructed up to the gun positions high on the hills, gun-pits dug, platforms built, guns mounted. Inside several days, the Island of Culebra was fortified. Mine fields had been laid while we were getting our batteries into position. Telephone communications were established. An Infantry regiment had arrived with us. They dug rifle pits. We were ready for the "enemy" fleet.

Ten days or two weeks after we had the island fortified, all the preliminaries were completed, umpires appointed, and the maneuvers started. The big ships of the fleet, which were supposed theoretically to have transports full of troops with them, slipped up under cover of the night, and sent landing parties of sailors and Marines ashore. They were to capture the batteries and clear the path for a big landing force.

MANEUVERS, MARDI GRAS AND VERA CRUZ

The umpires watched it all. It was one glorious "Fourth of July." Everybody was blazing away. And then the umpires solemnly announced that the Island of Culebra was impregnable, which I always thought was a damned lie.

I have always remembered those maneuvers by a remark of Mr. Dooley.

"Mister Hinnissey," he said, "I dunno who won. But I know who lost—and that was the United States Treasury Department."

Maneuvers do cost money. But you might as well expect a surgeon to operate from textbook study alone, as expect Army, Navy and Marines to be able to fight effectively without them. We should have them on a big scale at least twice a year.

We had a good time on Culebra, at that. Hiram Bearss was there; Phil Brown, Logan Feland, R. H. Dunlap, now a major. The only town on the island was a little settlement called Roosevelt. There was a store and a canteen owned by the man who owned the town and the island. There was good fishing off Culebra, too.

A month at Culebra, and we hauled those guns and that portable railroad back aboard the *Hancock* again. We headed for Pensacola. We stayed there four or five days. Liberty parties ashore every day. An excellent club in town.

Then orders came to steam for New Orleans for Mardi Gras. The whole regiment was to march in the Rex Parade and the men were to have days of liberty during Carnival. We reached New Orleans Carnival Week and tied up at the wharf just below Jackson Avenue.

It was my first visit to New Orleans. Some contrast to the Island of Culebra! We arrived in the morning. That night I saw the Momus Parade—the first Carnival Parade I had ever seen. That long line of gorgeous floats, lit by hundreds of torches, manned by figures in glittering

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

costumes, rolling through the narrow lanes of the dense crowds that packed the streets was an unforgettable picture.

Invitations to Carnival balls, cards to old New Orleans clubs followed. The first time I entered the Boston Club—which I learned later was named after a forgotten card game and not the Massachusetts city—George Nott, an old Annapolis man, came up and introduced himself. That was the prelude to knowing everybody in the club.

With that visit began friendships that have lasted ever since. I met Mrs. Edmund Richardson, where my sister was visiting for Carnival. I met Billy Hardee and George Ferrier. Scores of others.

We stayed in New Orleans seven weeks. It was Lent most of the time, but New Orleans homes were open for quiet entertaining. I have always felt at home there ever since.

Then out of a clear sky orders came one afternoon for us to proceed to Tampico. We suspected that the long-delayed intervention in Mexico had come. The day before, we had read in the newspapers about Admiral Mayo's demand on the Mexican government for a salute to our flag as amends for the outrage committed in arresting an American officer who went ashore at Tampico.

We started to five o'clock in the morning. A couple of days later we arrived off Tampico. We didn't go up the Panuco River. We cast anchor outside. We had not been there three hours when wireless orders came from Vera Cruz to join the rest of the fleet there.

We got underway for Vera Cruz.

Down the coast of Mexico we went, rolling in a beam sea. I was in my room when my servant came in. He was a New Orleans negro named Herman, whom I had been instrumental in enlisting. In his hand was a service pistol, cartridge clips, a web belt. His face was ashy green. His eyes were bulging.

MANEUVERS, MARDI GRAS AND VERA CRUZ

"Cap'n Wise, these Navy people tells me I'se to go ashore with you in th' mawnin'," he said. "Dey tells me I'se got t' fight these Mexicans. Me, I got nuffin 'gainst 'em. All th' Mexicans I ever seen in Nawlyins, dey been mighty good t' me. You's responsible foh gettin' me into dis Navy. What can yo' do 'bout dis shore bus'ness?"

"You've got to go," I told him.

"Cap'n Wise," he said, "I don' wanta go. Me, I'se homesick, seasick, an' lovesick—an' dat shorely is some sick!"

Early next morning we came through the opening in the breakwater and anchored inside. We were told that the first fight that had marked the landing of the sailors was over. But Vera Cruz was still popping with shots. The cruiser *Birmingham*, anchored close to us, was blazing away at the Mexican Naval Academy, and a lot of sailors were landing. We could see the *Birmingham's* shells, fired point-blank at close range, smashing big holes in the walls of the old building. Then, in close formation across the open ground between the wharves and the Naval Academy, we could see the sailors charge, storm through the entrances, and take the place.

Several hours we remained on board the *Hancock*, awaiting orders. Sometime before noon they came. All the Advance Base business on which we had been drilling and maneuvering for months had been dropped. We were plain infantry now.

We went ashore in boats and landed at the Ward Line wharf. Colonel Long called up his company commanders. Each company of us was allotted a city block with orders to comb it from the water front straight through to the inland edge of the town, disarming all Mexicans we found, confiscating all arms. When one block was finished we were to wait until each company had cleaned up its block, and then advance all together on the next block. We started.

We found the blocks were built solid. Walls flush with

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

the streets. Patios inside. Flat roofs. We started with the first house. The heavy wooden doors were locked and barred. Marines with sledge-hammers were ready. We smashed the doors and went in.

Not a shot was fired at us. We never found an armed Mexican. We did find a few old rifles and pistols. We picked them up and went along. It took us most of the afternoon.

Sailors and other Marines from the fleet had gone ashore at four o'clock that morning when the town was first taken. Here and there we encountered parties of them. Our men were under orders not to shoot without a target. Others weren't under quite such rigid discipline. All over the town around us wild shooting was going on all afternoon. It was the damnedest mêlée I ever saw in my life. As we went along we picked up from various patrols we encountered that there had been very few Mexican troops in the town and that they had cleared out as soon as the American sailors landed. But there had been sniping by civilians from houses, they warned, and we must look out for that. Marine friends we met also warned us to be awfully careful about American sailors—they would shoot at anything.

Clearing out a house about two blocks from the Hotel Diligencia, I climbed up on the roof. The house next to it, but away from the Diligencia, was higher than the house on the roof of which I stood, and made a parapet at one end higher than my head. As I stood there looking around, suddenly I heard bullets whizzing all around me. The plaster on that parapet flew on both sides of me. I flopped. The shooting continued. It was a miracle I wasn't hit. From where I lay I could see a group of American sailors on the roof of a high building which I took to be the Diligencia. Evidently they took me for a Mexican sniper. I crawled along the roof to the trap door, went below, and sent an orderly back to tell them we were searching those houses and would be on top of the roofs a lot of times.

MANEUVERS, MARDI GRAS AND VERA CRUZ

The search went on. Late in the afternoon we got to the edge of the city. That job done, we marched to a large, new, nearly-completed flour mill out at the end of the Calle Ariza and found damned good quarters there.

Orders came that we were to patrol a certain number of city blocks that night. The patrols went out. Our sailors continued to roam the town, shooting at everything they saw moving. One Marine corporal was killed that night. Next morning our patrols reported that it had been a very dangerous job, as the sailors shot first and looked afterwards.

About ten days our headquarters continued in that flour mill. Each day, companies of our regiment went out to the outskirts of Vera Cruz and fortified the sand hills that surround the inland side of the city. We never knew what minute to expect a Mexican counter-attack.

Some ten days after we landed, the Army arrived with General Funston in command. With the Army came a regiment of Marines. One Marine regiment had been with the fleet when they landed and took the town. We had been the second regiment of Marines to arrive. Now the Marines in Vera Cruz constituted a brigade three regiments strong. Colonel Waller, who had come down with Funston on the transports, assumed command.

With the arrival of that third regiment of Marines and the Army, the sailors went back on their ships. Vera Cruz then was quiet.

But the city had been one big Fourth of July celebration while they stayed ashore. We learned that most of the American casualties were due to wild shooting by our own people. I heard that doctors in the hospital said that of the nineteen Americans killed at Vera Cruz, thirteen deaths were due to accidental shootings by Americans. I heard of one case where a sailor was breaking in a door with the butt of his rifle, the sear slipped, and another sailor back of him was killed when the rifle went off. Those sailors had patrolled the streets in Navy uniforms that

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

once had been white, but had been dyed brown by dipping them in cauldrons of black coffee just before they landed, to make them less conspicuous targets. If ever an outfit shot up a town, they did Vera Cruz. I heard a lot of shooting there, but never a shot I knew was Mexican.

We moved down into the old Mexican hospital on the Calle Ariza, some four blocks from the flour mill. Once every fourth day my company had to go out on outpost duty in those sand hills. It was getting along into May. My chief remembrance of Vera Cruz will always be heat and mosquitoes.

With the arrival of the Army, the big clean-up started. Army engineers and medical officers directed the work. It was the first real clean-up that spot had known since Cortez landed there to march over the mountains and attack Montezuma at Mexico City. Block by block the city was swept and washed and scoured. Garbage was burned. Sanitary regulations were put in and enforced. Swamps around the city were oiled to exterminate mosquitoes.

Inside the breakwater, out in the harbor, rises the old castle of San Juan De Ulloa. It had housed generations of political prisoners. It was built before the days of running water. Modern plumbing had never been added. It reeked with the crusted filth of centuries. Down below, it had cells that filled waist deep with water, every tide. Handcuffs, chains, leg irons, rusted there. Army transports anchored alongside, rigged steam hose lines and scalded the place out with live steam.

The Marine Brigade at Vera Cruz was filled with familiar faces. There was old Hiram Bearss, Logan Feland, Dick Hooker, Arthur Harding, Tom Brown, Phil Brown, Jumbo Hill, Smedley Butler and R. H. Dunlap. My old friend Moses had command of a regiment. Colonel John A. Lejeune commanded the second regiment.

A lot of newspaper correspondents were there, too. Frederick Palmer, whom I had last seen in China; Richard

MANEUVERS, MARDI GRAS AND VERA CRUZ

Harding Davis, whom I now met for the first time; Jack London and Junius Wood and Bobbie Dunn.

The Diligencia became a meeting place. Every night the crowd gathered at the little tables in the *portales*. Battleship bands played in the kiosk in the center of the Plaza de la Constitucion. We took over the Country Club, too. A dance was held out there once a week.

The badger fights started again. There were plenty of uninitiated candidates to hold the stakes and pull the badger. The roof of the Mexican hospital made an excellent arena for those fights.

Into the group at the Diligencia one night came Harry H. Dunn, one of the Hearst correspondents, laughing. We asked him what amused him.

"I've just filed a story to New York, telling how Richard Harding Davis was stakeholder at a badger fight and pulled the badger," he said.

Davis rose with dignity. He demanded that the story be withdrawn from the cable office. Dunn explained it had already been sent. Davis promptly left for the cable office to file a formal denial that he had participated in a badger fight anywhere. Then Dunn told us he hadn't filed any such story. That gang considered the dignity of Richard Harding Davis a legitimate target.

We continued to hold the city. Our outposts were all around it on the land side; our fleet in the harbor. The Mexicans, retreating, had torn up about a mile of the Vera Cruz-Mexico City railroad just outside the town. This was known as The Gap. At the Vera Cruz end of it was an American outpost. At the inland end of it was a Mexican outpost. Ringing the town, facing our outposts, a few hundred yards distant was a line of Mexican outposts. There was never a shot fired.

El Tejar was a pumping station six or seven miles out on the railroad. We had a battalion of Marines out there. One day an S.O.S. came into Vera Cruz from El Tejar that there was about to be an attack on that outpost and

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

reinforcements were needed. Marines and Army alike rushed strong reinforcements to that point. The attack never came.

What had happened, we learned, was that some damned Mexican cattle thief had come in to El Tejar under a flag of truce and had demanded that the Marine officer surrender. We marched back again. It was an affair the Marines were not very proud of.

There were British and German cruisers in the harbor. About the first of August the German cruisers, without a word, slipped out of Vera Cruz. That same day I was talking with a young British naval officer we called "Scotty." He was an aide to Admiral Sir Christopher Craddock.

"The Germans have left, and we're to follow," Scotty said. "I don't know what all this is about. I suppose the big smash-up is coming on the other side."

That same day the British cruisers left, too.

The World War broke out August 4th.

From day to day thereafter we read in the papers of the war in France. We discussed it a lot, but impersonally. As for the possibility of America getting into it, we never gave that a thought.

Our signal company made a name for itself in those days. We handled all the telephone connections in Vera Cruz, and in addition ran lines to the outposts.

In November orders came to evacuate Vera Cruz. I had the last tour of outpost duty. I marched in from the sand hills and through the city with about one hundred Marines. The Mexicans followed in right behind us. They had been notified we were to leave. What they were more interested in than anything else was taking over their Custom House.

In lighters we went out aboard the *Denver*, a chartered transport. That night our regiment sailed for Philadelphia.

An uneventful voyage from Vera Cruz and we were

MANEUVERS, MARDI GRAS AND VERA CRUZ

back in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, which had begun to look like home to me.

All that winter we worked like the devil. We had now been raised to a brigade, and there was an infantry regiment of Marines at Philadelphia as well.

Colonel Waller was brigade commander. "Squeegee" Long still commanded my regiment. Colonel W. C. Neville commanded the infantry regiment.

It was this winter that I met at a dinner party, Ethel Sewall Hardy.

Spring brought no cessation in the work. Nor did summer. And in August we learned that though Advance Base drill by day and study by night was bad enough, there was worse waiting for us.

Hell started to pop in Haiti. Colonel Neville and his infantry regiment were ordered to Port au Prince. Just before they sailed Colonel Neville was detached and Colonel Eli Kelly Cole was put in command. The first American intervention in Haiti was under way.

A week later our orders came to follow Colonel Cole's outfit.

Since the Smyrna cruise, the armored cruiser *Tennessee* had been resting in the Back Basin at Philadelphia, part of the Reserve Fleet. Now she was put in commission again.

Early in August, 1915, five companies of the First Regiment of Marines went aboard. I was in command of the Sixth Company. We were part of a force of some two thousand Marines sent to straighten out affairs in Haiti.

CHAPTER XIV

HAITI

ON the morning of August 14th, 1915, Haiti loomed up out of the ocean, mountains rising high into the air just back of Port au Prince. We anchored in the open roadstead.

We went ashore in lighters. Landing on a wharf that jutted out into the roadstead, marching straight to the center of the town, we took up quarters in the Caserne, a new Haitian barracks that had been unoccupied.

Colonel Cole's infantry regiment had been there about ten days when we landed. Some were quartered in the same barracks; others at various places about Port au Prince. The town had been occupied, but there hadn't been any fighting.

Martial law was in effect. No Haitian was allowed to carry arms. All arms found were confiscated. Squads of Marines patrolled the city to prevent any disorder. We went on patrol duty as soon as we got there.

There was a lot of visiting back and forth, off duty, between the newly-arrived officers and the ten-day veterans. They told us what it was all about.

For the last five or six years Haiti had been the scene of one revolution after another. Finally the Presidential Palace in Port au Prince was blown up with President Leconte in it. He was killed in the explosion. President Sam, his successor, had moved the presidential residence to a house next door to the French Legation.

There was another revolution in the air. President Sam rounded up some hundred and seventy suspected revolutionaries. He held them as hostages and notified their

HAITI

friends that if any trouble started he would have them executed. From what I could gather, he had them executed without waiting for any trouble to start. This started a riot. The mob went to the temporary palace to get Sam. He climbed over the wall and took refuge in the French Legation.

The mob came clamoring at the doors. Two daughters of the French minister faced them. The girls bluffed them off. The mob dispersed.

That same afternoon the executed men were buried. All Port au Prince massed at the funeral. This stirred the mob up again. They then went to the French Legation, and this time they got the President. They dragged him out into the street, hacked him to pieces, put the pieces on sticks, and paraded the town.

Then Admiral William B. Caperton came in on the cruiser *Washington*, sent sailors and Marines ashore, and took over the town.

We also understood that the French government had protested about their legation being violated, and our State Department at Washington had decided this mess had got to be cleaned up.

Then it was decided to take charge of the Customs and garrison all the seaport towns.

After a couple of days in the Caserne, my company was moved out under canvas in an amusement park on the outskirts of Port au Prince. A certain district was turned over to me to patrol. A couple of weeks later I was ordered to take my company to Jeremie, a little seaport town about a hundred miles south of Port au Prince. We went there on the gunboat *Marietta*.

Landing on the wharf, we marched into Jeremie. It was a town of about five thousand population. I put my men into camp on the outskirts. Down by the water front, Jeremie had the narrow streets and the old French buildings two or three stories high, of the typical French colonial town. Cultivated country came down from the foothills to

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

meet it. But the outskirts of the town simmered down to all sorts of nondescript shacks.

I had brought with me Lieutenant Philbrick, a Navy paymaster, to take charge of the Custom House.

We found Jeremie garrisoned by about a hundred native Haitian soldiers. They were barefoot, clad in ragged shirts and cotton trousers, but they carried excellent rifles. It was my job to get those rifles. I knew if I demanded the immediate surrender of those guns, I'd never get all of them. I knew they'd disappear.

When we landed, the American consular agent came down to meet me. He was a native Haitian educated in the States. I used him for my liaison man.

We pitched camp and posted sentries. There was no disorder of any description; no need for patrols.

I learned from the consular agent that there was an organized government at Jeremie—mayor, *chef d'arrondissement*, and that company of soldiers. I found out, too, that they weren't particularly in sympathy with what had been going on among the Haitians up at Port au Prince. They didn't particularly fancy our arrival either, although the better class of natives realized that something had to be done to straighten out the affairs of the island. In spite of the revolution elsewhere in Haiti, there had not been the least disorder in Jeremie even before our arrival.

I established an office in the Custom House to handle any civil affairs. That same day I sent for the *chef d'arrondissement*. He came at once. He wanted to know what it was all about. I explained to him the position of the United States and told him that we weren't looking for trouble any more than he was. I tried to keep the whole affair on a friendly basis. He was very willing to coöperate. But I didn't want to let him know too much about what I intended to do with those Haitian soldiers. I had to get those guns.

The *chef d'arrondissement* was the leading native merchant of Jeremie. He had a big stake in the show. I

HAITI

explained to him that although martial law was proclaimed, I wanted all the civil functions to continue. He promised coöperation in every way.

Still I was thinking about those guns. I sent for the Haitian captain. I had a hunch that if I complimented him about his outfit, he would probably ask me to review it. We talked a while, I praised his company strongly, and he did invite me to review them. The review was set for next day.

I knew damned well that if a lot of Marines were in sight next morning at the spot where the review was to be held on the outskirts of the town, those Haitian soldiers would never turn out. I told Coyle, my first lieutenant, to come with a squad of men ten minutes after the review started, and we'd gobble those guns.

The Haitian company formed and was drawn up for inspection. I was passing along the ranks, looking them over. Around the corner came Coyle with the squad—eight Marines. I told the Haitian captain we wanted his guns. They gave them up without any trouble. I had been authorized to pay thirty gourds—six dollars, American money—for every gun turned in. But we had the guns and I saw no need to pay for them.

We encountered passive resistance from the start. Lieutenant Philbrick had trouble getting natives to work at the Custom House. Those Haitians couldn't get it through their heads that we were going to stay. They were afraid to take jobs with us, lest they get in bad with the Haitian government later on.

It took tact to get that situation untangled. For the Haitian negro, though he ranges from the man educated in Paris and London and New York down to the jungle-dweller, has a very sensitive nature and a lot of pride in regard to his country. Especially so when anybody tries to manage it.

I had a provost court there and could have handed out punishments had I wished. But I let the town run itself,

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

and presently, with a little tact, the Haitians quit sulking and went to work.

I never saw a town as hard up as Jeremie when we landed. A hurricane had laid their coffee and cacao plantations flat. Everybody was broke. For the time being there was no private enterprise, and there was no municipal work to be done, for the prisoners cleaned the streets. Men were constantly applying to me for work. I referred them to the mayor. He advised them to get out to other towns. And as there was nothing to eat and no work for them in Jeremie, our surplus labor vanished.

We tackled the city prison. It was a big stone building, and it was a cesspool. In Jeremie, as all over Haiti, when a man was arrested he was chucked into prison—and there the authorities seemed to consider their responsibility ended. The prisoners had to be fed by their relatives or starve. They were in a pitiful condition.

First of all that prison got a house cleaning—the first it had ever had. Then I took up the question of feeding the prisoners. Plenty of money was available. All I had to do was request funds from Port au Prince for municipal purposes. I found that an allowance of five cents a day was enough to feed each prisoner.

Next I tackled the mayor's books and had them audited. He had been stealing all the money he could get his hands on. Jeremie had a force of six municipal police. According to the mayor's books they ought to have been uniformed like a major-general on dress parade. The mayor had got the money, but the police went around in rags. This was just one of innumerable such cases.

Then, fortunately, things began to pick up in Jeremie. The price of logwood, used in America and Europe for dyes, began to rise. Haiti had an export tax on everything shipped out of the country. Business began to improve. Logwood went out. Money began to come in.

This was my first real experience running part of another man's country. I'd had a little taste of it at Sancti

HAITI

Spiritus in Cuba, during the Second Intervention, but in Cuba we didn't have the absolute authority we had here. It was a liberal education.

But above all it was my first view into the unique nation of the Western Hemisphere. A race brought over from Africa as slaves, well sprinkled with some of the best blood of France, had overthrown their masters and for over a hundred years had been free and allowed to do as they pleased. Church and State were one.

There are Haitians who are very rich. There are Haitians incredibly poor, who live the same jungle life their ancestors lived in Africa more than a century ago. You can meet a Haitian who has been educated at great world capitals, who speaks four modern languages fluently, and has a really French appreciation of music and art and literature. You can meet a Haitian living in a shack in the jungle, half naked, supported by his group of wives, each one of whom works a small clearing with primitive implements. All of them are supposed to be devout Catholics. But whether the man wears clothes from one of London's Bond Street tailors and the woman frocks from Paris, or whether they wear rags in a jungle clearing, the ancient Voodoo of the Congo is a living thing to them.

The American consular agent at Jeremie was a graduate of Fordham University, New York. A native, he had married a native. His son fell sick. Doctor Joel T. Boone, my post doctor, examined the boy and told me he had tuberculosis. The Haitians sleep with doors and windows closed. I got the father to let the boy sleep on a screened porch and take other modern treatment. But as I was riding past the house one morning, I saw an old woman Voodoo doctor come out of the place. I saw the father that day.

"Charles, what do you mean by bringing in Voodoo for your son's health?" I asked him.

"My mother-in-law made me do it," he replied.

It was now I got my first experience in the bamboo

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

wireless of the Haitian jungle. They could spread news over the island almost as fast as the telegraph wire. We had a service field wireless at Jeremie with which we could reach Port au Prince, but there was no commercial cable or telegraph line out of the town. A gunboat used to arrive about once a week from up the coast. The natives would always tell me the day she was coming, several hours before she came in sight. I thought at first they were guessing at it, since she ran on a pretty regular schedule. One day when she was at Jeremie I asked her captain to shift his schedule and arrive at some unexpected day, next trip. Several hours before she got in they told me she was due that day. All the natives around town seemed to know it. As she came right down the coast I am convinced the signal was sent ahead by drums.

That native drum, the tom-tom, was used for dances. It was a short length of giant bamboo with cowhide stretched over each end. It was beaten with the bare hand or with a stick.

From the time we got those preliminary difficulties of passive resistance ironed out, everything went smoothly in Jeremie. The Marines got along well with the natives. But it was very monotonous. Besides us, a couple of German traders were the only white people for many miles.

There was a shift in the office of *chef d'arrondissement*. The new *chef* was a trouble-maker. He came to see me about something and I suspected he had another complaint to make. I thought it was time to show him his place. My orderly had tipped me that he was outside. I looked out through the window and saw him.

He was all dressed up in a Navy chapeau, blue trousers, blue coat and vest covered with gold lace, a little court sword hanging at his side, and a high, white, starched collar that held his head up like a checkrein.

I let him stand there. I told my orderly that when the *chef's* collar melted I might possibly see him. He stood out there in the sun about an hour. The collar melted.

HAITI

I saw him, then. All the kick was out of him. I'd had a little trouble with him before, but never any again.

Garrisons were being reduced all over the island. In January, 1916, about half a company of Marines came down from Port au Prince to relieve us. A collier came down and took us back to Port au Prince.

Port au Prince looked like a big city after Jeremie. There was no club, no big hotel, but a lot of old friends were on duty there. We went back to the Caserne barracks and routine garrison duty was resumed. Officer of the Day duty came about every six days, but no more special Advance Base drill by day and study by night. In its place there was some splendid shooting.

First Lieutenant Budd and I, with a Haitian named Peters for guide, would go out on week-ends up to the lakes between San Domingo and Haiti. It was about a two-hour train trip. The lakes were of salt water and below sea level. I always thought they were craters of extinct volcanoes. They were thick with duck and doves.

I found out from my friends up in northern Haiti that Charles Zamar, a sort of professional revolutionist, though he was living in Cape Haitien and apparently friendly to the Americans, was really back of an open revolution out in the hills. His lieutenants had broken loose and bands of armed Cacaos—as the Haitian revolutionists are called; pronounced “Ka-kos”—had been fighting with small bands of Marines all winter. There had been a lot of action in northern Haiti which we at Jeremie had missed. But it was pretty well cleaned up by spring.

With routine garrison duty, those week-end hunting trips, and riding in the hills back of Port au Prince, the winter wore away.

Toward the end of April we got orders. There was trouble in San Domingo. The Sixth and Ninth Companies of Marines were to board the Navy transport *Prairie* for San Domingo City.

CHAPTER XV

SAN DOMINGO

ADMIRAL CAPERTON put me in command of the expedition. One hundred and fifty men strong, the two companies of Marines went aboard the *Prairie*. My own company, the Sixth, was infantry. Lieutenants Smith and Wass were my junior officers. The Ninth was field artillery, with a battery of four three-inch guns. Captain Eugene Fortson commanded it, with Lieutenants Gawne and Sunderland as juniors. We went around the southern end of Haiti and about three days later arrived off San Domingo City.

All the way I had been thinking hard. It was my first independent command for duty of this sort. In the back of my head for a long time had been lurking the idea that some Marine command might before long be due for annihilation on some expedition like this. We had been getting away with murder. Little outfits of Marines, in the face of a hostile population greatly outnumbering them, had been getting one foot on the beach, and then, presently, getting the other foot planted there. I didn't know how long we were going to be able to get away with it. I made up my mind the annihilated outfit wasn't going to be mine.

Just before we sailed Colonel Waller had called me in. "Wise, there's a little trouble over in San Domingo," he had said. "It will probably be settled in a short time."

That was all the information I had from him. It wasn't much to go on.

Admiral Caperton had added a little detail.

"There's a revolution over there," he had told me.

SAN DOMINGO

"You are to support the President and have entire charge of the work ashore."

At least, that gave me some idea what was up.

The *Prairie* came to anchor in the open roadstead off San Domingo City, a mile or two beyond the mouth of the Osama River. Captain K. M. Bennett, commander of the U.S. gunboat *Castine*, which was tied up in the Osama River across from the city, came out to meet me. Our steam launch was lowered. With Captain Walter Crosley, commander of the *Prairie*, and Captain Bennett, I went ashore. We landed at the Custom House, walked across the city through the Plaza, went out through a gate in the wall, and called at the American Legation, which was in the suburb outside the wall. Peter Russell, the American Minister, was an old-timer in Latin-American affairs. He greeted us with considerable relief. Then we learned the situation ashore. It was a complicated one.

President Hernandez of San Domingo had left his capital for a vacation at his country home some miles from the city. Minister of War Arrias saw his chance. He proclaimed himself president. The Army stood about fifty-fifty. But Arrias' forces held the city and the fort, which contained the Arsenal. The troops loyal to President Hernandez were short of ammunition. Arrias was supposed to have about a thousand armed men in the town. At the corner of San Domingo City where the Osama River flowed into the open roadstead, was Fort Osama, with thick old Spanish walls on which modern guns were mounted. President Hernandez with his thousand men was in camp just outside the city walls. They had no artillery. They were supposed to be our allies.

Minister Russell's dope was that Arrias would never leave the city unless he was run out of there. It was my job to accomplish that.

But I had something else, too, on my mind. I turned to Mr. Russell.

"Does the State Department mean business, this time?"

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

I asked him. "Or is this just another one of those bluffs?"

I knew that for the last twelve years there had been just one revolution after another in San Domingo, and that time after time we had threatened to land Marines and take control. But we never had made good on the bluff. I didn't want to start in with something we weren't going to carry through.

Mr. Russell looked at me.

"The State Department does mean business this time," he said. "They've decided these revolutions have got to cease."

That was all the assurance I needed. We went at once into a discussion of the landing.

Captain Crosley was all for a steam launch towing a string of cutters filled with Marines and our artillery straight up the river the way we had just come, landing at the Custom House, and attacking that fort.

I couldn't see it that way. When you came up the river you were between twenty-five and fifty yards from the walls of the fort, wide open to point-blank artillery and rifle fire. And the river, with a six-knot current, would have swept under and drowned the men in every boat that was sunk. I told Crosley so.

"Hell!" he said. "I'll go through that town alone and bring Arrias out with me!"

"Nobody's stopping you," I told him.

Then I made some inquiries if there was any way we could land below the city, in territory controlled by the President's forces. I learned that we might get ashore at Fort Geronimo. It was on the open beach, about two miles below the town. There was an opening in the reef, there. I went down and took a look at it. Then I ran across Norris and McLean, a couple of Americans in the Dominican Customs Service. I had met them when, stationed at Port au Prince, I had gone on those hunting trips up toward the Haitian-Dominican border. They told me I'd be a damned fool to try to get in that city from the river front.

SAN DOMINGO

America had bluffed the Dominicans so much, they said, that the first time a real row began the Dominicans would fight well at the start. We went back to the ship and made our preparations to land at Fort Geronimo.

Next morning we landed without any trouble, though there was a heavy surf running. We anchored the sailing launch out beyond the breakers, got a line from her ashore and made it fast to a palm tree. Then we used the whaleboat as a ferry.

By the end of that day we had made a little base there, got men, artillery and supplies all ashore, left a small guard at the base, and the main body of the outfit marched up to the American Legation. There we pitched camp under canvas in a field.

After we got that little base established by Fort Geronimo, President Hernandez went down there to live. I looked into the condition of his troops. His thousand men had only about fifteen rounds of ammunition apiece, and of course our ammunition wouldn't fit their guns.

Here was the situation we faced:

A walled city had to be captured. In it were a thousand well-armed men with plenty of ammunition, some artillery, and gunners who knew how to use it. They were fired with the fresh enthusiasm of a revolution that looked successful. Arrias' men, knowing what had taken place in Haiti, had the added spur of hatred for the foreigners who were the allies of President Hernandez. The Dominicans had been a free people for some sixty-five years since they had won their independence from Haiti. And their pride was even more sensitive than the Haitians'. Also they had much more white blood in them. Their whole history ever since they achieved independence, had been just one revolution after another, too.

It didn't look so good. Particularly because I didn't know how far I could trust the President's men. I went down to Fort Geronimo with Mr. Russell and we went in to talk it over with President Hernandez.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Fort Geronimo was one of the oldest forts the Spaniards had ever had there. It was built long before the days of breech-loading arms. A round, small one-story masonry building with loopholes; it could have held about fifty men.

The President of San Domingo, a tall, dignified old man, received us in a bare little apartment. He spoke Spanish. Mr. Russell interpreted.

From what I had learned and what he said, I could see he was in a bad fix. He wanted his presidency back. He wanted his capital back. But he didn't care much about getting it with the aid of Americans. That meant that later he was going to be in a jam with his own people.

He put it up to me to go into San Domingo City with Mr. Russell, see Arrias, and demand that he surrender without bloodshed. I told him Arrias would laugh at me. He asked me if I'd try it anyhow. I told him I would, with the proviso that if Arrias didn't agree to it, we would attack the town in the morning and he would pledge that his troops would fight alongside mine. It was agreed. We left him and went to the American Legation from which Mr. Russell sent word to Arrias that he was coming to see him at Fort Osama. After a wait of a couple of hours, word came back that Arrias would receive us. We drove into town.

Leaving the carriage outside the great gate of iron-studded planks, we were conducted by a guard into Arrias' quarters. He was a taller man than the President and much darker. He received us very graciously.

I told him that this damned business of having revolutions in San Domingo had to cease; that he must get out and let the President come back into the capital without a row; that the United States meant business and if he didn't do it we were going to put him out.

"I do not intend to leave," he said.

"Oh, yes, you will," I told him.

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled politely.

"The days of revolutions in San Domingo are over," I

SAN DOMINGO

told him. "The State Department has made up its mind that the President is coming back, and under no conditions will they ever recognize you. These revolutions have got to cease and you Dominicans have got to run a good government."

He looked at me and smiled again.

"Has the United States sent people down here to teach us how to behave?" he asked.

I knew what he meant. The Dominican Customs, under American control for several years, had recently been reorganized and the posts all filled with Bryan Democrats. As I had met some of these, I didn't have any comeback.

We left, then. Back to Fort Geronimo we went to see the President. He was very much distressed at the outcome of the negotiations. He flung out his arms in a dramatic gesture.

"I cannot keep my word with you," he told me. "I can never consent to attacking my own people!"

"You've put me in a jack pot," I told him. "At your solicitation we have gone in and made another cheap bluff."

He agreed with me.

There I was under orders to help a President who at first accepted our help and then insisted he didn't want to be helped, and who, anyway, was utterly powerless to dislodge Arrias.

"The only thing for you to do is resign, if you don't want the help of the United States," I said.

The President paced up and down for a moment. At last he turned to us.

"Very well," he said. "I will sign my resignation in the morning."

"You'll do no such damned thing," I told him. "You'll sign it right now."

He sat down, had his secretary write out his resignation, and signed it. Right from Fort Geronimo, Mr. Russell sent that resignation into San Domingo City by messenger to a printing shop. Thousands of copies were

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

printed. Within an hour the city was plastered with them.

We went back to the Legation. Less than ever, now, could I trust the Hernandez men. Arrias was still in power in San Domingo City; if anything, stronger than ever. I had given him an ultimatum. I had to make good, or American prestige, after those years of bluffs, would have been ruined in San Domingo. The whole Republic would know that we had made one more bluff—and Arrias had called it.

I had Mr. Russell wireless Admiral Caperton at Port au Prince to send a battalion of Marines to San Domingo City. We settled down in camp awaiting their arrival. Nothing happened. Then, four or five days later, a collier appeared off the city with the battalion aboard. Major Newt Hall, in command, came up to the Legation.

That same day the battalion came ashore at Fort Geronimo and added their camp to ours just outside the Legation. Major Hall and I had a conference in the Legation and laid our plans for storming the city next morning. We decided to march around to the high ground of a suburb outside the wall farthest from Fort Osama and attack at dawn. That wall was badly broken in a good many places. We sent word to Arrias that we were coming next morning, and that if any resistance was put up we'd have the ships outside shell the town.

Before daybreak we marched from our camp around in back of the city, formed in line of skirmishers, and at dawn advanced through those broken places in the wall.

It was Vera Cruz all over again, minus the Navy's first day of fighting. House by house, block by block, we combed San Domingo City from that wall clear to the beach. Not a shot was fired at us. Not one of our men fired a shot. We never found a weapon in all those houses.

Arrias and his army had departed the night before.

By nine o'clock that morning the town was ours, Marines were patrolling the streets, and Major Hall and I had established headquarters in Arrias' quarters in Fort Osama.

SAN DOMINGO

According to Dominican law, when a president resigns or is killed or dies in office, his cabinet runs the government. The Ministers of Hernandez took up the job.

It was all over San Domingo that Arrias and his men were making their way to Santiago, a town about a hundred miles from San Domingo City and up in the hills of northern San Domingo; that he intended to establish a government there.

Admiral Caperton arrived the day we took the town. He brought with him old Tippy Kane, now a colonel, to have command of all the Marines in San Domingo. Presently it was decided that it was obvious there could be no peace in San Domingo with Arrias running one government in Santiago and the Ministers of Hernandez running another in San Domingo City. So an expedition was organized to go get Arrias.

Investigation showed that to go get Arrias was not as simple as it sounded. Reinforcements were summoned. A Marine regiment from San Diego, California, the Fourth Marines, went by train to New Orleans and boarded transports for Monte Christi, a Dominican coastal town which, with Puerto Plata, had been designated as one of the two bases for the expedition.

Two weeks after the capture of the city we started after Arrias. The first step was to be the capture of Monte Christi and Puerto Plata, the bases.

I was detached from my company and ordered to go up on the *Prairie* to Monte Christi and take command of two ships' detachments of Marines waiting there off-shore on the transport *Panther*. It was to be my job to take the town and establish the base.

I was the only passenger on the *Prairie* going up the coast. In about three days she came in a couple of miles off-shore and anchored. I looked shoreward. A small huddle of wooden buildings right on the beach. Scrub growth coming down on both sides to meet it. Hills behind it. Two ancient Spanish forts on those hills. The

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Panther was anchored near by, waiting for me. The torpedo boat *Lampson* swung at anchor near her.

I went aboard the *Panther*. The two ships' detachments of Marines I found on her totaled a little over a hundred men. Lieutenants Sheppard and McCrone were with them. Captain Lanning was in command of the *Panther* and Lieutenant Simpson of the *Lampson*.

I reported to Captain Lanning. He informed me that Monte Christi and Puerto Plata were to be taken on a designated day. I had better find out as much as I could about Monte Christi in the meantime.

I went ashore and looked up the American consular agent, a Mr. Petite, a native of St. Thomas. His summary was brief.

"The rebels are in control of the town under a native named Miguelito, one of Arrias' lieutenants. They have run the governor out. But there haven't been any outrages. The town is running along in a normal manner."

He told me also that he didn't have a very high opinion of the Americans there, and didn't think I could expect any aid from them.

"All of them own property," he said. "They think this expedition is just one more bluff. Marines never have landed at Monte Christi, though a landing has been threatened many times. They won't tell you a thing. For if they do, and you don't land, they'll be in a hell of a fix with the natives after you've gone."

Then he said: "The German consul, Lempke, has married a native, owns a big store, and can practically control things around here."

I went to see Lempke. I found him in his store. A slender, blond man. Not bad-looking. He confirmed what Mr. Petite had told me about the rebels and suggested that I go over and see Miguelito, who was in town.

I found Miguelito in the Town Hall. He was rather a well-dressed native of heavy stature. A pistol was belted to his civilian clothes.

SAN DOMINGO

"We intend to run you out of town," I told him.

"You won't have the easy time you had over in Haiti," he told me.

"We won't have any trouble when we make up our minds to take the town," I informed him.

I left him and made arrangements with Mr. Petite to get me some horses so I could ride around next morning and see the place thoroughly. I went back on board the *Panther* for the night.

Next day I landed again, got a horse from Mr. Petite and looked the town over thoroughly. I rode out as far as the ferry on the Zaza River, two miles back of town. I concluded we would have no trouble taking the place.

As I intended to take the torpedo boat and get up close inshore, and if we had any resistance on landing, to give the town a good dose of shelling, I had picked out the aiming points. They were the two forts and the red roof of Lempke's house. I went back aboard ship and found out orders had arrived to land in the morning.

Suddenly I had a hunch that if Lempke knew of this landing he wouldn't want his own house shelled. So I went ashore and told him what I proposed to do. He told me he didn't think I'd have any trouble from the Dominicans. He must have packed a bigger punch than Miguelito.

Next morning we landed and occupied the town without any opposition. Miguelito and his army of about a hundred and fifty men cleared out and camped by the ferry. I took up quarters in the room in the Town Hall where I had met Miguelito, and the men occupied the forts. The bigger of the two had a semicircular masonry wall about six feet high, facing the town from the rear. Barracks back of the wall closed in the rear of the fort. The smaller fort wasn't much.

The second night we were ashore, the Dominicans from the hillside back of the town saluted us with several volleys. It was the first time American Marines had ever landed at Monte Christi, and they were resenting it. None

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

of us were hit. I paid no attention to it. It reminded me of the Philippines in my early days in Subig.

Then the Dominicans started their old trick of stopping all food coming into the town. That didn't bother the Marines. We had our supplies from the ships. But it was rough on the population. They complained that I had caused all this trouble and that I must devise a way for them to get food.

I knew the only way to do it was to disperse that camp out at the ferry. This we proceeded to do next day.

I took one of the ship's detachments, a machine gun—it was a French weapon—and went over toward the ferry to see what was going on. We didn't find anything at the start. We didn't see a soul. But I was certain they were in the neighborhood. So were Johnson and Campbell, two Americans who had volunteered as guides.

I left the main detachment, took a squad and a mule which carried the machine gun. We started out on a reconnaissance. After we had traveled a short distance, I saw a group of Dominicans armed with rifles, under a tree. I had an idea that was an outpost from the main body.

We were on a hillside about three hundred yards away from them. I didn't want them to know I had a machine gun. We opened up on them with rifles. Several got away. I had an idea they would soon return with their friends. We got the machine gun off the mule and set it up. The scrub brush, about waist-high, concealed it. There we waited on that hillside. We had seen them last disappearing over the ridge of that other hill three hundred yards away. Between us ran the road that led to the ferry.

In about twenty minutes, some hundred and fifty of them came over that ridge. In a ragged, irregular group, holding their rifles high and free arm, and shooting as they came, they ran down the hill toward the road. In the midst of them I recognized Miguelito, mounted on a big roan mule. I suppose the eight or nine of us looked easy to them.

SAN DOMINGO

We let them come till they got to the road. Their front extended over a hundred yards. Little groups of three or four of them, with intervals of a few yards between. No order. No discipline.

When they reached the road we opened up with the machine gun and sprayed it up and down their line.

To one side of the machine gun, I was sitting on the hillside, my elbows on my knees, my field glasses to my eyes. The whole picture was brought to my vision at very close range. Evidently it was the first time they had ever encountered a machine gun.

I could see sheer amazement on their faces. The gun was functioning properly. All up and down the line I could see them dropping. Then they turned and ran. We kept shooting at them until last of them vanished over the ridge. I went over to the road to see what damage we had done. I found thirty-nine casualties.

It was impossible to pursue them through that kind of country, and I was pretty well satisfied, anyway, that we'd never have any more trouble with what was left of the gang. We returned to town and I had the natives go out there and get the wounded.

The food blockade ceased. Life in Monte Christi went back to normal.

A few days later Major R. H. Dunlap arrived by ship from San Domingo City with two more companies of Marines, one of which was my own, thank God. I took it over again.

Then we started preparations for the march to Santiago, ninety miles inland up the valley of the Zaza River. The principal preparation was getting the transport together. Our main reliance was the San Dominican cart, a two-wheel, springless affair with one mule between shafts and two other mules, one on each side. We sent out and hired all we could find. Then, through the aid of a civilian named Huestis we got a Holt tractor, five Studebaker wagon trailers, two White motor trucks, two Quads, and

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

twelve Ford touring cars. It was one of the strangest transport systems in the history of the Corps.

It was now the latter part of June and getting very warm. Colonel Joseph H. Pendleton arrived with the Fourth Regiment of Marines. That brought the Marine forces in Monte Christi up to about nine hundred men.

Another complicated situation faced us. We had those ninety miles to march up the valley of the Zaza River without any knowledge of the country ahead of us. Vaguely we knew that about half the way the roads were good; but the other half were rotten; that water would be scarce and that in places we would find the going very swampy. Of one thing we were certain. There would be no supplies for us anywhere along the route. We must take with us in that nondescript transport outfit everything we required. On top of that, the country was full of rumors that all the way up we would be opposed by anything from a dozen to thousands of armed Dominicans. We knew that the minute we marched out of Monte Christi we would be cut off from our base and be absolutely on our own.

But even after we reached and took Santiago, everything depended on yet another factor. That was the railroad from Puerta Plata to Santiago—a line about forty miles long with one long tunnel and two big bridges.

I saw it later. It was the most remarkable railroad I ever saw. Some Belgian company had built a cog-railroad for use in the African Congo. That job fell through after the material was completed. The owners shopped around and finally unloaded it on the Dominicans.

Right back of Puerta Plata on the beach, a high mountain rose. A natural valley line could have been run around the mountain. But this Belgian company had laid its cog-rails straight up the mountain on a ten per cent grade. And a previous revolution had torn up and destroyed the cog-rails. With ordinary rails a locomotive could take only one box car at a time up that grade. One by one, an hour to each trip, four box cars would be hauled up on top

SAN DOMINGO

of that mountain, coupled there into a train and started for Santiago.

Our whole supply system after we reached Santiago depended on the functioning of this railroad. Hiram Bearss had the job of keeping it open and preventing the Dominicans from burning the bridges, dynamiting the tunnel, tearing up the tracks or destroying the rolling stock.

When Colonel Pendleton arrived at Monte Christi, he made R. H. Dunlap his chief of staff and put me in charge of the transport.

Dunlap and I knew what we were up against. We had learned our lesson on the march from Tientsin to Peking in the Boxer campaign. We were the only two with this column who had been through that.

I designated a spot where all supplies to be taken on the march were to be assembled. In addition, carts were sent to each company to be loaded with stuff belonging to them. Remembering what my men had suffered for lack of water on that march in China, I confiscated the town sprinkling-cart of Monte Christi. Six mules drew it. It was the most important single item in the transport.

Early one blazing hot morning in June we rolled out of town. Thick dust clouds rose as the column marched along. Behind it trundled my comic-opera transport system.

Early in the day trouble developed. Riding along the line of march, I would find a stalled cart, overloaded.

Investigation would show it packed with typewriters, field desks, personal trunks of officers who didn't know how much an animal could haul. We dumped them out.

When camp was pitched that night, the water cart had to work all night long. Fortunately the Zaza River had splendid water. While the water cart was rolling back and forth, the motor transport had to return to Monte Christi for another load. We established a new base at the site of that night's camp, left a small guard over it in the morning, and the column moved on.

Next night, when I got up to that camp, I found there

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

had been a skirmish that day at a point called Kilometer Twenty-eight. One Marine was killed. The Dominicans had dug trenches across the road, had opened fire at our approach. But when the column continued to advance against them, they fled. That night, as for the next five days, the water cart continued to roll all night, and the motor transport went back to the camp of the night before for the supplies we hadn't had room to carry that day.

We marched along up that valley, hills rising gradually on either hand. That night I was stretched out in my hammock when a sudden burst of firing came from the brush a few hundred yards away. My horse was tied near by. He began to plunge and rear. Then he threw himself. I went over to get him up.

Close beside him was my servant, an American negro mess attendant off one of the transports. His head was buried under my saddle.

"Get up, Smith," I told him. "What's the trouble?"

"Cap'n Wise, suh," he said, "dem Dominicans is shootin' DI-RECK-LY AT ME!"

Next day they started sniping at the main column. Squads went out and burned a few houses along the line of march. The sniping ceased.

Then, next day, we came to a place called Guayascanas. Here again the Dominicans had dug trenches across the road. They opened fire the minute the head of the column appeared. The road at this spot wasn't fifteen feet wide. Thick tropical growth was on both sides, making it impossible to deploy. The Marines charged the trenches and took them. Eight or nine Dominicans were killed in the trench. Some fifty fled. They left behind a keg of rum, partly consumed. That explained the stand they had made.

Five Marines were killed taking that trench. We would have lost many more if the Dominicans had not fired high.

The transport was right at the rear of the column while this engagement was going on. All of their high shooting fell among us. It was a miracle that a lot of men and

SAN DOMINGO

animals were not hit. But the only casualty was Captain R. B. Putnam, the paymaster, who was shot through the arm while talking to me.

On the way up we camped at the river one night. I got a swim. It was the one pleasant episode of the whole march.

Then we hit the railroad at Novelito, twelve miles below Santiago. There was Hiram with the train.

That night in camp Hiram had a story to tell. He had shoved off from Puerta Plata with the damndest collection of railroad equipment I ever saw. Four box cars and a locomotive that seemed to be held together with hay wire. One flat car ahead of the engine, with a three-inch field piece on it. He couldn't get a Dominican train crew. So his engineer was a fireman off the U.S.S. *Sacramento*. He'd had some trouble. Periodic sniping from the brush. Reports that the tunnel was mined—so Hiram had taken a hand car and gone through the tunnel ahead of the train! He'd have been blown up if it had been mined. He had found railroad ties rotted away. He'd had to get out and make track repairs as he went along. It was the most fun Hiram had enjoyed in a long time.

Next day we marched from Novelito to Santiago.

Those eleven days we had spent on the way had taken ten years off my life. If the Dominicans, with their knowledge of the country, had had a couple of good leaders, they could have cut us to pieces anywhere along the route.

There the town lay ahead of us, in the valley, right on the banks of the Zaza. Behind it rose a hill. On top of the hill was a big masonry fort dating back from the Spanish days. It looked like a fight ahead.

And then out from town as we approached came a delegation of citizens and surrendered the place to us. Arrias had fled, they told us.

We marched into Santiago. The artillery took over some old barracks, the infantry took over the fort on the hill, and I was ordered to take over the railroad station.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

My company was quartered in a warehouse next to it, and I got hold of a house near by.

Santiago went on about its business peacefully, with Señor Perez, the Alcalde, functioning under the eye of Colonel Pendleton.

Marines were sent out after Arrias. Presently we captured him. But this all had ceased to interest me. I was running the Santiago end of the railroad, with Hiram running the Puerta Plata end.

We had new problems to work out. Our railroad, with its forty-mile twin streaks of rust was in rotten shape. It was a broken-down wreck. It had no income. It had no commercial cargo going down to the sea. Almost all the cargo coming inland was Marine supplies—and they rode free of freight charges.

Hiram and I held conferences, and decided to build up trade. We found there was a lot of baled tobacco in Santiago ready for export. Everything was booming. Prices were high. We shipped tons of it down to Puerta Plata and applied the profits to improving our property and to paying Dominican railroad employees who were grateful for the first pay that they had received in many months.

Besides developing freight business, Hiram and I worked up passenger traffic, too. We established first-class, second-class and third-class rates and accommodations. The first-class passengers rode in the caboose; the second-class rode in the box cars; the third-class on the roof.

I had some of the best shooting I ever had in my life there at Santiago. Right at the edge of town I found guinea fowl that had gone wild. Doves were plentiful.

Two months of railroading, hunting, and handling the Marine transport system in Santiago, and I got some leave. I was pretty well run down.

Everything was running smoothly in San Domingo. Rear-Admiral Harry Knapp had been made military governor, martial law had been proclaimed, Arrias continued

SAN DOMINGO

our prisoner. After holding him awhile we let him go. He opened a cigar factory in Santiago.

I took a farewell trip on my railroad down to Puerto Plata, and there boarded a Clyde liner for New York.

Then Miss Catherine A. Codman of Boston announced the engagement of her ward, Ethel Sewall Hardy, to me.

Two months leave was spent in Philadelphia and Washington; part of it trying to get detached. My health was none too good. I was getting tired of foreign service. But they wouldn't detach me, and at the expiration of my leave I went back to San Domingo City on the battleship *New Hampshire*. I reported to Colonel Pendleton, who had come down from Santiago. At first he planned to send me back to my company there, but my examinations for promotion had been long past due. I took them in San Domingo City, before a board headed by Major Dunlap, and composed also of Hiram Bearss and Jimmie Bootes. I was informed I had passed.

Then orders came for home. I went up on the transport *Hancock*, stopping at Puerto Plata to pick up my company, and landed in Philadelphia, Christmas Day, 1916.

Colonel "Squeegee" Long had returned from Haiti and was in command there. I reported to him, and presently received my commission as major.

Thank God, Officer of the Day duty was over for keeps! That job never hits higher than a captain.

The old Advance Base organization had been broken up. There were two infantry battalions at Philadelphia. Major Logan Feland was in command of one. I was given the other.

Pleasant, uneventful routine began. No Advance Base heavy hauling by day; no heavy study by night. The same old pleasant crowd at the Racquet Club.

The two German raiders that had put in at Norfolk to be interned had been towed up to Philadelphia and were in the Back Basin when I landed. For amusement their

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

crews had built themselves a little village ashore out of packing cases. It was very picturesque.

It had sort of begun to dawn on me that it would be impossible for us to keep out of the big war, the trend affairs were taking. And when, presently, America broke off diplomatic relations with Germany, I became convinced we would be in it before long.

That picturesque little German village in the Back Basin was broken up when diplomatic relations were broken off. It had been decided that the German crews were to be interned at Fort McPherson, Georgia. Colonel Long ordered me to take the officers and crew of the *Prince Eitel Frederick* there.

On the way down the German officers talked freely. They told me how their colliers had met them by appointment out in the South Atlantic and they had re-coaled for further raids.

One of the German officers asked me if America was already at war with Germany. He told me they had noticed how the guns of some of our Reserve Fleet ships in the Back Basin had been trained on them, and laughed as he explained that the first thing they had done on reaching Norfolk was to break all the machinery possible, so the ships couldn't be used.

I knew that Captain Robert Russell, the Commandant at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, had given that order to have the guns trained on them.

I turned the Germans over to the Army authorities at Fort McPherson and returned to Philadelphia.

April 6th, 1917, a state of war was declared to exist between the United States and the Imperial German Government.

On May 5th, 1917, Ethel Sewall Hardy and I were married at St. Martin's Church, Radnor, Pennsylvania.

After a short leave I returned to the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

CHAPTER XVI

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

I SAW in the newspapers that America was to send one division to France right away, and that a Marine regiment was to go with it. My first thought was to proceed to Washington and try to get detailed to that regiment. They beat me to it.

I was called on the long distance telephone from Washington. Brigadier General John A. Lejeune was talking. He informed me I would have one of the battalions of the Fifth Marines, that was to go to France with the first American outfit overseas. Two of the battalions would be organized in Philadelphia.

"It isn't your turn for foreign duty, as you have just got back from a tour," said General Lejeune, "but we want you to go. Do you object?"

"You give me a plank for a transport and I'll go," I told him.

Naturally I was very much pleased. Particularly as a recent increase of the Corps had given me my Lieutenant-Colonelcy and though I had not yet been officially notified of that promotion nor received my commission as a Lieutenant Colonel, still, under our system it was unusual to send an officer of that rank in command of a battalion.

General Lejeune told me, too, that Lieutenant Colonel Logan Feland was to go as second in command of the regiment. He was one of my oldest friends. Colonel Charles A. Doyen, whom I also knew pretty well, having served under him at Annapolis and in the Philippines, was to command the regiment.

Mrs. Wise was just as much pleased as I was.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

From that moment I considered myself a marked man. All my friends, both military and civilian, were continually congratulating me and telling me how lucky I was to go over with the first outfit.

The Navy Yard changed overnight. The gates, which had been hospitably thrown open to all our friends, were now closed to all civilians. That place was harder to get into than the Bastile. William Churchman, one of our friends, came down one day and tried to get in with a camera on him. He was promptly arrested.

Colonel Long informed me that eight companies of Marines were to be brought back from Haiti and San Domingo to form the two battalions; that I could look them over and weed them down to about forty men each, and then they would be filled to two hundred each by recruits. The recruits arrived before the veterans from the tropics. They were the best class of youngsters we had in the country.

Philadelphia was ablaze, with a rush to enlist in the Navy and Marine Corps. My principal job for a couple of weeks was getting the families of these recruits into the Yard to see them. All Philadelphia seemed headed for the Yard. John Fell, in spite of his wealth, wanted to enlist if I would take him as my orderly so he would be sure to get to France.

Then the Marines from the tropics arrived, and we put them in camp. The weeding-out process started. I went around to the company commanders and told them we didn't want a man who had the slightest thing wrong with him. A bunch of those men were broken-hearted when they learned they couldn't go. Some of the old sergeants, when they received the bad news, headed straight for me. I told them they were too old; that they couldn't stand the gaff in France; that it was a young man's game. The only one I relented on was First Sergeant James Gallivan.

He waylaid me in the Yard one day. "I hear, sor, that you're not goin' t' take me t' France," he said.

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

"That's right," I replied.

"There's room in France for both av us, sor," he assured me.

He was forty-seven, but he was *some* man. Knowing how excellent he was, I took him. It was one of the best decisions I ever made.

A week later the two battalions were filled up and equipped. They looked good to me. Although the majority of them were raw, the material was the best in the world. I never saw anything to equal the eagerness with which those youngsters "snapped into it" and tried to make Marines out of themselves. Of course, it was a Godsend to them to have old men to teach them.

They came from universities and clubs, from factories and farms, from garages and shops. Every phase of American life was represented, and all of the best. No man with a weak spot in him anywhere could get by the examination we gave him.

The Yard was buzzing: non-coms putting recruits, who had never worn a uniform before, through their first drill; new non-coms up from the ranks with their first chevrons; old non-coms with their first commissions; lieutenants suddenly made captains years before they expected it.

Into my house at the Yard piled Marine officers from everywhere. Twenty and thirty at luncheon; twenty and thirty at dinner; old-timers I had known years; youngsters I had barely met; everyone of them eager to get to France if he had to swim.

At last my battalion was ready. My company commanders were Captains H. M. Butler, Joseph Murray, Lloyd Williams and George Osterhout. Among the juniors were graduates of Virginia Military Institute and other military schools. The Lieutenants were Goodman, Massey, Walker, Milner, and others; Captain Edward Fuller was my adjutant.

For a week we were on our toes, waiting for sailing orders. One night they came and the next morning we went

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

aboard the transport *Hancock*. The other battalion at the same time boarded the converted German raider *DeKalb*. By noon we were on our way to New York.

There were no elaborate farewells. No bands playing. No flag-decorated streets. Nobody knew we were coming.

Late next day we pulled into the outer harbor of New York and lay there at anchor awaiting orders. Several days we waited for the convoy to get organized. Conditions were uncomfortable; the men were packed in like sardines; but at last, much to our relief we were transferred to the transport *Henderson*, which had just come in from her trial trip. I had seen the *Henderson* being built at Philadelphia. She was intended for a Marine transport in tropical work, hardly the ship one would have picked for an Atlantic crossing.

We got on board one afternoon and the next day, June 14th, 1917, got under way. The convoy, twenty ships strong, left New York in several units. Four or five ships, including the *Henderson*, were in the second unit.

The *Henderson* was a long way from being complete or ready for an Atlantic crossing. Captain William Steele, in command, had been given a green crew. We didn't have much trouble with the weather, but we had plenty with the ship. She had never been really tried out. Nothing seemed to work right on board. The little drinking fountains wouldn't function. She was an oil burner, but the oil-burning ranges in her galley wouldn't work until I found a couple of my men who knew how to run them. We entered the submarine zone without even gaskets on the hatches. If we had ever been torpedoed, she would have gone down like a broken china bowl. We made gaskets out of rope. Then the steering gear broke in the war zone and the rudder had to be operated by a capstan bar from the rudder room in the stern.

We had the usual submarine scares, of course. The gun crews manning the five-inch Navy guns were taking no chances. A great many shots were fired several times. We

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

never knew whether submarines were out there or not!

In the middle of one of these scares I came on deck. A torpedo boat three or four hundred yards away presented the strangest picture, with her stern suddenly rising high up out of the water as though it was being pushed up in air by a giant hand from below. I learned afterwards that she had dropped a depth charge that apparently had exploded too close to the surface.

Three days off the coast of France, on the outer edge of the submarine zone, the American destroyer fleet suddenly appeared and picked up our convoy. It was damned well done. The next three days were a period of tense nerves. Zigzag course all the time. Not a light on board after dark, except the stern light for the ships following. And to make it more interesting, there weren't nearly enough boats on board for the men we carried. If a submarine had got us, I was supposed to have a raft built as we were going down, I imagine!

But without any incident we reached Belle Isle, where a French pilot was supposed to meet us. No pilot appeared. We had to cruise around all that night. In the morning the pilot showed up and we went in through the mine fields. That day, June 27th, we docked at St. Nazaire.

Colonel Doyen had turned the command of the two battalions on the *Henderson* over to me. I was pretty sick with the *grippe*, but able to get around. Our first sight of France had been through a driving rain. In that rain we landed and took our stuff ashore, unloading the ship, the usual Marine routine. The Army sent a force of Belgian refugees as stevedores to help us, but by the time they arrived, the Marines had the job done.

Five miles through the rain we marched out of St. Nazaire to a camp site the British had used in 1914, pitched camp and turned in under canvas.

That day Colonel Doyen reported to the commanding general, First Division, American Expeditionary Forces, and from that date the Fifth Marines were considered as

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

being detached for service with the Army by direction of the President.

The whole regiment was there, three battalions. Promptly at reveille next morning the routine started. It was the same old stuff it would have been if we had been at Guantanamo Bay. Some two weeks we stayed there under canvas, eating the Army rations, drilling hours each day; the regular infantry routine.

I was in my tent one day when a motor cycle with a side car came up and stopped at the entrance. In the saddle was a captain. In the side car was Thompson, who had been Colonel Randolph Dickens' orderly at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. He was now a first sergeant of the Transport Corps. Thompson climbed out, came in, saluted, and stood at attention.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I asked him.

"I'm trying to straighten out a mess called a company of the Transport Corps, of which I am first sergeant, sir," he said. "This is my captain. But if you want anything done, you come to ME about it."

The captain took it as a matter of course.

Thompson was right when he spoke of "a mess called a company of the Transport Corps." The Army had loaded ships any old way. Motor trucks down at the bottom. Hay and ammunition piled on top. That whole St. Nazaire area was one hell of a mess. We couldn't get motor trucks. We couldn't get much of anything. Tobacco, even, was scarce, though I managed to keep my outfit supplied with it by getting it off the transport *Hancock*. That mess lasted while we stayed there.

Some sons of friends of mine in Philadelphia had enlisted. Sidney Thayer, Sidney Gest, Robert Reath, Henry Geylin, Percy Glendenning and James Lewis. They were loose in the regiment and I had to look them up. I found them in a supply company, and had them transferred to one of my rifle companies. I turned them over to James Gallivan, now first sergeant of that company.

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

"Put them through the mill," I told him. "If there's anything in them, I intend to make officers out of them."

"I'll take good care of them," Gallivan assured me, grinning.

I understood he christened them the Racquet Clubbers.

Orders came at last that my battalion was to be billeted in the town of Menaucourt in the Gondrecourt training area. The regulation French troop train arrived. Fifty cars. They wouldn't break up that damned train if you needed only five cars. It was a unit and it had to stay that way. Our transport wagons were loaded on the flat-cars, and men and animals packed into the "40 Hommes; 8 Chevaux" French box cars for the first time. Officers got a coach. On the way up we had travel rations and at certain stations the French gave us coffee with brandy in it. It was a pleasant trip!

Around July 15th, after a day's travel, we detrained at Menaucourt. It wasn't raining, by luck, when we caught sight of our new quarters. Private Coutra, a French Marine, had been assigned to me as interpreter. He quickly straightened out the billeting arrangements. The children of Menaucourt were out with flowers and shrill cries of: "*Soyez les bienvenus!*" The band of the Chasseurs Alpins played the Star Spangled Banner.

Being in billets was a new experience to the whole outfit. The men were parked in haylofts, stables, houses, anywhere. Part of a house was turned over to me. I ran my own mess, but the galleys for the men were put in stable yards. Instead of having mess shacks, they lined up for food in the open, the usual fashion in the field.

In splendid summer weather we settled down to the grind of training. At the start I made up my mind that this was a different war from anything I had ever seen; that I didn't know a damned thing about it and the men knew even less. But I was there to learn. And we had splendid teachers.

Within a day or so I discovered that we were paired

off in that training area with the One Hundred and Fifteenth French Chasseurs Alpins—the famous Blue Devils—under the command of Major Touchon. They were back for a rest period, in a little town called Chenevier about three miles from Menaucourt. The training area was about halfway between.

All our training that summer was along the lines of trench warfare. Early one morning, right after breakfast, we marched out to the training area, met the French officers, and the day's work started. We dug a series of trenches. We took up the new method of bayonet fighting. Long lines of straw-stuffed figures hanging from a crossbeam between two upright posts were set up. The men fixed bayonets and charged them. British instructors, who had arrived shortly after us, stood over them and urged them on.

The men had to scramble in and out a series of trenches before they got to the swinging dummies. That was to improve their wind. When the dummies were reached, according to the British instructors, you must put on a fighting face, grunt and curse as you lunged, and literally try to tear the dummy to pieces with the thrust. There was special instruction to bayonet them in the belly wherever possible. If you bayoneted a man you were chasing, you must get him through the kidneys and not in the rump. If your bayonet stuck, shoot it out. The British at that time were crazy about the bayonet. They knew it was going to win the war.

The French were equally obsessed with the grenade. They knew *it* was going to win the war. So we also got a full dose of training in hand grenade throwing.

First came lectures on the grenade itself. The men were familiarized with the feel of it. Instructors showed how you pulled the pin and explained that you had five seconds before the explosion to put it where you wanted it. We had a lot of baseball players. At first they thought their baseball practice would be a big help in grenade throwing.

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

They found it was a hindrance. They had to learn to throw all over again with a stiff arm and an overhand lob like cricket bowling. Hour after hour we threw those grenades into the "enemy trenches," ducked, and waited for the explosions.

Then we took up the rifle grenade. A little metal trombone was fitted on the muzzles of our rifles. The rifle grenade sat in this. When you fired, the bullet went clean through it, set its mechanism in operation, and sent it on its way. You squatted, held the rifle between your legs, the butt on the ground, and guessed at the angle of your lob.

Then we were instructed in the one-pounder. As it had a telescopic sight like our naval guns, we did very well.

We were put through a series of shows to teach us how trench raids were conducted and repelled. We had gas mask drill and were put through a gas chamber. We were given a workout with those damnable French Chauchat automatic rifles. The men called them the "Shosho." They were heavy, clumsy and inaccurate.

The men worked their heads off at all this new stuff. They assembled and dismounted machine guns, learned the names of the parts and how to repair them. They made wire entanglements and dugouts. They looked upon the French instructors as gods, for they knew they were being trained by veteran troops.

And after working until their tongues hung out, they played baseball for amusement.

One day I asked Gallivan about my young friends—those "Racquet Clubbers" of his. Gallivan grinned.

"They're doin' foine, sor," he said. "They ask for nothin', an' they do as they're told. You'd nivir know they was gintlemin!"

All the way from Gondrecourt down to Menaucourt the First Division, A.E.F., was billeted in a series of small towns and was going through the same training we were. In the midst of it, word came that Marshal Foch and General Pershing were coming to inspect us.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

I was notified to have my battalion ready for inspection at nine-thirty A.M., August 1st. On the dot we were ready. The men looked very well. From nine-thirty until noon we stayed in formation expecting Foch and Pershing every minute. I decided we'd go without dinner that day. The afternoon wore along. We were still in formation at four-thirty P.M., when suddenly we saw a group of automobiles speeding toward us. On the radiator of the front machine was a four-star flag.

When that group of cars reached the head of our line, the battalion was at attention, as shipshape as they had been seven hours before when we first fell in. Marshal Foch and General Pershing climbed out of their cars and walked down the line. With them were General James G. Harbord, then First Chief of Staff, A.E.F. and General Sibert, commanding the First Division.

I had warned my junior officers that General Pershing had one hobby. When he inspected troops, he wanted to find the men with their eyes on the ground fifteen paces in front of them, according to regulations. Passing down the line, he had the trick of looking suddenly over his shoulder to see if the eyes of any of the men were following him. He didn't catch any of our men rubber-necking!

When they were leaving, I saw from his manner that he was pleased. And as Marshal Foch shook hands with me to say good-by he said: "Major Wise, the Marines seem to be the Chasseurs of the American Army."

One of Pershing's aides told me that the Old Man was on the warpath and rabid, as we were the only outfit that was ready for him. I noticed that when Pershing got back into his car, though he shook hands with me, he didn't shake hands with General Sibert. I told myself that old boy's goose was probably cooked. A little later they retired him.

Then the First Division was assembled at Gondrecourt for a grand review and demonstration of a rolling barrage by the French artillery. Clemenceau came up for it.

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

That barrage demonstration was the first time I had seen the French artillery working. We stood on the side-lines and watched three artillery regiments fire a rolling barrage. That level line of high-explosive shell-bursts marched across the field like a line of infantry on parade. None of us had ever seen anything like it before. The thing that struck me was that it wouldn't be long before we would be following along in the rear of a barrage like that. I hoped it would be handled as well as the one we were seeing.

During these days numerous notables were running in on us all the time. Senators and Congressmen. War correspondents. Among them were Frederick Palmer, whom I had first met in China, now a major in charge of the American censors; Junius Wood, George Patullo and several others. I gave them luncheon in my mess on one visit. We had some excellent cream of tartar biscuits that one of the young Marine cooks had turned out. The correspondents must have been a little short on real news, or else the censor was sitting down on them pretty hard, for that luncheon was made the subject of a story. Even the cream of tartar biscuits were cabled to America. One of those stories appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*, cream of tartar biscuits and all.

Presently I got one of those thick files of official correspondence—the "Referred to you" kind. Some irate gentleman in Chicago had started raising hell because young Americans enlisting in the Marines to fight Germans and make the world safe for democracy, should be degraded to such menial tasks as making cream of tartar biscuits for the revels of officers and war correspondents. He must have pulled a powerful oar somewhere. For his complaint had been given attention at Washington by the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Josephus Daniels, and forwarded, through General Headquarters of the A.E.F. The last endorsement requested me to report on the matter.

I wrote across the document: "I can't train my men to fight and do my own cooking. Which shall I do?"

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

That was the last I heard of it. But a little later Pershing issued an order authorizing cooks and strikers.

We had some very pleasant parties with the French, both officers and men. Then the Division took a group of battalion commanders on a sight-seeing tour in Lorraine, a quiet sector. We went up on trucks. It was my first view of the front lines.

At the end of a day's travel through country showing no signs of war except for troops in training everywhere, we stopped in a little village that was French regimental headquarters. French officers took us out to a Battalion Post of Command—always abbreviated in the Army to "P.C."—in dugouts. From there we were taken through communicating trenches a couple of miles up to the front line. They didn't have any continuous front line trench; just a series of strong points; short lengths of trench; machine guns in pits; plenty of barbed wire out in front. They told us the Germans had similar arrangements about a mile away.

From one of those machine gun pits I took my first look out into No Man's Land. There hadn't been very much fighting around there. A few shell holes. A few splintered trees.

Then the French officer asked us if we wanted to see some fun. If he called up the French guns some distance to the rear and had them fire a few shots, he said, the Germans would retaliate. We told him to go ahead. He telephoned the guns.

Soon, far behind us, we heard a salvo of seventy-fives. Far ahead of us we could see the shell-bursts. Not a German was in sight, even through our glasses. Shortly afterwards the Germans retaliated. We could hear the detonations, though we could not even see from where they were firing. But behind us, in the French lines, we could see the German shells exploding. This kept up for half a dozen shots; that was all.

That night we had a delightful dinner at the French

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

battalion P.C. in a little summer garden fixed up under camouflage netting. The food was excellent. We slept in spring bunks there that night. Not a shot had been fired before or after that preliminary exchange of courtesies. I thought war in that sector wasn't so bad!

In the morning we went back to our trucks and returned home. A few days later I was visiting Ligny, a few miles from Menaucourt. The French were starting another drive up near Verdun, about twenty-five miles away. I sat in an open-air *café* that afternoon and got my first idea of what preparations for a major drive really meant. Four consecutive hours, without the slightest gap, a steady stream of camions rolled past, loaded with troops and supplies. It made me realize then what war meant. This was war on such a scale as we had never even dreamed.

Yes, I had learned a lot that summer. For one thing, I couldn't get it through my head how the war was ever going to be won with trench warfare. From visiting officers I found out that G.H.Q. had the same idea. The British were still keen for the bayonet; the French for the grenade. Both of them had excellent artillery. But I thought that eventually we would have to get out in the open. And when we did, rifle fire would be the most important factor. Machine guns were good on defense. But machine guns as heavy as the ones we had were of little value in an attack. The rifle was the answer.

So I made up my mind that the minute I was free to do it, I would train my battalion according to my own ideas.

I knew we were going to leave soon, as we were a misfit in the First Division, being an additional infantry regiment. We were pretty badly split up at that time, too; one battalion in St. Nazaire, half a battalion in England, the other half of it a few miles from Menaucourt. My battalion was intact at Menaucourt. We were feeling pretty blue. We were afraid we were going to be split up even further and put on Military Police duty.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

I had always liked to live well. Even from my early Subig days in the Philippines, I had learned that a good mess is essential to contentment and efficiency. Nothing puts you in a worse humor than poor food. In my various wanderings around the world I have managed to live well, with a little attention. The first thing that struck me in France was the excellence of the French messes.

Luckily I had a personal orderly, Private John McKeown, who had been with me from San Domingo days, and whom I had trained to take charge of all that. He had a natural aptitude for the job and at Menaucourt he took complete charge of my mess. It became famous throughout the First Division.

Marine-like, McKeown never did any work he could make others do. There were a few French troops in town in charge of a horse hospital. Somehow, I never knew how, McKeown got one of these Frenchmen to come around and cook for us. He had been *chef* in a hotel. McKeown also annexed young Jimmie Lewis, one of those Philadelphia youngsters I was supposed to look after.

Shortly after we reached Menaucourt, I had received a letter from Mrs. Wise telling me all about Jimmie. The day we sailed from Philadelphia, Mrs. Wise had gone to the Acorn Club. There she found a woman lamenting that she had ever consented to her sixteen-year-old son enlisting.

"What outfit is he with?" Mrs. Wise had asked.

"The Fifth Marines," the mother had said.

Mrs. Wise had explained that I commanded the Second Battalion of that regiment, and she would write, asking me to keep an eye on the boy.

At St. Nazaire I had rescued Jimmie from the supply company and turned him over to First Sergeant Gallivan. There McKeown found him. As Jimmie spoke French fluently, McKeown brought him around to the house as his assistant. He was very valuable in roaming the country and picking up additions to our mess. He was first given

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

a horse for this work. Being nothing but a lad, he soon rode the horse nearly to death. We had to dismount him. Then he secured a bicycle. When he misbehaved, we used to punish him by taking the bicycle away from him.

One day McKeown ran across him near the house and heard him cuss. McKeown took him by the neck, led him into the kitchen, and scrubbed his mouth with yellow soap.

Late in September, rumors came that the Second Division was to be formed, and we were to join them. An Army inspector came to look us over. He prowled around through the haylofts where the men were billeted. Orders were strict against smoking there. The inspector, with First Sergeant Gallivan at his heels, found a lot of burnt matches.

"Thim Finch will come around to visit us, an' you nivir can tell what they're goin' to do," was Gallivan's quick-witted explanation.

My friends, the Chasseurs Alpains, meantime had left and gone up into the lines in Champagne. I ran up and paid them a visit. It wasn't a very active sector. But while we were walking around in the trenches that afternoon, the Germans suddenly laid down a barrage. That was my first real experience under shell fire in France. The Germans were sending over aerial torpedoes out of trench mortars, too. They were about three and a half feet long, were given a rotary motion by a set of propeller-shaped fins at the tail, and were filled with T.N.T. One of them dropped into the trench right beside a group of us. There were no dugouts in which to dive. We just stood there and looked at it. It didn't explode!

I was impressed particularly by the extraordinarily close relationship between French officers and men. Those French soldiers were serious. They had none of the school-boy spirit and horseplay you found among the Americans. But the comradeship was remarkable. To the officers, the men were always "*mes enfants*," and to the men it was always "*mon capitaine*" and "*mon colonel*."

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Three or four times that summer the Germans staged air raids at night over the Gondrecourt training area. Bombs were dropped on near-by towns, but though we could hear the planes pass overhead and hear the explosions where the bombs fell, none dropped near us.

By now the men were beginning to get accustomed to the feel of France. Naturally everybody was anxious to go into the lines. When at last orders came sending us to the Second Division, there was keen disappointment, for we knew that division, just being organized, would not see front line service until long after the First Division. But we realized that the regiment would be brought together again, and the prospect of Military Police duty vanished.

The last week in September we boarded another French troop train and went to Damblain, a little town ten miles from Bourmont, which was Second Division P.C. Major General Omar Bundy was our new Division Commander. There were some barracks at Damblain. About half the men went into them and the remainder were billeted. Again I got a house.

We were the first troops reporting for the Second Division, and for quite a while the only ones. That gave me much more of a free hand in training my battalion. Now I could go ahead on my belief, thoroughly established by this time, that the two things the men needed most were training in rifle fire and a physical training that would toughen them to the point where they could stand any hardships they might be called upon to endure.

Our rolling kitchens now arrived for the first time. That made it a lot easier for mess sergeants and cooks.

Late in October, the Fourth Brigade of Marines was organized, with Colonel Doyen promoted to Brigadier General in command. Still a major, I acted as temporary commander of the Fifth Marines from October 24th to 30th, when Hiram Bearss, now a lieutenant colonel, succeeded me. It was January 1st, 1918, when Colonel Wendell C. Neville took command.

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

That autumn we were reorganized on the new war schedule. Each company was increased from two hundred men to two hundred and fifty. A regiment now consisted of twelve rifle companies, one machine gun company, one supply company and one headquarters company. There were six officers to each company—a senior and junior captain and a lieutenant to each platoon.

Shortly after we arrived, winter set in with constant rains and increasing cold. Now I put my battalion into the final grind of heavy training. We built rifle ranges and in all weathers I marched the men under full packs, with the rolling kitchens going along with us, until the outfit became hard as nails. We built a practice trench system near Bourmont and held maneuvers that were the closest we could get to actual war conditions. But rifle range and marching were the principal amusements for us that winter.

Wood was scarce. The men got up at reveille in bitter cold. Breakfast. Extended order drill, hiking or rifle range, grenade-throwing or bayonet work. The rolling kitchens always went with us. We ate where we happened to be at noon. After the meal the work went on. By three o'clock in the afternoon I always got them back to Damblain. They hadn't been near a fire since taps the night before. And that was a cold winter. From three o'clock until taps they could relax and warm up. But it was that getting up in the cold and drilling in the cold that was doing a lot to harden them for what I knew was ahead of them. The men took to it. They had learned something about what was ahead of them, too.

We had a pretty good "Y" there that winter. It was a Godsend to the men. A big shack with a fire, writing materials, books, magazines, chocolate, cigarettes. It was crowded every afternoon.

Ambition began to stir in First Sergeant Gallivan along about now. All around were old friends from the ranks who were beginning to get commissions. He came to me.

"I'd loike to be made an officer, sor," he said.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"You're too old," I told him. "They won't make an officer of a man over forty-five." Then I thought for a moment. "But it might be done with a little influence," I said. "You come from Boston. Isn't Congressman Gallivan some relation of yours?"

"He's a cousin av mine," said Gallivan. "But nivir a thing have I ivir asked av HIM."

But Gallivan was persistent. He kept after me so much about it that I felt sorry for the old man. I wrote to General Barnett about him. They made him a Gunner, which is a warrant officer, much to my peace of mind.

About this time the infantry regiments came in, the Sixth Marines, and our machine gun battalion, too. I invited Major Waller, son of the famous "Tony" Waller, and his staff, to take breakfast with me. His supply officer was a captain named Mike Harvis. The last I'd seen him, he was my cook in Cuba. Gunner Gallivan came into the room while we were at breakfast. Apparently he couldn't stand the sight of Harvis sitting down at the same table with me.

"Harvis!" he roared. "Git on your hind legs! What do you mane by sittin' down with your betthers!"

And Captain Harvis jumped! He had been a private under Gallivan when Gallivan was a sergeant, and the old authority stayed.

Gallivan was a Godsend to the younger officers now that he could associate with them on a footing of equality. They looked upon him as an oracle. One of these youngsters came around to me with a very funny yarn. He had overheard Gallivan lecturing his Racquet Clubbers.

"Listen, you Racquet Clubbers," Gunner Gallivan was telling them. "Quit bein' afraid av Major Wise. He's hard an' he's rough. But he's square. Stop this lettin' your knees knock together when he comes 'round. I'd rather have him call me a son-av-a-bitch thin have you call me a gintleman—which I'm not."

About this time I was appointed to sit on a court-martial

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

in the Ninth Infantry area. That court was memorable to me, because we had to have an interpreter. Not that the proceedings were in French or that French officials were involved. That interpreter was necessary because those drafted American soldiers in that particular outfit couldn't speak English! They were of all nationalities.

I was coming back from that court late at night. The only transportation I could get was a Ford ambulance. We were running along in the dark, when suddenly the Ford coughed and died. We got out. My driver lifted the hood, scrutinized the motor by an electric torch. Then he announced that while he could drive a Ford, he didn't know a thing about its insides. I didn't know much about them, myself. But from what little I did know, I decided something was wrong with the wiring.

Just then another car loomed up out of the dark. We hailed it. A young officer stepped out. We told him our troubles.

"Do you know anything about the insides of a Ford?" I asked him.

"I ought to, sir," he chuckled. "I was an automobile engineer in civil life."

He spotted the trouble instantly. He got the Ford running in no time. As I had suspected, it was the wiring. I was thinking at the time of our motor truck trains, which were just being organized.

"You'd be invaluable in our truck train," I told the young officer. "Which branch of the Service are you in?"

It was too dark to see his insignia.

"The Graves Registration Service, sir," he said.

And that man had come out of an officers' training camp where they had every fact of your civilian life on record!

At Damblain I got a letter from Mrs. Wise telling me that she had enrolled with an outfit that was to reconstruct French towns, and would sail soon. A few days later I got another letter telling me she had reached Paris. She had told me before I left Philadelphia that she planned to

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

do this. I knew it was absolutely against regulations. But somehow I had a hunch she would make it. I got leave and went to Paris.

I found that the outfit with which she was lined up didn't amount to much. The town they had picked out to reconstruct was only six miles from the German lines! I had seen so many women running around France with nothing to do, I told her it wouldn't be a bad idea to get a job that amounted to something. Then I went around to see a cousin of mine, Harry Miller, who was in the Red Cross. He got her a job in the Children's Hospital at Evain.

I learned to my amazement that her passports recorded the fact that her husband was a major of the United States Marines with the A.E.F. I asked her how she ever got them *viséd*. She told me how a friend had suggested that she send them to Washington just before a week-end, when they would come up for signature with a mass of other papers, and probably would be signed in the week-end rush without being scrutinized closely. They were.

It was the first time I had seen Paris for some years. It was a pleasant little break in the routine of training. We stayed at the Hotel Crillon and made the rounds of the restaurants and the theaters.

Back at Damblain, after four days, I resumed the grind of heavy training. One of the points on which I laid heaviest stress was absolute punctuality. Especially by officers. I called meetings of my junior officers from time to time, notifying them in advance they were to be there at four P.M. That meant four o'clock or a few minutes ahead of time. It didn't mean one minute *after* four. Every morning, at reveille, the adjutant synchronized the watches.

Lieutenant Jackson had been saving up his money for Paris leave. He showed up at one of those meetings at three minutes past four.

"Why are you late?" I asked him.

He apologized, explaining that his watch was slow. It

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

was only three minutes. But there are times when an outfit can get shot to pieces for lack of three minutes of support.

"You take that money you've been saving for your Paris trip and buy yourself a watch that will keep time," I told him. "Your Paris leave is canceled."

It was rough medicine, but it cured him of being late.

No doubt my ancestry was questioned many times that winter, but I was getting the battalion ready for war; in that game no excuses could be accepted. It was impressed upon the officers on all occasions that implicit obedience must be demanded as it was from them that the men got their gait; that an order once given must be obeyed promptly and with spirit; that popularity was an excellent trait, but possessed by few; but that respect could be easily secured and maintained. And that that was what we were striving for.

The Army had started a series of schools. One for junior officers was at Gondrecourt. Gunner Gallivan heard of it and requested to be sent there to be educated. I put in the necessary papers and orders were soon received. In the meantime he apparently had heard something of the place and didn't care to go. He came around to see me, to beg off, telling me that he had changed his mind. I told him I hadn't changed mine, so there he went. I knew already that it was a hell of a place and a man of his type wouldn't get much good out of it. For amusement, I wrote to a friend of mine who was an instructor there, to keep me posted about the old man and what the routine was.

I learned they were living under canvas in a quagmire, and the first ten days after Gallivan's arrival he put in learning the manual of arms under a second lieutenant who had just come out of a training camp. That amused me, as Gallivan was one of the best drill masters I had ever seen! After about a month he returned.

"What do you think of that school, Gallivan?" I asked.

"It's foine, sor," he said. "Some av thim Frinch are there who are good, and I avin saw an Englishman I ap-

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

proved av. But the best av thim all are thim young Americans just out av the training camps, who are instrutors there. They have it over iverybody. Why, one av thim was the greatest dhrawer I ivir saw in my life, sor."

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"I mane the young officer wit' the blackboard and a piece av chalk who'll dhraw you a picture av a bomb. Maybe it'll take a matther av two days for him to do it. And whin you knew the insides and outsides av it by heart—he'd announce that the damned thing was obsolete. I want no more schools for mine."

Orders came that every effort was to be made to have the men take out war-risk insurance. I simply issued an order that it be done. I found out that the battalion had taken it out to a man, except Gallivan. I sent for him and asked him what the trouble was.

"It's this way, sor," he said. "Me wife's a trained nurse by profession. She can take care av herself if annything happens to me. If that takes place, me mother-in-law would nab the money and if you don't mind, sor, I'd rather not take anny out."

Logan Feland was made chief of staff of the Second Division. I got my Lieutenant-Colonelcy. But I kept my battalion.

Mrs. Wise was coming up from Evain, and we both planned for a short leave at Biarritz. I was to join her in Paris. I drove over to Chaumont to catch the train. The automobile wasn't working well. I went to the Army garage to see what I could do. There I found my old friend Thompson, now a captain, in charge of it. We needed a couple of spare parts. None were on hand. Captain Thompson thereupon took them out of a new Cadillac that had just arrived. Putting a new Cadillac out of commission was a small matter to Thompson when he was looking after an old friend.

Thank God, the A.E.F. hadn't started invading Biarritz yet. We had a pleasant leave there.

WE SAIL FOR FRANCE

Returning from it, Mrs. Wise went as an auxiliary nurse to Army Base Hospital Number One at Neuilly, and I went back to my battalion at Damblain.

I learned that the French Commission had reported us fit for the front lines, and that soon the whole Marine Brigade was to go into the trenches. Every man and officer in the outfit was on his toes. It was the finest outfit, by now, I had ever seen in my life. We had gotten rid of everyone with the faintest flaw. If ever there was a battalion of picked men, that was it.

Colonel Neville continued in command. Logan Feland came back from chief of staff. Hiram Bearss went to the Ninth Infantry.

While we were waiting orders, the Germans staged a Zeppelin raid on London. One of the Zeppelins, crippled, trying to get home, came down near Damblain. It was the only Zeppelin that came to earth intact, inside the Allied lines, during the war. American and French soldiers, souvenir hunting, tore it to pieces in short time.

Then the orders came. We were to take over the Montgirmont-Les Eparges sub-sector, part of the Verdun front, where the Marine Brigade was to hold a front of about ten miles. It was a quiet sector now. But the French had lost about fifty thousand men there in 1915 trying to take the western edge of the St. Mihiel salient.

We started sore as hell. For just before we had left, orders had come down that we were to leave behind the Lewis machine guns with which we were familiar from months of training ever since the Sixth Marines brought them over. In their place we were to take French machine guns such as we had used in our first training in France. That meant heavier machine guns and two kinds of ammunition—for the Lewis guns used our rifle ammunition.

The excuse given was that they needed the Lewis guns for aviation. But the rumor was that General Crozier had had a row with Lewis, and was determined no Lewis gun should reach the front if he could help it.

CHAPTER XVII

IN THE TRENCHES

AN afternoon and a night on the now familiar French troop train, and that morning we detrained at Souilly. It was a bright day. Ours was the first train to arrive. Overhead, as we climbed out, we saw little black spots surrounded by puffs of white smoke. The German airplanes were scouting. French anti-aircraft guns—the Archies, we called them—were shelling them. All we saw of the town was a station on a siding.

The battalion fell in beside the train. There, waiting for us, was Colonel Herbst, the U.S. Army regulating officer. He told me we were to march that night to a French rest camp. That we would sleep there. That next day a small party of us were to go up and make a reconnaissance of the trenches we were to occupy and that the following night we were to go up into the lines. He assured us we were the first battalion of the Fifth Marines to do so.

He turned a French officer over to us as guide.

“Get out of here as quick as you can,” he said. “Those German airplanes are on reconnaissance work, and the first thing you know this damned place will be shelled.”

We marched out of town, crossed the Meuse on a pontoon bridge, and arrived at some wooden barracks in the early afternoon. There the men were quartered and supper gotten under way.

I didn't like the looks of the place. And my French liaison officer told me that, as the rest of the Division would be arriving at Souilly during the day, with trains coming in every half hour, with clear, bright weather, and with

IN THE TRENCHES

those airplanes we'd seen, there was no doubt the Germans knew a troop movement was on in that area and were perfectly familiar with all the camps.

"We're going to be shelled to-night," he concluded.

I passed the word around that if shelling started the men were to get out of barracks and scatter in the open. Supper was finished without interruption. Sentries were posted and the men turned in.

We were sound asleep when a terrific crash brought every man to his feet. There was no need for orders. The men tumbled out of those barracks and scattered in the fields. For about twenty minutes the shelling kept up. Those were good-sized guns. Here and there through the dark the explosions would sound; everything would show up vividly in a sudden flash of blinding light. We could hear the fragments of shells whiz past. Then, suddenly as it started, it stopped. After a little, the men began to come back. Not a soul was hit. But they were cursing about being waked up; although several of the shells had gone completely through the barracks!

We finished our night's sleep without interruption.

Next morning the French officer told me I was to take a detail from each company and we'd go out and look over Montgirmont. It was to be my battalion P.C. We had to walk about two miles through territory that had been heavily shelled. Then we entered a communication trench, fairly deep, paved with duck boards, which we followed two miles more.

We were in the front lines at last; in the war. After nearly a year, I was where we all had wished to be ever since our arrival in France.

The French major met me. We were taken into his dugout. It was tunneled in the hillside, with corrugated elephant iron overhead, a board floor and a spring bunk. This was to be my home as soon as he moved. He explained that in that sector there was no continuous trench system, but a series of strong points. The French held

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

the ridges, which were at right angles to the Woeuvre plains. The German lines were in a series of ruined French villages which constituted similar strong points. No Man's Land was anywhere from one to two miles across. This particular strong point was very easy to defend. There hadn't been any trouble there since 1915. We started on a tour of inspection.

Montgirmont itself was a hill about three hundred feet high and about two miles in circumference at the base. About a third of the way up the hill a trench made a complete circle. Other trenches crossed the hill at various points so that if reinforcements were needed anywhere in the main trench, they could be thrown swiftly to the necessary point. Around this main trench at various places were dugouts for the men. It was divided into four subsectors, each to be occupied by a company. The machine gun positions were scattered among the company sectors. Roughly speaking, three companies occupied the main trench which faced toward the Germans, and one was in reserve on the Allied side of the hill.

On this inspection I designated to the company officers I had with me where they were to be stationed, so that everything would be shipshape the night we arrived. The place showed neglect. I suppose it had been inactive so long that everyone had become careless.

The parapets were in pretty fair shape though the duck boards were full of mud that had come sliding down from the other side. Dugouts and trenches were easily drained, from their position on the hillside. The wire looked old and rusty. There were at least four or five lines of it. Beyond the wire the Woeuvre plains seemed to stretch endlessly. Here and there were the ruined villages that the French pointed out to us as the German strong points.

On our right rose the Crete—the Crest—and the Bois de Brule—the Burnt Woods—both of which would be held by the French after we were in. The Bois de Brule had been a forest. Now it was a handful of charred

IN THE TRENCHES

stumps. The French major told me that when the French were attacking the Crete in 1915, the Germans, who had tunneled clear through that ridge, had massed troops in the tunnel, and when the French wave had swept past the camouflaged tunnel opening on the French side of the ridge, the Germans had come out of the tunnel and attacked the French in the rear.

On the left was another high hill, also to be held by the French after we came in.

"It is a very, very quiet sector," said the French major. "Like being in rest billets. You'll have no trouble here. Occasionally the Germans stage little trench raids, and they shell every afternoon. But by common consent the men on both sides can climb out of the trenches and stretch their legs for half an hour before sunset without being fired on."

I found there was a narrow-gauge railway running up to Montgirmont, to bring up our supplies every night.

We went back to the barracks and made arrangements to come in that night. On the way back I could hear the predicted afternoon shelling. That night we came in without any incident. Each company knew exactly what to do. The long lines of men, single file, went up the communication trench as silently as possible. Smoking was prohibited. Talking was barred. As soon as we took over the trenches the French filed out.

It took most of the night to get the relief through. I didn't sleep. It might be a quiet sector, but it was my first.

When we started to use that narrow-gauge railroad that night to bring supplies in, it seemed to me they could hear it in Berlin. Yet the Germans never dropped a shell on it.

It was long after daybreak when I went to my dugout and rolled in.

Before the next night was over we discovered that though the Germans were a mile or two away, the rats were right there. The trenches held an army of them. I never saw such rats. Some of them were a foot long, not counting the tail. They were fat and arrogant and full of fight.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

One of my men was bitten through the lips by a rat that started to make a meal off his face as the man slept. Those rats swarmed like cockroaches around our galleys. They didn't mind the men at all.

I was walking down the trench one day when a rat on one side saw me come along. He waited until I got opposite him, leaped to my shoulder, and before I could knock him off, leaped to the other side of the trench. He had used me deliberately as a stepping-stone, to save him the trouble of crawling down to the bottom of that trench and climbing the other side.

Every night while some of my men were out on patrol in No Man's Land, others were out with shovels, strengthening the trenches. Every afternoon from about two to five, the German artillery shelled us steadily. No damage. But it wasn't a pleasant sensation. For we didn't have a shellproof dugout in the lot.

We never saw a German. But they seemed to see everything that was going on in our lines. I don't know how the hell they did it, but they had damned fine observation.

I got careless one day and walked to a listening post about a couple of hundred yards out in front of the trenches. Before I got there I had been spotted and they started to shell me. One or two dropped uncomfortably near. I sprinted back for the trench.

Before the twenty days of our tour of duty were up, it had dawned on me that trench life can become as much a matter of routine as barracks life. Men and officers very quickly adapted themselves to conditions as they found them. We even had visitors. That sector was deemed so safe, that whenever prominent Americans were taken on a tour of the front, they were brought there. One thing seemed to disappoint them. There wasn't even a German helmet or a "Gott Mit Uns" belt buckle in the place for a souvenir.

All the time we were in the front line trenches, another battalion was held in reserve five or six miles behind the

IN THE TRENCHES

lines. Presently we swapped places. As the French had done, we filed out after our relief came in, and by morning were in shacks far to the rear. Ten days' rest, and we went up for another twenty-day tour, this time at Chantillon in the same sector.

Here we found about the same trench conditions as at Montgirmont. But here we got some action.

My P.C. at Chantillon was in a rock quarry. Here, too, the Germans had their regular schedule for shelling, from two to three every afternoon.

As at Montgirmont, our line was a series of strong points facing out on the Woeuvre plains. But here, instead of one hill as at Montgirmont, our trenches followed the contours of a series of ridges that thrust out toward the German lines something like the fingers of a hand. Our trenches ran about a third of the way up from the bases of these ridges. About a mile away, out on the Woeuvre plains, the Germans faced us. As at Montgirmont their strong point were a series of ruined French villages.

Our transport situation was a little more difficult here. Instead of having a narrow-gauge railway that ran right up to my P.C., all our supplies had to be hauled up each night in escort wagons and the two-wheeled ration carts which made their way to each company P.C.

I never could understand why the Germans didn't shell our transport as it came up night after night. It had to cross ground they could have plotted easily for artillery fire from daytime observations. I had perfect aerial maps of their positions. They certainly must have had them of ours.

Familiar now with trench life, we settled down to what looked like comfortable routine. Quarters were excellent; dugouts were all dry. Food was excellent, too. Our transport brought up ample supplies of meat, potatoes, onions, bread—the usual Army rations. The French army commissary a few miles behind the lines supplied excellent fish, chickens, cheeses and wines whenever we wanted to buy.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

We were holding a much larger area than at Montgirmont. Now we sent out larger patrols every night. The Germans were patrolling, too. Barring occasional shell holes, the going was not bad.

During the first week, several of our patrols reported that German working parties at Bonzee were building a dam with the apparent idea of damming a little creek there and flooding No Man's Land in front of their position. I told the patrols particularly to look out for German working parties and try to get some prisoners.

One night after we had been there about a week, one of my junior officers went out with a patrol of forty men armed with Chauchat automatic rifles, hand grenades, rifle grenades and service rifles. A squad in those days was supposed to have all the auxiliary arms in it except the heavy machine guns.

About one o'clock in the morning I was awakened to get the report of this patrol. The sergeant left in command told the story. Out in No Man's Land the officer had split his patrol. Leaving half of it to lie low in case any Germans came along, he had taken the other half over toward Bonzee. Presently they heard sounds of men digging and talking German. The sergeant spoke German. He told his officer that the Germans were telling one another they heard something out there in the dark. Then he reported that the Germans had been ordered to drop their tools and go get their guns. Instead of attacking at that moment, the officer attempted to withdraw the patrol. The Germans, about a hundred strong, came back with their guns and opened fire. The officer was shot. Under the sergeant's commands, those twenty men held their ground and shot it out with the Germans. The Germans beat it. The sergeant picked up his officer and ordered the patrol to return to our trenches. When he got there, the officer was dead and three men were missing. Later we learned they had been wounded and captured.

Those were our first losses. I didn't consider it a very

IN THE TRENCHES

creditable performance on the part of the patrol leader, as if he had smashed in at the moment they encountered the Germans digging, we could have had some prisoners.

We never encountered any more Germans, though after that, as before, we patrolled every night.

Sporadic little shows were popping off every little while up and down the line. The Germans tried to pull off a trench raid against the Marines on our left. They didn't get away with it. They picked the night of a relief for it, when there is always more or less confusion with old troops going out and new troops coming in. Under a box barrage, a heavy German raiding party came up and stormed into the trenches.

That box barrage was developed for raiding parties. Just before the raid started, the German artillery would segregate the area to be raided, by three solid walls of bursting shells. The infantry that was to make the raid would be waiting several hundred yards out in front of the trenches they were to attack. The fourth side of the box barrage, toward them, was left open. After some ten minutes of heavy shelling, the sides of the box would be lifted, and the whole barrage would be moved a few hundred yards back of the American trenches. There it straightened out to form a curtain of high explosives and shut off any support trying to come up. All trench strategy worked on the theory that you never got any support from the flanks; it always came up from the rear. When the raid was over, a rocket signal was fired, and the German artillery laid down a curtain of shells to cover the raiding party's retreat.

Those Marines on our left were in the middle of a relief when they were raided, but they were on the job. Of that German raiding party, only two officers and ten men got into the trenches. They were killed. The Marines lost three or four, but none captured.

Then the Ninth Infantry had a similar show. A strong German raiding party, with another box barrage, paid a

visit to the trenches held by Hiram Bearss' battalion. It was a much bigger raid than the Marines had beaten off. Hiram's P.C. had been close to the front lines. That very day he had moved it farther back. As the barrage lifted, the Germans dashed into the trench. It was considerable dog fight. Amid the shooting, bayoneting and clubbing, the Germans grabbed some prisoners and started home. Just then Hiram came up with some support. They certainly did clean up those Germans. Some of the infantry had been captured and disarmed. But the Germans hadn't taken their bayonets. Out in No Man's Land, bayonets in hand, and even in some cases with their bare fists, those captured men of the Ninth fought their way clear. Even though Hiram did lose a few men as prisoners, there were more than a hundred dead Germans in that trench when the raid ended.

It had been the practice in the trenches to keep No Man's Land pretty constantly illuminated with flares all night. I never could see the use of this. We sent up no flares while we held that section. It seemed to make the Germans nervous. Night after night they would blaze away at us in the dark, expending thousands of rounds of machine-gun ammunition. We never had a casualty.

By the time we were ready to pull out of Chantillon, the men had found themselves. The German bugbear was gone. Each of them had learned that a German veteran was just another man with two hands and two feet, and that he could lick him.

All that winter we had heard nothing but the stories of the great German drive that was to start in the spring. Nobody knew just where it would hit. But everybody knew it was coming. We had heard of its start up north, while we were at Montgirmont. News of its progress kept reaching us at Chantillon. Things didn't look good for the Allies.

Just before we came out of the line, Brigadier General Doyen was sent home, sick. Brigadier General Harbord,

IN THE TRENCHES

who had been Pershing's first chief of staff, was given command of the Marine Brigade.

Our twenty days in the lines at Chantillon ended. We were relieved by another battalion of Marines, and went back in support. Verdun was only a few miles from our new position. I had a chance to run up there and examine the place thoroughly.

What struck me most at Verdun was the way the fighting in 1915 and 1916 had blasted everything above the ground. The city of Verdun itself was not so badly damaged. But the villages around that ring of sunken concrete forts had literally been blown off the face of the earth. Where they had been, the ground was level.

We went in camions down to a rest area about fifty miles south of Verdun and were billeted in villages for ten days when orders came to entrain. We piled aboard and started north. We traveled all that night, passed the outskirts of Paris next morning, and at some obscure village that afternoon we were ordered to detrain.

The regulating officer, Major Hayes, met me there and handed me the Division schedule and the map of that area. I saw that the Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, was to go to Courcelles, about a fifty-mile march. It was early in May and hot as the devil. Coutra, my French interpreter, told me that when those early hot spells hit France, they might last two or three days.

I studied my map. I saw there was a small stream just outside this village where we had detrained. We went out there. All hands went swimming and we had supper.

The men were still wearing their heavy winter underwear. Further study of the map showed me that about halfway to Courcelles was a forest with another stream running through it.

I had never forgotten what men and officers had gone through on that march from Tientsin to Peking; or that other march from Monte Christi to Santiago up the Zaza River valley in San Domingo. That settled marching by

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

day, for me, so, at eight o'clock that night we started.

It was cool. Rested, freshened by their swim, the men stepped out with a vim. Fifty minutes march, ten minutes rest; we kept it up all night. We passed village after village with lights showing in the houses. No other traffic was on that road. Every now and then I would get off my horse and watch the men as they marched past. They looked good to me; spirits splendid; no signs of fatigue. They were still going strong when the sun rose around four o'clock in the morning. By eight o'clock we had reached the forest half-way to Courcelles. The stream was there. There wasn't a single straggler in that whole battalion.

We had breakfast under the trees, stretched out on the ground, and slept all day. That afternoon the whole battalion went for another swim. You couldn't tell by their looks that they had marched a mile.

About five o'clock that afternoon, after supper, we got under way again. Twelve hours more, and we reached Courcelles. Not a straggler; every man in splendid shape.

Other outfits in that area, that had marched to their destination by day through that heat were in pretty bad shape; scattered all over the roads, I heard.

We billeted at Courcelles.

For a week we stayed there with just enough close-order drill every day to keep the men fit. We learned that presently we were to relieve the First Division up on the Somme, where the fighting had been heavy and where they had distinguished themselves.

Junius Wood and another war correspondent, Raymond Carroll, came to visit us at Courcelles. They had been with the First Division on the Somme and told us all about it. So I knew that soon our work would be cut out for us.

I figured that I had one more Paris leave due me before the show started, so I put in for three days. I got it. I borrowed the Colonel's car and ran up to Paris to see Mrs. Wise.

CHAPTER XVIII

LES MARES FARM, CHÂTEAU THIERRY

COURCELLES was only twenty-five or thirty miles north of Paris. I had taken Coutra, my interpreter, along with me. About eight o'clock that night I reached Mrs. Wise's apartment out at the suburb of Neuilly. We dined there and sat around all evening. I hadn't seen her since Biarritz and that apartment was a mighty pleasant contrast to the past few months.

Next day was Decoration Day. I didn't even go into Paris, it was so beautiful out at Neuilly, until that night we went to dine with Mrs. Audenreid, at her apartment in the city.

We were sitting at table, laughing at a story Mrs. Wise was telling of a happening on shipboard when the telephone rang.

I said: "That call is for me."

At the other end of the wire was Lieutenant James Hennen Legendre, of New Orleans, my adjutant at Courcelles.

"We've been ordered up to the front at once," he said. "The camions will be here at five o'clock in the morning."

"I'll be there," I told him.

I was in a hell of a fix. I had no car, as I had sent Colonel Neville's car back. I knew my only bet at that late hour was to get an ambulance from the hospital where Mrs. Wise was working. I telephoned Coutra, who was at his home in Paris, told him to meet me at the hospital, got a taxi, and started. Mrs. Wise went with me.

I put my situation up to the Officer of the Day at the hospital. He said he'd loan me a Studebaker ambulance.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Coutra showed up. About one o'clock that morning we got into that ambulance, which had fore and aft seats along the sides, and started for Courcelles.

There was an air raid on Paris in full blast as we left. I couldn't hear the bombs, but I could see the searchlights and hear the anti-aircraft guns working.

Along an excellent road we drove, and between four and five o'clock that morning, a little after daybreak, we reached Courcelles. The camions had arrived and were lined up on the road. The men had not yet gotten into them.

As soon as I got out of that ambulance and went to my house, I discovered that Lieutenant Legendre had attended to everything. He had even had McKeown pack all my stuff.

We were going somewhere. But where we were going I didn't know. I only knew the orders were to get out of Courcelles as soon after five o'clock as possible.

The bugle sounded. The battalion fell in alongside the road, beside the line of camions. They had been allotted so many camions to a company. At the end of the line was a camion for officers' baggage. Our battalion transport was to mass with the rest of the Division transport and rendezvous at a designated point far ahead.

Platoon leaders' whistles blew. The men climbed aboard the camions. The long line started to roll. In a little touring car belonging to the French transport officer, Legendre and I waited until the last camion was on its way, and then sped up to the head of the line. The men were joking and laughing.

As we passed along the road at the head of the column, I learned from the French transport officer that we were not going up to relieve the First Division on the Somme. He didn't know what our final destination was. All he knew was that we were to report at Meaux for orders. I had heard back in Paris rumors of a new break in the Allied lines, and a report that the German drive was headed toward a place called Château Thierry. The French officer

LES MARES FARM, CHÂTEAU THIERRY

had heard it, too. So I realized our ten months of training was soon to be put to a test.

There was a brief rest so the men could get out and stretch their legs. The only other stops were on account of traffic blocks. Things were not running so well on that road. The camion schedule didn't seem to dovetail. The whole Second Division, in camions, was cluttering up that highway.

About two o'clock that afternoon we arrived at Meaux. It was a pretty fair-sized town. It showed no signs of war. The Germans had been through there in 1914, but had retreated.

There I got my first tip that this time they were smashing through again. At the railroad station were several hundred German prisoners being loaded on a train. They were not new captures. They had been working in the neighborhood.

The French officer left the car and disappeared. We waited. Inside half an hour he was back to tell me we were to go on to a town called May. We started at once.

The minute we got outside of Meaux, I knew that hell had broken loose. It was the first time I had seen civilian refugees in France. They streamed down the road; old and young; in oxcarts, in horse-drawn wagons, on foot. Some of them trudged along pushing baby carriages in which their household belongings were piled and tied with cord. Old men and old women tottered along. Children walked in groups, too terrified even to talk much. Hundreds carried things in their arms or in bundles on their backs. All looked terror stricken. Then I noticed a couple of steam road rollers marked "Soissons," so I knew the Germans had broken through there.

It was about six o'clock that evening when we entered May. It was a small village and most of the population had fled.

The minute we got out of the camions, their drivers headed them back the way we had come. Other camion

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

trains were pouring troops into the place. An American officer from Division Headquarters looked me up and gave me orders to go to Gondalu, several miles beyond May. The battalion fell in and we started. About a mile and a half beyond May, a motor cycle courier came tearing up the road and caught me. He handed me a written order.

"Return to May at once. The Germans have already taken Gondalu."

Back we went. We pitched pup tents in the fields on the outskirts of May. The place was one mass of troops. Every half hour another camion train rolled in with new outfits of the Second Division. Several divisions of French cavalry were there already. Their picket lines seemed to stretch for miles. May was on a sort of plateau. As far as your eye could reach, there was nothing but cavalry.

Around ten o'clock that night I bumped into Brigadier General Harbord. He gave me my first authentic information about what it all meant.

"The Germans have broken through and are coming toward Paris at the rate of about fifteen miles a day," he told me. "The French are not able to hold them. The Second Division is to be thrown in to back up the French, but just when and just where I don't know now. We'll move out of here in the morning."

Naturally we had not seen our transport since we rolled out of Courcelles ahead of it that morning. And that officers' baggage truck had vanished, too. Of course the men, in heavy marching order, were equipped with packs, blankets, pup-tent halves. But every officer was limited to what he stood in. Leaving General Harbord, I went back to my battalion. Tentless, blanketless, I stretched out on the ground and went to sleep.

Next morning the whole regiment moved. Somewhere along the line during the day the other two battalions were ordered to different destinations. My battalion marched straight ahead.

Around six o'clock that night we came to Pyramides

LES MARES FARM, CHÂTEAU THIERRY

Farm, a large farm near La Voie du Chatel. That was our destination.

The second echelons—horses, limbers, caissons—of several battalions of French artillery were in the neighborhood of the farm when we arrived. The guns were somewhere up ahead. Except for those French artillerymen we were alone in the world. The civilian population had fled. No other American troops were in sight.

The battalion pitched pup tents around the farm. I took up quarters in the farmhouse—a big stone building. The men foraged around for food. They found plenty of hard cider, but that was all.

Our food was beginning to get scarce. God alone knew where our galleys were by now. We had left Courcelles with the usual two days' iron rations in the packs—canned corned beef, hard bread, coffee and sugar. And the last order I had given in Courcelles was to have some extra rations piled into the camions for that day's use. That was gone. Already the men were into their iron rations.

The night passed peacefully. We hadn't heard a shot fired since we left Courcelles.

My orders were to be ready to march at a moment's notice. By five o'clock next morning we were packed, the men had a scant breakfast, and we were ready. We settled down to wait for orders, the men lounging around in the field in sight of the farmhouse. I sent for my junior officers. I had the idea by then that the line was badly broken and the French in retreat; that we would go in soon, either to stiffen them up or hold the line by ourselves.

The juniors came in: four company commanders—Captain Joe Murray, Captain H. M. Butler, Captain Lloyd Williams and Captain Lester Wass.

I explained to them there was no doubt the line was broken and the French were on the run. That soon we would be up there trying to stiffen them and that there was no doubt they would start filtering back through us. That on no account were they to let our men get demoralized

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

when the French started coming through us. That when we got there, we were there to stay, and the men were to know it. I told them to explain it to the men, so that there wouldn't be any doubt anywhere about sticking.

"From what I can gather, we are the only troops between the Germans and Paris, and the Germans have got to be stopped," I told them.

They went back to their men.

All that morning we waited in suspense. Still there was no firing that we could hear. Still no orders for us, though from time to time staff officers dashed up in cars and gave me the latest news. Always that news was that the French continued falling back. Yet, curiously, I couldn't seem to worry. I had a hunch we were going to stop them. It was all I had to go on, but it was enough.

About eleven o'clock that morning, Colonel Neville himself came up in an automobile.

"You've got to get out of here right away," he told me. He handed me a map and an order. I saw that we were to establish a line from Hill 142 to the northeast corner of the Bois de Veully, as a support for the French, who were out in front of us.

"The French are holding from the railroad on your front," Colonel Neville said, "but we don't expect them to stick. If you don't hurry up, the Germans will get there before you do. When you get there, you stick. Never mind how many French come through you."

He climbed into his car and dashed away. Before he got out of sight the bugles had sounded, the battalion had fallen in and we were under way.

In column of squads, we marched the two miles from Pyramides Farm to the village of Marigny, where I intended to establish my P.C. There wasn't a civilian left in Marigny when we arrived. A couple of batteries of French artillery were on the edge of the town, in position, firing, the first shots we had heard since we left the trenches at Chantillon.

LES MARES FARM, CHÂTEAU THIERRY

My map showed me that we had a four-kilometer front to cover—about two and a half miles. I established my P.C. in the open, on the edge of the town, against the cemetery wall. Company by company the battalion spread out, each company taking its share of that four-kilometer front.

Over on the far edge of Marigny to my left I saw a beautiful château. Over to the left and out in front was Les Mares Farm, rising ground, dotted with clumps of woods, with grain fields here and there, and tall hedges. The ridge in front of my P.C. fell away on either side into level fields. We were about eight miles west of the town of Château Thierry.

There wasn't a sign of a trench anywhere, nor any time to dig one. There wasn't a bit of adequate shelter. To fill that four-kilometer front, the whole battalion, stretched in a single line, left the men six or seven feet apart.

I gave orders they were to dig individual fox holes—little scooped-up hollows similar to a grave but about a foot deep, with the earth piled in front for a parapet.

Meanwhile Colonel Neville had come up within a couple of miles back of us and established regimental headquarters in a quarry. A telephone line was run from it to my P.C.

About four o'clock that afternoon I made an inspection of that four-kilometer front. From one end to the other that line of fox holes stretched, a Marine in every hole; platoon leaders and company commanders behind them. It looked damned thin to me. No machine guns. No supports. But the men seemed in excellent spirits.

Colonel Neville had told me by telephone that the Sixth Marines would be on my right and the Twenty-third Infantry on my left.

Captain Williams, whose company was on the right of my line, reported he couldn't see any evidence of the Sixth Marines, though he had been at least a mile scouting for them. Captain Wass, whose company formed my left

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

flank, had not been able to find any sign of the Twenty-third Infantry. This didn't look very prosperous.

Over on Les Mares Farm near my left flank I found the remnants of a battalion of French Chasseurs. Over near my right flank were a few more Chasseurs, near the village of Champillon. Just behind my line of fox holes those two French batteries of seventy-fives kept firing away. And that was all there was.

I went back to my P.C. To regimental headquarters I reported by telephone the non-appearance of the Sixth Marines and the Twenty-third Infantry.

"They'll show up," they told me.

Supper time. The iron rations were gone. We got some rations from the French—big, heavy squares of hard bread such as they used to have on old-time sailing ships, and some cans of Madagascar corned beef that the French called "monkey meat." It had spoiled before it was canned. It smelled so bad you couldn't eat it out of a can. You had to cook it to camouflage it a little. And we couldn't build fires there. So the men slept in their fox holes, hungry.

The French artillery just behind our line had ceased firing. We never heard a shot all that night.

By daybreak next morning, I was up and out on inspection. I went to the right of the line first. The French Chasseurs at Champillon were beginning to withdraw. French artillery just behind our lines was firing again. And now the Germans were beginning to answer it. Heavy German shells began to explode here and there in and around Marigny.

I went over toward my left. I found Captain Wass in the Bois de Veully, the extreme left of our line. He reported that the clump of woods just out in front of him was full of Germans. It was only about seven hundred yards away. Some of his men had telescopic sights and had been sniping at those Germans since daybreak. They had knocked down nineteen, he reported.

LES MARES FARM, CHÂTEAU THIERRY

He pointed out to me an opening the Germans had cut in the hedge on the edge of these woods—evidently for their guns to be hauled through when they advanced. From time to time as I stood there I could see individual German soldiers walk past that gap.

While we were standing there the Germans began to shell the Bois de Veully. Right over my head a shell burst. I saw a Marine a few feet away crumple up. A shell fragment had torn away his thigh. The shells kept coming. One struck a big tree that flew in splinters. Those splinters were as deadly as the shell fragments themselves. They killed and wounded several men.

I left Captain Wass and his outfit still holding those woods and went up the road a little way to Les Mares Farm to see how the Chasseurs were getting along. They were still there under a major commanding the First and Thirty-first battalions.

"It looks blue," he told me. "The whole German army has broken through. I don't think we will be able to stop them. What are you going to do?"

"Our orders are to stick," I told him.

He shrugged his shoulders.

I started back for my P.C. The minute one left the group of buildings on Les Mares Farm there was no shelter at all. The moment I got out in the open the Germans in the woods started smoking me up. About a hundred yards ahead toward Marigny, the road dipped enough to give shelter. I sprinted that hundred yards in record time, machine-gun bullets flying around me all the way.

Back at my P.C. I telephoned regimental headquarters that I hadn't found the Sixth Marines or the Twenty-third Infantry.

"They'll show up," they declared again.

The German shelling, that had started shortly after day-break, grew steadily heavier. That afternoon they concentrated on Marigny. Shells began to fall within fifty yards of my P.C., but they didn't cut the telephone lines.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Standing up, I could see roofs flying and walls tottering in the town. The church seemed to be the principal target. Presently the steeple toppled and then the whole building burst into flames.

Some kind-hearted soul from regimental headquarters sent two heavy machine guns up to us. We placed them in position in the line with the rifle companies. Rations and ammunition began to come up.

More than ever my hunch was working. Things might look thin, but they felt safe. On that morning inspection I had found the men absolutely without any sign of nervousness, though they knew the Germans were only some seven hundred yards away and they didn't know what minute an attack might start.

All that afternoon the shelling kept up. About mid-afternoon the French who had been out in front to the right of our line began to filter back through us. The Chasseurs at Champillon joined the retreat. The Chasseurs at Les Mares Farm still held on. All that afternoon we waited for the German attack.

Some bright light from General Headquarters came up in a machine and stopped at my P.C. After a few inquiries in regard to conditions he asked me:

"Are you holding the line in depth?"

"No, in width," I told him.

Major Willard Straight was along with this G.H.Q. individual. Major Straight was in charge of War Risk Insurance.

"Have all your men had insurance taken out?" he asked.

"They have, with one exception," I informed him. "And from present indications, you're going to have quite a lot to pay out in the near future."

By that night we had lost about fifteen men—all from shelling.

All that night the Germans kept lobbing shells over into Marigny. The whole town had started to burn. We got some sleep.

LES MARES FARM, CHÂTEAU THIERRY

I was out at daybreak next morning on inspection. No sign yet of the Sixth Marines or the Twenty-third Infantry. The shelling went steadily on. The men's spirits were excellent. But I had a hunch we were going to see something that day. I told the company commanders that, as we were shy of machine guns, when the attack took place we must let the Germans get close, as our only salvation was the rifles. We could stop them with rifles, I was certain. For I knew how that battalion could shoot.

A couple of "sausages"—German observation balloons—were high in air above our front. Captain Williams on my right reported that the last Frenchman had vanished from Champillon. Captain Wass, still holding the Bois de Veuilly, reported that the Germans no longer passed back and forth in that gap in the hedge, but that there was plenty of German activity in those woods in front of him. Shells had stopped falling in the Bois de Veuilly, but they had received some machine-gun fire.

Old Gallivan was shot in the leg. I came up just as the stretcher bearers were taking him out. The old boy looked white; it was a bad wound. I thought that if I could get him mad enough, he'd have a better fighting chance to recover.

"Gallivan," I said, "I never thought I'd see the day when an old soldier like you would shoot himself to get out of this mess."

Gallivan rose up on one elbow and shook his fist at me. His voice was quivering with anger.

"The only thing that saves ye from a batin' is me inability to rise!" he howled.

That was the last I saw of Gallivan for a long time.

I returned to my P. C. and for the third time telephoned regimental headquarters that we hadn't seen any Sixth Marines or any Twenty-third Infantry yet.

They ignored that detail.

"The General is here and he wants to know if you can hold," they told me.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"He needn't worry," I told them.

The Sixth Marines and the Twenty-third Infantry evidently were getting to be a very sore subject with them.

The shelling grew heavier. From time to time some of my men were hit. The German artillery was making it too damned warm for those two French batteries. They limbered up and beat it.

Then suddenly, as though they had sprung up out of the ground, a battalion of French Senegalese troops came rushing toward the rear through my extreme left. Only a few of them had kept their rifles. The bulk of them, weapons thrown away, were in a panic of retreat. The way those niggers were running I thought maybe the English Channel might stop them when they got there, but nothing less.

A little later the Chasseurs, who had been occupying Les Mares Farm in front of the left of our line, came marching back to the rear. They didn't stop to visit with us.

A French officer came dashing up in an automobile. He got out at my P.C.

"The general orders are for everybody to retreat," he told me.

"Retreat! Hell! We've just got here!" I told him.

He departed.

It was about mid-afternoon. There we were, a single line of Marines in fox holes, stretched over two and a half miles of front. A few more than nine hundred men. Nothing to protect our flanks. Paris behind us. The victorious German army in front of us. Shells falling all around us. Our allies had vanished.

I got a hunch it would be a good thing to go out and look at that front line.

I left my P.C. and went up to the ridge just in front of it. I reached the crest and stood still.

The German attack was coming. A long way off over those grain fields I could see thin lines of infantry advancing.

LES MARES FARM, CHÂTEAU THIERRY

I realized that I couldn't give an order that would be of any help. Everything to be done had been done. I stood there and watched them come.

It wasn't the mass formation I had expected to see after what I had heard of German attacks. Those lines were well extended. At least six or seven paces of open space were between the men. There seemed to be four or five lines, about twenty-five yards apart. They wore the "coal-scuttle" helmet. Their rifles, bayonets fixed, were at the ready. They advanced slowly and steadily. I couldn't distinguish any leaders.

I was frozen, but fascinated.

The first thing that flashed across my mind was: "Does this damned line extend beyond our unprotected flanks?" If it did, we were gone.

It may have been a very few minutes—it could have been hours—that I stood there watching those lines advance.

They came within close range. Not a shot had come from our lines. Not a man had tried any wild shooting at long range. Those ten months of drastic discipline and terrific training had done their work.

From where I stood I could see maybe five hundred yards down my line in each direction. In their fox holes, the Marines lay motionless, watching over their rifle-sights.

Suddenly, when the German front line was about a hundred yards from us, we opened up. Up and down the line I could see my men working their rifle bolts. I looked for the front line of the Germans. There wasn't any! Killed and wounded, they had crumpled and vanished in the grain.

Their second line moved steadily forward. Their rifles were at their shoulders. They were shooting as they came. Suddenly they, too, crumpled and vanished.

Had those German troops, outnumbering us more than two to one, pushed that attack home, we were goners. It sounds fine in fiction for a little band of men to knock them down as fast as they come. It doesn't happen in real war

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

very often. But that deadly rifle fire seemed to take the heart out of the Germans who were still on their feet.

Suddenly they broke ranks and ran.

Back through the grain fields they retreated raggedly and vanished in the distance.

I went back to my P.C. to wait for the reports that would be coming in from the company commanders. I soon found out the attack had not extended beyond my flanks. The Germans hadn't even hit our line where we had machine guns. Rifle fire alone had stopped them.

If ever there was a miracle in the war, that was it. With a wide front, much of it open, to pick and choose, the German attack had smashed squarely into the center of those lone two and a half miles we held. Had that same force hit either of our flanks, they could have crumpled us and cleaned us up.

I was in no position to exploit our success. The only thing in the world we could do was stick in our fox holes and hold that line. Out in front of us were Germans in unknown force. Both of our flanks remained unprotected. God alone knew how far back of us any support might be. But the Germans never attacked us again.

In fact, that attack I saw from the crest of the ridge was the only German attack I ever did see. After that we were always doing the attacking.

Our casualties were very light. We never knew how many Germans we killed and wounded that day. We took no prisoners!

Late that afternoon the Sixth Marines hitched up with us on our right and the First Battalion of the Fifth Marines on our left.

An hour or two after we repulsed that attack, though shelling continued steadily, things seemed quiet out in front. I could not see the faintest indication that another attack was forming. There was an abandoned French bicycle in the village. I left Lieutenant Legendre, my adjutant, at the P.C. to look after things, and rode that bicycle back

LES MARES FARM, CHÂTEAU THIERRY

to report in person to Colonel Neville at regimental P.C.

I found him in that quarry. I reported the attack, its repulse, and the arrival of Marines on both our flanks. He seemed pleased at the way we had handled the situation.

"A French outfit is coming in to relieve you to-morrow night," he told me, "and we'll be moving a little further over to the east. We'll be getting a chance to do some attacking ourselves, soon."

It had been a downhill road all the way from my P.C. to his. But that French bicycle was too heavy to push all the way up-hill back home. I walked.

I found everything unchanged, except that Marigny was being shelled even more heavily than it had been since we arrived.

More food and more ammunition had come up. We settled down to spend another night in those fox holes.

The Germans kept up their shelling all night. Marigny was getting pretty badly battered. Fires kept springing up here and there. But I got a few hours sleep in one of the houses, and at daybreak was out on another inspection of the line.

The shelling continued heavy as ever. Seventy-sevens and one-hundred-and-fifty-fives kept dropping into the town and up and down the line. We'd had some casualties during the night but the battalion was standing it splendidly.

They had slept three nights in those fox holes. More than forty-eight hours they had been under heavy shelling. They had broken up an attack of more than twice their number of trained German veterans of the Twenty-sixth Division—splendid troops. They didn't know what minute that force would attack them again. Yet clear down the line they were laughing, joking, kidding each other, as though it was a training camp instead of the front lines. *And they hadn't had a mouthful of hot food or a cup of hot coffee since we left Courcelles six days before!*

All that day the shelling continued, though we never caught sight of a German anywhere. My telephone line

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

had been shot out the day before. During the afternoon a runner came up calling me back to regimental headquarters. There Colonel Neville gave me our orders.

My battalion was to be relieved by the French that night. Pulling out of our line, we were to go to a piece of woods northeast of La Voie du Chatel and act as supports for the First and Third Battalions of the Fifth Marines. They were to attack a piece of woods called the Bois de Belleau, which the Germans had taken from the French within the last day or two, and were reported to have fortified strongly.

The French, Colonel Neville said, were placing heavy stress on the capture of that piece of woods which they viewed as the key to the whole line.

The First and the Third Battalion attacks were to be in two phases. One was to start at six in the morning; the other at five in the afternoon. I was to wait in support for orders. The Sixth Marines were to attack further to the east.

I got back to Marigny before dark, called in my company commanders, and told them what the orders were. Some hours after dark the One Hundred and Sixteenth French Infantry came up and took over that four-kilometer front.

About midnight we pulled out and were in our new position before dawn.

Later we learned that in stopping that German attack at Les Mares Farm, our battalion had thrown back the last attack of the great Château Thierry drive and had stopped the Germans at the closest point they ever got to Paris after America entered the war.

CHAPTER XIX

BOIS DE BELLEAU

THE shelling had stopped as we marched through the dark up the road from Marigny to La Voie du Chatel and took up our position in that designated clump of woods about a mile beyond it. My battalion was down to three companies. Major Julius S. Turrill, commanding the First Battalion, had taken Captain Lloyd Williams' company for the attack.

There was very little underbrush in those woods. We broke ranks, and the men sat around on the ground eating what was left of their cold food. Luckily there was still plenty of tobacco. Day dawned, but it was still somewhat dim in the woods. I had established my P.C. under some trees at the edge of the woods where the road came down from Champillon. At six o'clock that morning we heard the attack start on schedule. Artillery, machine guns, rifle fire—we could distinguish them all. We rested while we could. We didn't know what minute our turn was coming.

After a bit, the walking wounded began to come down the road. They came in every conceivable way: individuals; little groups; arms in rough slings; bandaged heads; men hobbling along with rifles for crutches. They brought the damndest cargo of rumors any man ever listened to. According to them, everything looked black. They said things hadn't gone well. The Germans were holding the woods in heavy force. Every attack against them had been thrown back.

Up came a group of ambulances. They established a dressing station right by my P.C. Over where the attack was going on, the heavy firing continued. Then some

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

stretcher cases came along, carried by German prisoners. I came to the conclusion that maybe things were not as black as the walking wounded had reported. Evidently the Marines were doing a little fighting, too.

The ambulances were stopping at my P.C. and taking the wounded aboard there. Knowing the country, I suggested to the doctors that it was all damned foolishness to have the wounded carried two miles down from Champillon when there was a perfectly good road up which the ambulances could run and get them. They started to do it.

The arrangement was proceeding very satisfactorily when a company of Engineers came along. They went on past us down the road toward Champillon. Presently their captain came back again, badly scared.

"The attack has failed in every way," he said. "The Marines are cut to pieces."

Just that minute some ambulances came rolling up the road toward Champillon. He stepped out into the road and tried to stop them. I stepped out into the road, too.

"You're a damned liar," I told him. "Get out of this road and leave those ambulances alone or I'll shoot you."

He went towards the rear. I never saw him any more.

It was around noon. The firing that had been so heavy at the start was slackening and spasmodic. The men weren't paying much attention to it. There didn't seem to be any excitement among them. Some of them were stretched out on the ground, dozing. Others sat around talking and smoking.

Just past noon, a runner came up the road with orders from Colonel Neville. We were to proceed to the north-east edge of the woods, which were northwest of Lucy-le-Bocage, and await orders.

By two o'clock that afternoon we were under way, going across open fields. High in the air I saw several German sausages. I knew those woods were going to catch hell shortly. In about an hour we were newly established on their edge. This time I had the men scatter well among

BOIS DE BELLEAU

the trees. I warned them especially against bunching up. We settled down again to wait for orders.

Along toward ten o'clock that night the German shelling started. They gave those woods hell. For half an hour all you could hear was the whiz of those shells, the deafening crash as they exploded, and the sound of splintering trees. There were a few casualties. Then, as suddenly as it had started, the shelling stopped.

About midnight another runner came up with orders.

That was the damnedest order I ever got in my life—or anyone else ever got. It went on the calm assumption that all the objectives of the First and Third Battalion had been secured. Starting at two A.M. I was to go along the Lucy-Torcy road, find Colonel Feland, second in command of the Fifth Marines, whose P.C. was supposed to be somewhere near Champillon, and get orders from him what to do.

I knew from what I had picked up that day, that the First Battalion had been fairly successful, and that the Third Battalion had not been. I had heard something of how badly mauled the Third had been. Its objective had been to take the Bois de Belleau.

I was between the devil and the deep sea. If I didn't move, I'd catch hell. If I did move, I knew I was going right down into Germany.

It was dark as pitch. Finding Feland would be a miracle.

Getting the men together after that blasting we'd just had was no easy job. I started to do it, after sending runners out to try and find Feland, inform him of my orders, and tell him I would get under way as near two A.M. as possible.

That might have been a fine order to have sent out on a maneuver field. I didn't see exactly how it was going to work out in war. But, being disciplined, we started. I had received no word from Feland. Evidently my runners hadn't been able to find him.

The road I was to take had high ground on both sides.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

The right side was the Bois de Belleau. I felt confident it held plenty of Germans.

The map showed that after about half a mile the road opened up into sloping grain fields, like a bottle-neck opening into a bottle. Marching between those two high banks, we were in the neck of the bottle. Once beyond their protection we had absolutely no shelter.

It was still as a graveyard when we started. Too damned peaceful, I told myself. My hunch told me something was wrong. By the time we reached within a hundred yards of the point where the bottle-neck opened out, the hunch was in command.

I halted the battalion.

Taking Lieutenant Legendre and a couple of squads of men, I went down the road to reconnoiter. It was still pitch-black. Legendre and the two squads following, I advanced a couple of hundred yards down the road. Suddenly rifle fire broke out on our left. We could see the flashes in the dark. A couple of my men dropped.

I knew by the sound those rifles were Springfields. I yelled over there.

"What the hell do you mean by shooting into us! We're Americans!"

Those men on our left stopped firing. They shouted back telling who they were. They were part of what was left of our Third Battalion.

"Look out!" they called. "The Germans are on your right in the Bois de Belleau!"

We started back. We hadn't gone twenty yards before the Germans opened up. A sudden burst of machine-gun fire came out of the blackness of the Bois de Belleau. Sparks began to fly around our feet. It was a metal road—chunks of rocks in it. Wherever those machine-gun bullets hit it, sparks flew.

All the bullets didn't hit the road. Most of my men went down. Those of us still on our feet sprinted for the shelter of the bottle-neck.

BOIS DE BELLEAU

My mind was racing. There were orders to be given the minute I got back to the battalion. I couldn't give them if I was all out of breath. I slowed down. All the way back the Germans smoked us up.

Less than half of us got back safe. If that battalion had been out in that open road, instead of those two squads, we would have been cut to pieces.

My company commanders had come up to the head of the column.

"Those damned woods on our right are full of Germans," I told them. "We'll take up the ridge on our left. It looks as though what's left of the Third Battalion is there."

We reversed the column and started to get out of that place damned quickly. And then the show started.

Germans in the Bois de Belleau were sniping at us already as we did squads right about and went back to the road to where we had entered the bottle-neck. Day was breaking.

Captain John Blanchfield, second in command of the rear company, was a few feet from me. I saw him grab at his groin. Then he doubled up and fell. A sniper had got him. A couple of the men picked him up and carried him. He was dead before we reached the top of the ridge.

Out of the Bois de Belleau was coming a perfect hell of machine-gun and rifle fire. Fortunately the high bank protected us against most of it. Little groups of Germans standing on the edge of the woods were blazing away at us. Firing at will, the Marines were shooting back at them as we went up the road. Lieutenant Samuel Cummings was wounded. Several men were hit. Other men helped them along. A few were beyond help.

Out of the road we got, finally; up the face of the ridge opposite Bois de Belleau. At last we were over the crest. Behind it the battalion deployed. Again we were a single line of men covering a front now something like a mile and a half long.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

The Germans were pouring everything they had into that ridge. It didn't take any urging for the Marines to get into fox holes the minute they knew we were going to hold it.

Then the German artillery started to sound off. Shells began to explode around us.

I went down past my left flank to find out about that remnant of the Third Battalion. I found about fifty men there—the remnants of a company—with some youngster in command. They were already in fox holes. They told us they had taken us for Germans that morning. Also that the Germans had been feeling them out for hours with machine-gun and shell fire.

I took them under my wing.

It was sandy soil along that ridge. Inside half an hour the men were all in fox holes ready for a German attack. None came.

It was a good thing we were there. If we hadn't been, the Germans could have walked right through that gap in the line.

But though the Germans didn't launch any infantry attack, they kept up a continuous shelling with all the artillery in range, and poured an unceasing stream of machine-gun and rifle fire against that ridge. Everywhere up and down the line, masses of earth, chunks of rock, splinters of trees, leaped into the air as the shells exploded. Machine-gun and rifle bullets thudded into the earth unendingly. That place was getting warm.

About nine o'clock that morning Colonel Feland came up behind the ridge on foot. He told me the First Battalion was just a little on my left. But the Third, he said, had been badly cut up and the rest of it was around Lucyle-Bocage.

"It's a damned lucky thing you happened to be where you were," he said. "You stick here until further orders."

He went back to regimental headquarters.

We settled down to hold the ridge.

BOIS DE BELLEAU

Then I learned of what I have always considered the bravest deed done anywhere.

When the Germans had opened fire on that small patrol I was leading out of the bottle-neck that morning, and a few of us had got back to the battalion, I had given orders that nobody was to go out to bring in our wounded men. It may sound heartless. But it was war and it looked to me like throwing men away at a time when we needed every man we had. But after we had taken up our position behind the ridge, Lieutenant Legendre had taken three men. In broad daylight, under fire, those four went across to that open road. They found two wounded men of that reconnaissance party still alive. All the rest were dead. Still under fire they picked them up and brought them back behind the ridge.

I recommended Legendre for the Congressional Medal of Honor. And, damn it, they gave him only the Distinguished Service Cross. I put in the three men for the D.S.C., as well. Captain Blanchfield got the D.S.C., too, but posthumously, for his work at Les Mares Farm.

Clinging to the crest of that ridge, we found the German shells bad enough. But there was worse to come. They had trench mortars in the Bois de Belleau, and presently they began to cut loose on us with them. Those aerial torpedoes, nearly four feet long, packed with T.N.T., would come sailing through the air and land on the ridge. That whole ridge literally shook every time one of them exploded.

All that day the bombardment kept up. It was the most terrific fire I had ever experienced. At night it slackened somewhat, only to resume next morning. It kept up all next day. Some gas shells fell, too, but the gas wasn't bad enough to make us put on our masks.

Five or six times that day I sent runners back to regimental headquarters with reports on the situation.

I was seated at the foot of a tree writing one of these reports when a couple of shells fell a short distance in

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

front of me. A minute later a couple of shells fell a short distance back of me. I thought, naturally, that the German artillery had bracketed that spot and they were going to walk through the bracket. I got up and moved over a hundred yards or so to one side. The same thing happened again.

"Isn't there a place in these damned woods where a man can sit in peace?" I asked Legendre. He couldn't answer.

That second day they sent us up a couple of machine guns. We certainly needed them. Under that scheme of organization the machine guns belonged to the brigade, instead of each battalion commander having a company of his own. The regimental machine-gun company was with the First Battalion.

Why the Germans didn't attack and break through that line of ours I never will be able to understand.

All that second day we took the shelling in our faces and held the line. That night, thank God, it slackened again.

But it began all over again with daybreak on the third morning. We stayed there and took it and held our fire. There was nothing in sight but trees to shoot at. That third day passed with surprisingly few casualties. It proved to me that artillery can't drive infantry out of any place if the infantry scatter and stick. The way we were scattered, the worst a shell could do was kill one man.

We settled down for the third night. Cold food and ammunition were plentiful. On the morning of the fourth day the shelling resumed on schedule. From daybreak onward, the German drum fire kept up unremittingly. Early that fourth morning a runner came up with a message that a side car was waiting for me back at the foot of the ridge; that Brigadier General Harbord wanted to see me at brigade headquarters. I found him in a farm house several miles back.

"Wise," he said, "the Sixth Marines have made two attacks on the Bois de Belleau. The first one failed. The

BOIS DE BELLEAU

second made a little headway on the southern edge of the woods. You're on the ground, there. You know the conditions. It's up to you to clean it up. Go ahead and make your own plans and do the job."

"Very well, sir," I told him.

"Do you want some artillery assistance?" he asked.

"No, sir," I told him. "With the small amount of artillery we have, it only warns the Germans when the attack is to take place."

I left him and took the side car over to regimental headquarters in a house at La Voie du Chatel, about halfway to the ridge. There I found Colonel Neville. I told him what orders I had received.

"May I have my other company?" I asked.

He said he'd order it back.

General Harbord's order had given me *carte blanche*.

I didn't see any use following the same line of attack which had failed with the Sixth Marines, as the Germans evidently had their lines of defense worked out to receive attacks from that direction. It was common sense to hit them where they weren't looking for it. So I determined to risk everything on the unexpected and attack them from their rear. Thus I would get in between them and their lines of support, which were along the railroad in front of the northern edge of the Bois de Belleau.

I got back to the ridge and sent for my company commanders. The Germans were still hammering us with drum fire. Captain Wass, Captain Williams, Captain Dunbeck and Lieutenant Cook presently appeared. They were red-eyed, dirty, unshaven. We sat down under a tree.

I explained to them what our mission was and how it was to be accomplished. I told them it was a hell of a risk, but that I had a hunch that if we caught the Germans in the rear of their defenses, we would have much more of a chance of succeeding than in trying to attack over ground on which two earlier efforts had not been successful. I asked for any opinions. They all agreed with me.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

I set zero hour at four A.M. and told them we would get ready for the attack before daybreak; that after we got to the northern edge of the woods, any German shelling would hit among the Germans as well as us, and I doubted very much if we'd be annoyed by any shell fire.

From where we sat we could see the ground where the attack was to be formed, and they'd have plenty of time to explain to the junior officers and men exactly what was to be done. The whole thing depended on getting across the Lucy-Torcy road before daybreak and making a rapid advance to the northern edge of the woods.

The First Battalion was to relieve us at midnight. I had seen Major Turrill about it personally, so that the relief would be made rapidly and without noise.

I ordered that each man, in addition to his ammunition belt carrying one hundred rounds, was to be issued two extra bandoliers, giving him one hundred and twenty rounds more.

I also designated where my P.C. would be, both at the jump off and during the attack. Both places were in plain sight.

They went back to their companies. The battalion was made ready for the attack. Down to the last man in the ranks, everybody knew every detail of the plan.

All the rest of the afternoon we stuck by our fox holes while the German drum fire continued. The men showed no excitement. By now they had been through enough to qualify them as veterans.

Late that afternoon I walked over and saw Major Turrill, who was with the First Battalion about two miles over on my left. He was all set to relieve us. I also went over and saw Major John A. Hughes, commanding the First Battalion of the Sixth Marines, who had made the last attack on the southern edge of Bois de Belleau and was still holding it.

Major Hughes confirmed my idea that it was almost an impossible task to take that position by frontal attack. He

BOIS DE BELLEAU

told me a lot, too, about what the German defenses were. In that clump of woods covering a knoll a mile long and a half mile wide, rising sharply from the fields that surrounded it, was an outcrop of huge boulders cut with gullies and ravines, and with underbrush so thick in it that men could pass a few feet from each other, unseen. In that tangle were machine guns camouflaged behind brush heaps and woodpiles, back of boulders and in shellproof pits under boulders. Snipers on the ground and in the tree tops. Picked German veterans who were fighting desperately.

I went back to the ridge after my talk with him, thankful that I had a free hand and could hit them from the rear instead of having to make a frontal attack.

Night came on. I sat there under the trees, going over all the details in my mind, waiting for four A.M. to come.

Through the dark a runner showed up, asking for me.

"A message, sir," he said, when I called to him.

I looked at my wrist watch. Midnight. Four hours more to wait.

I unfolded the message he handed me, crouched down, and turned the light of my electric torch on the paper.

I read those typewritten lines. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was an attack order.

My battalion was ordered to attack the Bois de Belleau FROM THE SOUTHERN EDGE at four o'clock that morning, behind a rolling barrage.

It was signed "Harbord."

I was dumfounded. All my plans were up in the air. I knew that piece of paper I held in my hand meant the needless death of most of my battalion. Some of them would have died in the attack I had planned. But now, instead of hitting the Germans from the rear, I had to take that battalion to a frontal attack against a prepared position.

I did the only thing left to do. I sent runners out and called my company commanders in again. In about an hour they came stumbling through the dark.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"The plans have been changed," I told them. "We're to make an attack starting from the southern edge, following a rolling barrage. The front assigned us to attack on is so wide that I'm going to risk putting all four companies in the front line. We won't have any supports or reserves. So it's no good sending back word for reinforcements. 'H' hour is four o'clock."

I explained to them which companies would be formed from right to left, told them the point designated as the jumping-off place, the pace of the barrage, and where my P.C. would be.

When they left I felt sick. I sent a runner off to Major Hughes, informing him of the change in plans.

I sat there thinking it over. There was nothing more to do. The order had said that Hughes battalion of the Sixth Marines would advance simultaneously with us on our right. Days later I was to learn that Major Hughes never got any such order.

About three o'clock that morning the companies began to pull out. I went on down to my new P.C. I wasn't sick any more. The attack had to be made. That was all a man could think of, then.

I stood there under some trees by a ditch on the southern edge of the Bois de Belleau, and in the growing light watched my battalion march into position.

The morning was very still. Not a shot shattered the silence. In the trees a little way off some birds began to chirp. It sounded oddly loud in that stillness.

The P.C. was at the right of the battalion line. Off to my left I could see the whole battalion, spread out in line of skirmishers, stretched flat on the ground, waiting for our artillery to open up. It was getting close to four o'clock then. Legendre and a little group of runners stood beside me. In the trees, those birds kept on chirping.

It was getting lighter every minute. Suddenly the barrage dropped, several hundred yards in front of our lines. Half a mile in front of us, cultivated fields stretched up in a

BOIS DE BELLEAU

gentle rise to meet the thick wall of the woods. Earth flew in air as the barrage dropped into those fields. Fifty paces ahead in the next two minutes the barrage crawled. Amid the explosions of the bursting shells we could hear the German machine guns in the woods come to life.

They couldn't see us yet, but they knew from the barrage that the attack was coming.

The barrage lifted and crawled ahead. The whistles of our platoon leaders sounded up and down the line. The battalion rose to its feet. Bayonets fixed, rifles at the ready, the men started their slow advance.

I stood there watching them go forward. The Germans could see us now. They had the range. Here and there men were dropping. But the line went steadily on. The Germans couldn't have had better targets if they had ordered the attack themselves.

The barrage kept crawling on. About two hundred and fifty yards behind it the battalion went on, men dropping, men dropping, men dropping. Yard by yard they advanced. Minutes after, I saw them disappear into the woods. Those woods seemed to have swallowed up the barrage without an effort. Now they swallowed up the battalion.

As the Marines vanished into the undergrowth beneath the trees, the German machine-gun fire slackened. The detonations of the barrage had ceased. Across those fields from the woods I could distinguish machine-gun fire, rifle fire. A sudden ripping burst of machine-gun fire would break out. That meant the Marines were advancing on a nest. It would die down. That meant the nest was taken.

Back across that open field wounded men began crawling to the rear. There was a dressing station at Lucy, about a mile away.

Company runners began to come back out of the woods with reports. Messages hastily scrawled in pencil. This objective attained. That objective attained. Heavy casualties.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Prisoners commenced to come back. Convoys of twenty, thirty, fifty Germans, herded along by some single Marine—generally a wounded one at that.

They were brought to my P.C. for questioning. From my interpreter I learned they were the Twenty-sixth Jaeger Division, veteran Alpine troops. Also that there were more than eighteen hundred Germans defending Bois de Belleau. We were attacking with about nine hundred. We cut their shoe strings and shooed them back toward Lucy! They went contentedly enough. All of them said they were damned tired of the war.

Some of them said their officers had told them the Marines took no prisoners. I had heard that story before. So before we went in that morning I had told each company commander to have men in his outfit who spoke German shout out in German from time to time that the Marines would accept surrenders. A man who knows he can surrender will do a lot less damage than a man who believes he's got to die fighting.

All morning I kept runners on the way back to regimental headquarters to keep Colonel Neville informed. It was getting around noon. Reports from my company commanders said that the woods were ours.

But, though from time to time company runners kept coming out of the woods with reports of objectives gained and held, about mid-afternoon I figured it was time for me to go and take a look-see. I left Legendre at the P.C., took Coutra with me, and went over to the edge of the woods. There were paths I could follow through the undergrowth.

Just inside the edge of the woods I came upon one of those German machine guns camouflaged behind a brush pile. Dead Marines lay in front of it. Dead Germans lay about it. A strange silence held in the woods.

I got out to the right of my line, where Captain Lloyd Williams' company had gone in. They were in fox holes on the far side of the woods. Some junior was in com-

BOIS DE BELLEAU

mand. Captain Williams had been shot early in the day, I learned. He died that night. The youngster in command told me of the terrific fighting they'd had. Foot by foot they had pushed their way through the underbrush in the face of a continuous machine-gun and rifle fire. Snipers had shot them from brush piles on the ground; from perches high in the trees. Germans they had left sprawled on the ground for dead as they went on, had risen and shot them in the back.

I went on down the line. Lieutenant Cook was unwounded, but he had lost several of his juniors and a lot of his men. He told me the same story I had learned from what was left of Captain Williams' company. And more.

"Whenever we took a machine-gun nest," he said, "another one opened up on their flank. That happened many times. The second one would never fire a shot until we had taken the first. Then they opened up on us."

His outfit, too, were in fox holes and waiting for the expected German counterattack.

Farther down the line I found Captain Dunbeck and what was left of his outfit. The same story all over again.

In his line, along the edge of the woods toward Germany, the men were mounting captured German machine guns against the expected counterattack. There was plenty of ammunition for them. They had even found baby carriages and wheelbarrows filled with it beside the guns they had captured. Several of the juniors of this outfit were gone, and the losses in men had been heavy.

Captain Dunbeck told me how Lieutenant Heiser had died. Leading an attack on a German machine-gun nest, Heiser had been literally decapitated. His head had been cut clean from his body by a stream of machine-gun bullets that caught him in the throat.

Down on the left flank I found Captain Wass. Most of his juniors were gone, and half his men. What was left of his company had dug in, too, on the German edge of the woods.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Every one of those four companies had fought its way clear through those woods, from one side to the other.

Wass told me of one of his sergeants. Leading a squad against a machine-gun nest, the old sergeant had shouted back at them: "Come on, you sons-of-bitches—you've lived too long!"

He told me of the difficulties they had in orienting themselves in that heavy underbrush. There were no landmarks, once you got into those woods. If you turned around twice you lost all sense of direction and only your compass could straighten you out.

"The German machine gunners are braver than the infantry," Wass said. "But when you once get within bayonet reach of any of them, they're eager enough to surrender."

Every one of those company commanders had been through the same mill. Savage, deadly work at close range in a tangle of undergrowth.

Nothing in all our training had foreseen fighting like this. If there was any strategy in it, it was the strategy of the Red Indian. The only thing that drove those Marines through those woods in the face of such resistance as they met was their individual, elemental guts, plus the hardening of the training through which they had gone.

"Do we hold the extreme point of the woods at this end?" I asked Captain Wass.

"No, sir, we don't," he said. "There are a lot of Germans over in that northeast corner. We didn't have enough men to extend over there."

God, how I wished for another company, then!

Yet I could hardly believe that place had Germans in it. I went out from the shelter to the edge of the woods, and walked over that way. Wass was right. There wasn't any damned doubt about it. Machine guns opened up from those trees. The bullets kicked up dirt all around my feet. I dived back for safety.

There was a problem. The Germans were evidently in

BOIS DE BELLEAU

that point of woods in some force. Yet I didn't have the men to attack them. I knew now that over half of my battalion was gone. The remnant, in fox holes, was strung out in a very thin line over nearly a two-mile front. God alone knew what minute the counterattack was coming. We would have all we could attend to, just holding that line, when it came. And yet the presence of those Germans on our flank meant trouble unless they were cleaned out.

Also their presence put me in a devil of a fix. Based on the reports of my company commanders earlier in the day, I had reported to Colonel Neville at regimental headquarters that those woods were cleaned out. And Colonel Neville had reported that back to Brigade.

I headed back through the woods for my P.C.

Every step of the way told anew the story of the terrific fighting by which my battalion had taken those woods. I passed nest after nest of German machine guns. Out in front of every gun lay Marines where they had fallen. Around the guns themselves there weren't so very many dead Germans. They had worked their guns up to the moment the Marines got among them with the bayonet—and then they had surrendered. Most of my wounded had been worked out. Here and there through the woods stretcher bearers were searching for more. There was some little evidence of that rolling barrage under which we had advanced, in a few shell holes and splintered trees. But not much. It hadn't hurt the Germans enough to mention. But it had given them plenty of notice that we were coming.

Though everywhere I could see Marines who had been killed by machine guns and snipers, though there were plenty of dead Germans, killed by rifle fire, nowhere was there any sign that the Germans had stood face to face with Marines at close quarters and fought it out. Always when it got hot and hand to hand, they had surrendered.

At my P.C. I found Major Hughes. I told him my troubles. Also I sent word back to regimental headquarters.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"Will you lend me a company so I can clean out that northeast point of the woods?" I asked Hughes.

He said he would.

But before his company came up, a runner reached my P.C. with orders from General Harbord at brigade headquarters to pay no attention to the Germans on my left flank; that our artillery would take care of them.

There was damned little satisfaction in that for me. I kept sending runners to regimental headquarters reiterating the fact of our losses, of the thin line with which we held the long front, and of the presence of those Germans in unknown force in those woods on our left flank.

Food and ammunition began to come up. Searching parties combed the Bois de Belleau. A steady stream of stretcher bearers came out of the woods and headed for Lucy, where there was a dressing station and ambulances. We had enough German prisoners to do the stretcher carrying.

Several machine guns came up. I kept runners on the way back calling for more. I knew that if the Germans launched any kind of a strong attack into those woods they could tear clean through us.

Major Snow and two companies of Engineers came up. I made infantry out of them and sent them up to the far edge of the woods to strengthen the line.

About a hundred and fifty Marine replacements came up. I threw them into the line, too.

The night wore away without any German counterattack; without any shelling.

I had a little hole dug at my P.C., stretched out in it and got a few hours' sleep.

I was up at daybreak and off on a new inspection of the line. The woods had been cleared of all the wounded. The dead still lay where they fell. I was much better satisfied with the line. Those engineers and replacements had helped. It was well sprinkled with machine guns, now—our own and captured German weapons. I wasn't afraid,

BOIS DE BELLEAU

then, of any break through. Though as I looked it over I wondered more and more why the Germans had not made a strong counterattack that night. If they had, we would have had Bois de Belleau to take all over again.

Over at Captain Wass' position on our left, I studied that northeastern point of the woods carefully. It didn't look like a very hard nut to crack. It was slightly higher ground than the rest of the Bois de Belleau—the same tall trees; the same thick underbrush; the same bowlders.

I made up my mind we'd attack it that afternoon whether reinforcements came up or not. As it stood, it was a constant menace.

I went back to my P.C., reported to regimental headquarters, and requested that a barrage be put down on that northeastern point of the woods for a couple of hours that afternoon.

I sent for Captain Wass and Captain Dunbeck and told them we would make the attack at five o'clock that afternoon with their two companies. They didn't have much more than a hundred men apiece. The plans for the attack were simple. We were to ease over to our left as far as we could in the shelter of the trees, and then make a frontal attack. It was the only way it could be done.

At three o'clock that afternoon, the barrage started. Two hours, steadily, our guns hammered that northeastern point of the woods with high explosive. Then we started.

In about an hour runners began to come back to my P.C. They reported the whole place had been taken. About fifty prisoners showed up. We had lost heavily again. Captain Dunbeck had been wounded.

It was the same dirty underbrush fighting of the first day all over again. Camouflaged machine guns; snipers below and aloft. Men who surrendered the moment we got within bayonet reach. But before they surrendered they killed as long as they could squeeze trigger.

I spread out the line until it had gaps in it, to take in this new front.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

I reported the capture of this northeastern point of the woods to regimental headquarters and settled down.

But now the German artillery stepped in. They had a pretty thorough idea of our position in those woods. About ten o'clock that night they sounded off. They gave us an awful panning. It lasted for about two hours.

It was the heaviest artillery hammering I ever took in my life. The drum fire we had stood on the ridge before we attacked the Bois de Belleau had been child's play compared to it. High explosives from those German hundred-and-fifty-fives and plenty of seventy-sevens made a hell out of that stretch of woods. Trees crashed, torn to splinters. Jagged limbs and jagged fragments of steel filled the air. The sharp stench of the high explosive choked us and started us sneezing; irritated our noses and throats until it hurt us to breathe.

The Ninth Infantry, four miles back of our position, had sent up a dozen runners that afternoon, so in case I needed reinforcements I could send for them. I sent them all back but one—a little Italian.

The fumes of that high explosive, heavier than air, settled down in the fox holes in which we were stretched. They drove me out of mine, choking and sneezing. I went over to the ditch by my P.C. and stretched out there. Right beside me was that little Italian runner from the Ninth. He didn't know who I was. He was cursing viciously at having thrown his entrenching tools away.

"By God, if I had them here I'd be deep down in this ground," he was snarling. "I'll never lose them again!"

Our casualties from that shelling were fairly heavy.

Bobby Reath of Philadelphia, one of Gallivan's Racquet Clubbers, and now a sergeant, came up to my P.C. with a message. He had just left the place and was only a few steps away when a shell struck the ground beside him, burst, and killed him instantly.

Just as instantaneously as it had started, the shelling ceased. Those two hours in which the Germans had shelled

BOIS DE BELLEAU

the living hell out of us, were followed by a silence as deep as the grave. Nerves relaxed. Ears that had been absolutely deafened by that ceaseless roar could hear normal sounds again. Officers and men got up out of the fox holes where they had lain, tense, under that blasting; stretched and spoke to one another. It seemed good to hear the sound of a human voice.

I was certain that such a barrage would be followed by an infantry attack in force. I stood there listening, waiting for the expected burst of rifle and machine-gun fire. None came. Out there on the German edge of the woods I knew what was left of our front line was waiting and watching for it, too. But never a sound came from it. No runners came out of the dark to report a German advance.

I waited a while, and nothing happening, settled down in my fox hole for a little sleep, after sending a runner back to regimental headquarters reporting that the barrage was over and we were all right.

By daybreak next morning I was out on inspection again. The woods were strangely silent. I found to my amazement that the terrific barrage of the night before had done comparatively little damage to our front line. It had torn the woods just behind the line to pieces. If we'd had supports in those woods, they would have been annihilated.

The only captain I had left was Lester Wass, still commanding his company on the left flank. He reported to me that the Germans had begun to filter back in during the night. Small patrols from his outfit had swapped shots with them in the underbrush. They didn't know their strength, but he knew they did have machine guns.

I returned to my P.C. and sent another runner back to regimental headquarters reporting that we didn't have all the woods. Presently a runner came with word from General Harbord at brigade headquarters, that Major Thomas Holcomb, commanding the Second Battalion, Sixth Marines, would bring up his outfit and relieve me that night.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

That order also told me to remain in command there until the woods were cleared out.

Late that afternoon Major Holcomb arrived.

"Come along with me," I told him. "I'm going to show you what we've got to do to-morrow when your outfit gets up here."

We started out from my P.C. on the same route I took in my regular morning inspection. It was about five p.m. We had hardly left my P.C. when the Germans cut loose with a bombardment that, while it wasn't quite as heavy as the one we had stood the night before, still was heavy enough. Hundred-and-fifty-fives and seventy-sevens began to burst up and down the line. On top of them, the whizbangs came smashing through. Splintered trees were torn into still smaller splinters. Great masses of earth and roots, of limbs and fragments of trunks, mixed with shell-fragments themselves, began to fly through the air. The din was deafening—a solid, continuous roar.

Holcomb looked at me. "Is this celebration due to my arrival?" he shouted in my ear.

"No," I shouted back. "This is only routine."

We flopped right where we stood when the shelling started and lay flat against the ground until it ended half an hour later. Then we went on with the inspection.

I explained to Holcomb that to make that attack we must take a company and comb the woods on the left end of our line—just the same job we had done when we first took Bois de Belleau; the same job we had done on the left flank the day before. I decided the attack was to take place at four o'clock the next afternoon. We returned to my P.C. and Holcomb went back to get his outfit.

Back at the P.C., I found out another reinforcement had arrived *in the Reverend Dr. Larned, a chaplain.*

Chaplain Larned had been the rector of an exclusive Episcopalian church at Bar Harbor, Maine. Colonel Neville had just sent him up to our outfit. Without one day of intermediate experience, he had come from peace-

BOIS DE BELLEAU

ful Bar Harbor into that hell hole of the Bois de Belleau with no stop-overs.

"What shall I do?" he asked me.

"If you want to live, you'd better get an entrenching tool and get into the ground," I told him.

He borrowed an entrenching tool and started digging.

Again that day, before dark, the German artillery cut loose. They had Bois de Belleau plotted like their own back yard. Foot by foot those heavy shells marched through it and marched back again. I saw one big shell hit and explode a few yards away from me. Hardly had the smoke and earth settled before another big shell hit in exactly the same spot. And I had heard all my life that two shells never hit in the same place!

I had sent a runner up to the front line to bring back a couple of machine-gun officers, so I could give them orders on the attack next day. They had come back to my P.C. The three of us, a machine-gun officer on each side of me, were seated on the edge of that ditch. Just above our heads a seventy-seven exploded. The officer on my right was killed. The officer on my left was wounded. One shell fragment tore off the corner of my blouse.

Before dark the shelling paused. As it grew dark I settled down in my fox hole to try and get a little sleep. But sleep was impossible that night. Every time I dozed off it seemed to be the signal for the German artillery to sound off. Every hour or two all through that night, in short, sharp, half-hour intervals, they gave us everything they had.

About ten o'clock that night, it was getting tiresome. I figured we ought to give the German artillery a little trouble. From the telephone at my P.C. I tried to get regimental headquarters and order a counterbarrage from our artillery. No answer. The line had been shot out.

We had another telephone line back to them. The battalion end with its instrument was in a fox hole about a hundred yards away from my P.C. I started for it. It

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

looked as though the German gunners could see me. Shells were bursting around me all the way. But I got to the other telephone, ordered the counterbarrage, and got back to my P.C. safely.

The Bois de Belleau was an unforgettable sight that night. I had dozed off in the dark during a lull. The explosions of renewed shelling woke me to see the blackness rent and torn everywhere with those terrific flashes of bluish flame from the bursting shells. Silhouetted in that ghastly light I could see splintered tree trunks and twisted limbs and the black mass of the forest stretching off on both sides. Then for minutes those flashes would come so fast that it looked as if a great ragged searchlight was playing up and down in the dark, so continuous would be the illumination. And all the time the shattering impact of the bursts would hammer on your ears.

Again the air filled with the stench of high explosives. Again it settled, like a heavy gas, in our fox holes. Again we choked and sneezed and had to get up, walk away, and stretch out somewhere else. A gas mask was no good against that penetrating stench.

It drove me out of my fox hole sometime after midnight. I lay in the ditch for a while, and then returned to the hole. In my absence of half an hour a shell had landed on the edge of it and burst. I couldn't help picturing what would have happened if I had been there, as I lay down again. Nor could I help remembering those two shells I had seen fall in the same hole.

In the hour just before dawn, Major Holcomb reappeared. He brought bad news and the remnants of his battalion. They had been in a clump of woods about four miles behind our position. Early in the evening the Germans had cut loose a heavy bombardment of gas shells on those woods. Holcomb was supposed to bring me eight hundred effective men. Actually he showed up with three hundred and twenty-five.

I was in a hell of a fix. Those three hundred and

BOIS DE BELLEAU

twenty-five additional men didn't give me strength enough to hold my line and comb those woods as they needed combing. The attack could not be delivered.

Major Holcomb told me that Colonel Neville had said I could pull out with what was left of my outfit and turn over the place to him. I didn't do it. It would have been lunacy to have turned over that part of the line to three hundred and twenty-five men who had never seen it, and an officer who had seen it just once. I stayed.

That thought didn't seem to strike the Engineers, however. They pulled out that morning. I patched the gap the Engineers left, as best I could, with Holcomb's men. They weren't enough.

The situation was damned precarious. We had taken the woods. We were holding them. But we didn't have enough men to keep the Germans from filtering back night after night and bringing machine guns with them. That point of woods on the left of my line was sheltering more of them each night.

I reported this to brigade headquarters. They didn't seem to agree with me. After Holcomb's arrival I made it stronger. Also I reported to Brigade that there ought to be one man in command of the entire Bois de Belleau front. Major John A. Hughes was still in command of the First Battalion of the Sixth Marines on my right. But I was in one regiment; he was in another. I couldn't give him an order. Every time I told Hughes that I wanted to do something and he ought to do certain things to back me up, he would tell me it was against Lieutenant Colonel Harry Lee's orders. And Lee was his regimental commander. He had had the Sixth Marines since Colonel Albertus W. Catlin was wounded on that front.

I was going over the front lines twice every day to buck up the men. About ten o'clock the morning Holcomb and his men arrived I was out in the woods on my morning inspection.

Ever since he arrived and dug in, Chaplain Larned had

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

been deviling me for something to do. The day before, I had told him it would be a good idea to go out and bury our dead. Up to then they lay where they fell. I had given him a small burial detail.

Here and there were open places in the woods. I had issued strict orders that the men were never to cross them in daytime, for the woods were under observation by those German sausages and the sight of troops crossing the open was the signal for an artillery bombardment on that spot, instantly. But some of the men would take short cuts whenever they could get away with it.

On the edge of one of these open spaces, suddenly I saw two men walk out into the open.

"What the hell do you think you're doing out there?" I began. "Aren't enough of us getting killed already without you helping it out?"

They came back. I cursed them as long as they were in sight. Then, as I paused to get some breath, from behind some trees a few feet away I heard a rich, sonorous voice intoning:

"Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower——"

I looked around. It was the funeral service. Chaplain Larned was officiating.

I walked over to him. I stood there until he finished. Then I apologized as best I could.

He stood silent for a moment, rubbing his hands together. He looked a little puzzled.

"I think I understand, Colonel," he said at last. Then his eyes lighted up as though with an idea. "It takes all kinds of people to make a world, I suppose," he said, philosophically.

I went on with my inspection.

Every one of my company commanders knew the situation was serious. Like myself, they couldn't understand why we hadn't been counterattacked. Ammunition was

BOIS DE BELLEAU

getting short, too. We all knew those Germans in the woods on the left end of our line were in a splendid position for an attack that might hit us any minute.

With Captain Dunbeck's return to the rear, wounded, his company was commanded by Lieutenant Drinkard Milner, a youngster. I had always had my doubts about Milner. He was the son of a minister. He was a mild-mannered little chap. He didn't look to me like the stuff of which good troop leaders are made. I had nearly canned him before we went into the lines. Some instinct had always told me I might be doing him an injustice.

That morning, as I came up silently under the trees, I heard his voice. He was talking to his men.

"Those damned Sixth Marines have gone back on us. We've got to stay in this hell hole. It looks to me as if we might get a counterattack any time. Ammunition is scarce. If the attack takes place after we've used up all our ammunition, we've got our bayonets. After they're broken, we've got the butts of our rifles. When they break, we've got our fists. With all these weapons, no damned German is going to get through here."

I quit worrying about Milner as a troop leader, right there.

And what I heard him tell his men was the spirit of that battalion from one end to the other.

I went on down the line to Captain Wass' company. He told me the Germans were still strong in those woods on the left. We stopped and talked a moment about what had come to light of the underbrush fighting of that first day's attack.

One squad of his company, Wass told me, had taken a German machine gun camouflaged behind a brush pile in the middle of the woods, that day. The minute they got among the Germans with bayonets, the Germans, who had worked the gun up to that minute and had cut up the Marines pretty badly, surrendered. The Marines took them all prisoners. Not one was killed. And that minute

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

another German machine gun opened up on their flank. They left their prisoners, charged the second gun, and captured it. The minute they got among those Germans with bayonets, every one of them surrendered. And that minute the captured gun crew they had left behind them opened fire on them again. They couldn't play back and forth like this all day. They bayoneted every man of that second German gun crew, went back and captured the first gun all over again, and bayoneted every man of that crew before they went on.

That taught me it wasn't a safe thing to leave a captured German machine gun behind you while there were any live Germans about, even if they had surrendered.

I made up my mind that after this, whenever we captured a German machine gun we didn't need, the thing to do was to put a pistol bullet through the water casing and breech mechanism.

Wass told me, too, of a story that was beginning to circulate through the battalion. One of the men on the way back with a convoy of prisoners noticed one of the Military Police standing beside the road.

"What is an M.P. doing so near the front?" The Marine asked him.

"They sent me up here to keep the Marines from running away," said the M.P.

The Marine reached over and tapped the M.P. on the head with the butt of his gun. The rumor was it killed the M.P.

I finished that inspection feeling that though the situation was precarious, the men and officers I had left were in excellent spirits and could be depended upon. I started back to my P.C. There had been the usual morning bombardment already. Now it was renewed, heavier than ever. The shells were bad enough. But those whiz-bangs were the worst of all.

One of them went by me. The wind of the damned thing spun me half-way around. I felt my tin hat literally

BOIS DE BELLEAU

lift on my head. And I don't think my hair was strong enough to raise it, even if it had stood up.

Back at my P.C. I found Colonel Feland.

"General Harbord is sore as hell because you didn't clean out the woods," he told me.

"We've done the best we could, Logan," I told him, "but on the original attack the men got a great deal of punishment from the right. They naturally drifted toward it to take the machine guns in that sector. We simply didn't have enough men to cover the whole front. More than half the battalion are casualties now. I've got one captain left. Now you know how we stand. You've got a map. You can read it as well as I can."

He agreed with me that things didn't look very well, with the Germans in those woods at the left of our line. When the shelling eased up a little bit, we made an inspection. Colonel Feland carried Brigade orders that gave him authority over Major Hughes on my right and over Major Turrill on the ridge we had vacated the morning we attacked the Bois de Belleau. One of Turrill's companies was brought over. This company came down in a sort of a hook that protected our left flank. The whole position was put in a much safer condition.

Regularly from time to time that day, the Germans shelled the woods. After every shelling the men braced to meet the counterattack. It never came.

Colonel Feland established his P.C. next to mine.

That evening I made the rounds of the front line again. The spirit was wonderful. The men could even kid one another as I went up and down the line.

All that night, intermittently, the German artillery hammered away at us. And in addition, those Germans in the woods at the left kept feeling out our line with machine-gun fire. The line still held.

Hour after hour the men lay flat and waited for the shelling to slacken. But still the Germans never were able to blast that line of Marines out of their positions.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

The morning of June 15th dawned. We still held the woods. All that day it was the same old story. Heavy shelling. Silence. Heavy shelling. Bracing for counter-attacks that might come any minute, but that never came. Then, about mid-afternoon, a runner came from brigade headquarters with the orders that next day we were to pull out. The Seventh U. S. Infantry were to relieve us.

Following the runner came a little group of infantry officers to reconnoiter the position. I took them over the front line. It was very quiet. They couldn't understand why they had heard the place was such a hot box. It was their first experience in the front lines. They didn't seem to realize what they were up against. They were courteously unimpressed when I tried to tell them. I impressed it upon them that they must get into position before daybreak. I pointed out the German sausages, told them they had to come over a lot of open ground, explained that the German artillery had that whole sector plotted and had damned near perfect observation, and told them they would get the hell shelled out of them the first time a column was seen in open ground in daylight.

They left before dark. They had hardly gone, before the evening shelling started. I wished they had waited.

All that night we stuck it out under those same intermittent bursts of shelling. Already the Bois de Belleau was beginning to look vastly different from the place we had seen the morning we took it. Hundreds of splendid trees that had stood then were now just splintered stumps. Everywhere, the ground was plowed up with shell holes.

That night I got a little sleep in my fox hole. That hole was beginning to look like home to me. I had left orders to be awakened long before daybreak. Through the darkness before dawn I sat there at my P. C. waiting for the Seventh Infantry to arrive. Day broke and they had not shown up.

I was getting damned mad. It was a certainty the infantry was going to get cut up, coming in by daylight.

BOIS DE BELLEAU

It was an equal certainty we were going to get cut up, going out by daylight.

A couple of hours after daybreak their column came in sight, marching across open fields. I looked up. The German sausages were there.

The infantry weren't over three hundred yards away when I first saw them. Before they had advanced another hundred yards the German artillery was on the job. All around them I saw the ground being plowed up by shell bursts. I knew if they kept on the way they were coming, the German artillery would play hell with them.

I ran out from my P.C. across the field toward them. I cursed the hell out of them.

"Don't you God-damned fools know there's a war on?" I asked them. Then I spotted a couple of officers.

"Get your men over into that ditch!" I ordered them, pointing out a ditch that ran back of the ditch beside which I had my P.C. "Speed up their gait a little bit, too."

They followed up the ditch, and in its shelter got into the woods just in time. German shells were tearing the hell out of the open space where they had been five minutes before.

The German gunners shifted instantly from that open field to the woods. That whole damned area became a hell-hole of bursting shells again. It slowed up the relief and took two or three hours to get straightened out.

As fast as a company of infantry took over their part of the front, what was left of one of my companies came out. In single file that handful of men marched out of the woods they had won and held, and headed toward the rear. Two miles back was our rendezvous.

Two weeks' growth of beard bristled on their faces. Deep lines showed, even beneath beard and dirt. Their eyes were red around the rims, bloodshot, burnt out. They were grimed with earth. Their cartridge belts were almost empty. They were damned near exhausted. Past physical limits. Travelling on their naked nerve.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

But every one of them was cocky—full of fight.

At the rendezvous two miles back we found that all our packs had been looted.

I lined the men up and looked them over. It was enough to break your heart.

I had left Courcelles May 31st with nine hundred and sixty-five men and twenty-six officers—the best battalion I ever saw anywhere. I had taken them, raw recruits for the most. Ten months I had trained them. I had seen them grow into Marines.

Now before me stood three hundred and fifty men and six officers.

Six hundred and fifteen men and nineteen officers were gone. Some had fallen at Les Mares Farm; some in the bottle-neck and on the ridge across from the Bois de Belleau. The most of them had gone down that morning we took the woods. Dead, or in hospitals far to the rear.

For seventeen days—since May 31st—they hadn't had a cup of hot coffee or a bite of hot food. They hadn't taken off their shoes. They hadn't had a chance to wash their faces. Even drinking water had been scarce for days. The only place they had found any rest had been on the bare ground. For the last four days they had even been without their packs. They had stood days and nights of terrific shelling without a chance to hit back. Behind an inadequate barrage, they had walked into the muzzles of German machine guns and had taken them. They had driven trained German veterans out of fortified positions by frontal attack. Most of them raw recruits less than a year before, they had walked into the fiercest kind of woods fighting in France. In the face of the military axiom that twenty-five per cent casualties justify retreat, they had sustained over sixty per cent casualties—and had gone ahead and gained their objectives. Those objectives once gained, they had never given up an inch.

They had stopped the Germans at the nearest point a German with a gun in his hand ever got to Paris after

BOIS DE BELLEAU

America entered the war. At the Bois de Belleau they had done the impossible.

They had taken nearly twice their own number in German prisoners. They had captured more than fifty German machine guns and half a dozen trench mortars.

They had made a record that never was passed in the World War.

But they had paid for it.

CHAPTER XX

BACK OF THE LINES

A TRUCK train was waiting for us at the rendezvous. Within an hour and a half it got to a little village called Mery, on the banks of the Marne. All the civilian population had gone, except my host. The men were billeted around the village. For the first time since we had left Courcelles they had a good meal—hot. And their first cup of hot coffee. Our rolling kitchens were waiting for us.

I found that my host was a retired Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of France. His château was just outside the village. The old gentleman had refused to leave when the rest of the population went. My heavy baggage was at the château, my cook and orderly, McKeown, with the mess supplies. For the first time since I left Paris I had the luxury of a shave, a bath, a toothbrush, a change of outfit and a hot meal.

Then it dawned on me that I had gone through those seventeen days and nights in the Bois de Belleau armed only with a walking stick.

The second day at Mery I spent arranging the data for my report to regimental headquarters on the battalion's activities since we left Courcelles. Next day, June 18th, the report was finished. I sent it by runner to Colonel Neville.

The novelty of a shave and a bath, of three regular hot meals, had not yet worn off when I met Brigadier General Harbord behind the lines.

He was sore because I hadn't cleaned out those Germans in the woods on the left of our line in the Bois de Belleau.

BACK OF THE LINES

I was sore at that last-minute change of orders that had thrown my battalion into that suicidal frontal attack on a prepared position after I had completed the plans for taking it from the rear; after Harbord himself had given me a free hand.

It wasn't a pleasant interview.

"Twice you reported to me that those woods were clear of Germans when they weren't," he said.

"I did," I told him, "but the minute I found out my error by personal inspection, you were notified about it."

Then I learned what was irking him. He himself had reported the woods clear, and had had to back-fire on it!

My nerves were still stretched pretty taut after those eighteen days. It takes more than a couple of nights' sleep to bring you back to normal, after a session like that. And the minute you're out of it, you don't start sleeping so well.

I blew up.

"If you had so much doubt about those woods being clear, why the hell didn't somebody from Brigade come out and take a look?" I asked him.

I don't remember exactly what I did say after that. It must have been plenty. General Harbord wasn't pleased. He departed.

I knew then my goose was cooked as far as he was concerned.

We had been told we were to have ten days' rest at Mery, but the afternoon of the fifth day a runner came up from regimental headquarters with orders that we were to march back the twenty miles to the Bois de Belleau next day and take over our old front. There were no trucks for us this time. To avoid observation we marched all that night, loafed around in some woods back of our position all next day, and went into the lines the following night.

Back in our fox holes on the German edge of the Bois de Belleau again, we found that the Seventh Infantry

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

hadn't done such a hell of a lot in our absence. The Germans were thick as ever in those woods at the left end of our line.

The shelling was about the same as it had been the last few days before the infantry relieved us. But this time we quit bracing ourselves to meet an attack every time the shelling stopped. I had made up my mind the Germans weren't going to attack that place.

Four or five days and nights of this, and a runner came up to my P. C. with orders for me. I was detached from the Fifth Marines. I was to report at Corps headquarters at La Ferte sous Jouarre. There I was to get orders sending me to the School of the Line at Langres!

I recognized the price a lieutenant colonel pays when he blows up in the face of a brigadier general.

I turned the battalion over to Major Ralph S. Keyser and pulled out of the line that night.

I had made up my mind that I was not going to any School of the Line at Langres; and that I was going back to my battalion if there was a wire that could be pulled anywhere.

I borrowed somebody's car. I got a quart of brandy. I took the first drink I had taken in France. It seemed to ease things off a little bit. I took a few more.

It was about one o'clock in the morning when I reached Corps Headquarters in an old château at La Ferte sous Jouarre, to get those further orders about this idiocy at Langres.

I reported to an assistant of Colonel Malin Craig, Chief of Staff. He told me I'd get my orders in a day or two.

Very courteously he offered me a room there for the rest of the night.

"I won't sleep in the damned place," I told him. I had McKeown fix up my bedding roll outdoors, somewhere in the grounds. I took another drink and tried to go to sleep. I was in pretty bad shape. Sleep didn't come easily.

Dr. Paul Dessez, whom I had known for years, and who

BACK OF THE LINES

had been our regimental surgeon, was at a hospital near by. Toward daybreak they sent for him. He came around and found me still stretched out in my bedding roll on the ground. He took me over to his house and gave me a thorough going over.

"You're in pretty bad shape," he told me. "What you need is a long rest."

"Rest, hell!" I said. "What I need is to get back to that battalion."

We walked over to his hospital. There I overheard that they were planning to send me to some hospital down Chaumont way. I turned to McKeown, who had been following me.

"Get your rifle," I told him. "If you see anyone lay hands on me, shoot him."

They damned near drove me crazy at that hospital at La Ferte sous Jouarre. Some eminent neurologist got his hands on me. Out in the open air, in front of a tent, he began examining my eyes. He had me standing where I was looking straight into the sun. Naturally I blinked.

He shook his head. "That's a bad sign," he said.

Thank God, Dr. Dessez was there. He was one rough-speaking hombre.

"Why, you damn fool," he said to the eminent neurologist, "you've got him looking straight into the sun! Why the hell shouldn't he blink!"

I decided not to go round that place any more, once I got away from it.

But I was so nervous it was impossible for me to keep still. With Dr. Dessez as my companion, with McKeown following me with his rifle, I went around Le Ferte sous Jouarre. To every man I knew, as soon as I met him, I kept harping about those damned orders sending me to the School of the Line at Langres.

"For God's sake, keep still!" Dr. Dessez kept telling me. "Corps Headquarters are willing to do anything for you. Send you home. Send you anywhere."

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"Send me back to my battalion, then," I told him.

"But you've got to go to a hospital first," he said.

"All right, if I've got to go to a hospital," I said, "why not make it Mrs. Wise's hospital in Paris?"

We wandered around Le Ferte sous Jouarre several days like this. Then Malin Craig sent for Dr. Dessez. He came back beaming.

"Listen to what Malin Craig just told me," he said. "He said: 'You get a car and you put Freddie Wise in it, and you go with him to Paris. When you get there, you turn him over to Mrs. Wise. When you find out what orders he wants after he has got the kinks out of his system, you let me know and I'll put them through.'"

"And," Dr. Dessez added, "Colonel Craig wants you to know that everybody knows you've done magnificent work and you're simply exhausted."

That afternoon we started for Paris.

Loaded with Dr. Dessez, McKeown, myself and the baggage, that big Corps Headquarters machine got us to Paris shortly after dark. We drove straight to Mrs. Wise's apartment at Neuilly, right around the corner from Army Base Hospital Number One. She and Mrs. Mildred Martin of Pittsburgh, who had the apartment with her, were at dinner as we came in.

"How are the Marines?" Mrs. Wise asked me.

"There aren't any more Marines," I told her.

I was all in. I went to bed.

I woke up late next morning. A mattress under me. Clean, white sheets. A clean, white pillowcase on a soft pillow. Curtained windows. Sunlight coming through. Grass outside. Trees that weren't all splinters. Birds singing in them. I had forgotten there was anything like that left in the world.

I was beginning to feel better. A week of rest and relaxation produced its effect. I began to size up the situation.

I got Dr. Hutchinson in command of the hospital to call

BACK OF THE LINES

up Colonel Malin Craig and tell him I was fit for duty, and request my orders for Langres. They came in a day or two. I went down by train.

At Langres I found Bob McMillan, colonel and quartermaster. He was an old friend. I went into a town billet and reported to the Schools. I found out they were halfway through the course. It was obviously impossible to enter at that time. I hung around for several days and then got the Commandant of the Schools to give me a letter saying that it was a bad time for me to matriculate. I got a car from Bob McMillan, went over to Chaumont, saw General Fisk, who was in charge of training and schools, and told him my troubles. He agreed to detach me and send me back to the Second Division. I had known General Fisk for some years. But at that, it was a mighty decent thing for him to do.

I returned to Paris by train and found out from Major Dave Wills, Marine paymaster, about where the Second Division was. Dave was keen to see something outside of Paris. He got a car and we started. We found Second Division headquarters in a château about a day's run out of Paris.

Here I learned there had been a general promotion since I left. Harbord was now a Major General and commander of this division. Neville was now a Brigadier General and in command of the Marine Brigade. Logan Feland was now a Colonel and in command of the Fifth Marines.

I reported to Colonel Preston (P.) Brown, who was Harbord's Chief of Staff. He told me to report to Colonel Neville, telling me where I could find the outfit. Neville's headquarters were in a house in the midst of a ruined village on top of a hill up Soissons way.

When we arrived there, Dave Wills had a fair glimpse of what the front lines looked like. A shell had landed in that neighborhood that morning and had killed seven out of nine officers who had been standing in a group

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

talking. Major Harry Lay was one of the survivors; the explosion had knocked him ten feet.

Colonel Neville told me to go on back to my battalion.

We had one hell of a time finding the Fifth Marines after leaving regimental headquarters. But just before dark I discovered the Second Battalion's headquarters in a piece of woods several miles away. Major Keyser was still in command. I took it over.

The Soissons front was four or five miles up ahead of us. I learned that while I had been fighting to get free from that Langres School of the Line detail, the battalion had been through the Soissons Drive. Captain Lester Wass, my last company commander to survive the Bois de Belleau, had been killed. The battalion had got some replacements after I left, but had lost heavily again in the Soissons action, and now was down to about half strength. There were a lot of strange faces among officers and men.

A couple of days we lay in those woods. There was an air raid or two, but the Sixth Marines caught it instead of us. Far up in front we could hear the constant roar of the Soissons artillery.

The battalion was full of talk about what had happened at Soissons. Ludendorff, they had learned, had planned a drive at that point. Foch had learned of the German troop concentration there. Two days before the Germans were to start, he struck. Those masses of German troops and guns under those conditions became a liability instead of an asset. The Germans lost enormously in prisoners and artillery.

It was the first time the battalion had seen tanks in action. The officers were very much impressed with them. Those tanks were the answer to the machine-gun nest problem that had cost us so heavily in the Bois de Belleau. In the Soissons drive, whenever the outfit ran into a machine-gun nest, they hoisted a signal on a bayonet. The nearest tank lumbered over and steam-rolled the nest.

I was given a present here. Captain Lloyd Williams

BACK OF THE LINES

had been carrying a walking stick when he was killed. It had a "W" on it. It was given to Captain Lester Wass, as it bore his initial. And Wass was killed at Soissons. Some of the officers came around and gave the stick to me, as it bore my initial, too. I have it yet.

Close by the woods where we lay was a cemetery. Some four or five hundred French soldiers were buried there. Side by side you could see the white wooden crosses over the graves of the Christians, and the white wooden crescents over the graves of the Mohammedans—the Moroccans fighting under the French flag. It dawned on me that war equalizes all religions.

At last the orders came to go back to a rest area. It was a long day's march, most of it over ground the Germans had held before Foch started his drive. What impressed me most were the enormous shell dumps, both French and German.

Here and now, my hunch told me the war was nearly over. For here, untouched by the Germans, were French shell dumps that had been here when the Germans took that area the Spring before. They had not even troubled to take them out. And the enormous extent of the German shell dumps showed that they never had expected to lose that ground. It showed, too, how they had thrown everything they had into the preparations for that drive when Foch beat them to it.

Those shell dumps were everywhere. One German dump I saw covered more than a city block and was piled as high as a man could reach. There must have been millions of rounds in that area.

Clear, at last, of the ruined villages along the road by which we marched, we came to a populated village in the rest area and were billeted there. We stayed there about a week. Then we were ordered to Nancy. Still half strength, we went up by train.

Detraining at Nancy, we found the city wasn't ruined by shell fire, though here and there a ruined building or a

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

great hole in the streets showed where the Germans had dropped bombs in air raids. We marched about four miles out and were billeted in a small town where we stayed about a week. Several times air raids came over and dropped more bombs on Nancy.

I had won a bet from Major Harry Lay. He had bet me there would be a certain number of American airplanes in France by a certain date. I had bet there wouldn't be one. The stake was a dinner. I knew they weren't concentrating all those troops in and around Nancy just to shake hands. A drive was due. I thought I'd go over and collect that dinner while Harry was there to pay for it and I was there to eat it. So I went over to Nancy.

I ran across Otho Cushing that night. The first time I had seen him since I was stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and spent week-ends with him at New Rochelle. The artist had turned soldier. He was a captain in aviation, aide to General Foulois, who was then in command of aviation in the A.E.F.

A day or two later we were ordered up into the front lines at Pont-a-Mousson. We marched up in two days. It was August, but the going was good.

We relieved a French infantry battalion. My battalion headquarters were in a house in the middle of that part of the town on the right bank of the Moselle.

Pont-a-Mousson was divided in half by the Moselle River, which was crossed by a big stone bridge. Though the German lines were within a thousand yards of the town, it had been only lightly shelled. It had never been ruined. The French there told us that this was because there was a lot of German money invested in iron works in the town. The bridge had never been destroyed, the French said, too, because the Germans expected to capture the place some day and wanted to use that bridge. It was a very quiet sector. Outside of trench raids there had been no activity there since 1915.

I noticed the first thing that all the civilian population

BACK OF THE LINES

had left the town. It looked as though a drive were going to start somewhere in that neighborhood soon.

I waited until the company commanders reported the relief was completed, and then got a little sleep.

Next morning I took a look around the town, and in the front lines. I didn't like the looks of the wire. It was old and rusty, and half of it was down. I went back to town. There on the outskirts on our side of the river was a high natural mound with a little town on top of it. I climbed it. It was a clear day. Through my glasses I could see Metz very distinctly, some fifteen miles away.

The day passed without incident. That night I ordered wire patrols to go out and test the wire and see if it would really stop anybody. I hadn't got much sleep on the two nights coming up there and hadn't caught up the night before. I was pretty tired. I turned in early.

Some time after midnight, Lieutenant Legendre, my adjutant, woke me up and told me there had been a heavy explosion outside the town, and the town was being shelled, but that there was no sign of an infantry attack.

"Report it to the regiment and let me alone," I told him.

I went to sleep again. He woke me again.

"The town is being heavily shelled," he told me.

I could hear the explosions now; the crash of falling walls. But I was all in and only half awake.

"Let me alone. I don't give a damn," I told him, and went to sleep again.

But he kept after me until he got me up. By then it was about daybreak. The shelling had stopped. I walked out to a strong point on the Pont-a-Mousson-Metz road, to find out what it was all about.

It was rather a coincidence. I could have gone to any one of half a dozen strong points, but I happened to go straight to the one where the trouble had started.

I found the place pretty badly shattered. Only one man had been killed. I never could understand why we hadn't lost a lot of them there, that night.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

The strong point was just off the road. From the road the ground sloped straight down to the river.

"The wire patrol was out," the young lieutenant in command of the strong point reported to me, "and they saw a large column of Germans advancing from the river about three o'clock this morning. The patrol came back immediately and reported it. About this time there was a heavy explosion. We could see a mass of men in front of us. We turned the machine gun on them. Then a rocket went up from among them, and a barrage dropped down on them from the German guns. After that the whole line was shelled heavily, and our magazine here was blown up. I think some kind of mine exploded out here."

The minute he said "land mine" I had a hunch what had happened. I went out to investigate.

About a hundred and fifty yards out in front of the strong point, the place was littered up with fragments of dead Germans. Hands, feet, arms, legs, heads, torn trunks, were everywhere. Not one body was intact. In the midst of that shambles lay half a dozen pipes like gas-pipes, about eighteen feet long. One end of each pipe was plugged. In the other end was a time fuse. From what I had heard of that trick, I knew the pipes were filled with T.N.T.

There in a hole in the ground lay one German, wounded and unconscious; another unwounded but stunned and just coming out of his trance. They were taken in. I didn't need to question them to reconstruct what had happened.

The German raiding party had crept up with those pipes of T.N.T. The plan was to creep up to our wire, thrust those pipes beneath it, set the time fuse, crawl back a little way, and the minute the explosion blasted a path through our wire, to dash in and get all the prisoners they could grab. The moment they retreated a safe distance from our wire, the officer in command was to fire his rocket. That was a signal for the German barrage to drop behind their return and keep us from pursuing.

BACK OF THE LINES

Evidently this time luck had gone back on them. Several of the pipes had exploded prematurely. In the confusion, the German officer had fired his rocket. The German barrage had dropped squarely on top of them. Our machine guns had helped the party along.

The Germans now began sniping at us from their strong points. I came on in. The wounded German had died. We talked with the surviving prisoner. He was a very ignorant Pole, and had been a pipe carrier. From him I gathered that there had been about a hundred and twenty-five in that party. The details he gave confirmed the story as I had seen it out in front. He also said the survivors had carried off a great many of their dead and wounded. Apparently he had been stunned by a shell.

I telephoned the report back to the regiment. A little later that morning the French Corps commander came up to find out what it was all about.

He cut loose a flood of French at me, telling me how very pleased he was. Then he grabbed me. He kissed me on both cheeks. He wore whiskers.

I tried to explain to him that we had nothing coming to us; that the Germans had done everything to themselves all by themselves.

"That," he said, "is just some more of this charming American modesty."

He urged that I take him to the outpost where it had happened: "So that I may personally thank those brave men."

The place was a wreck, but I took him out there. That platoon, complete, was kissed on both cheeks by one of the Corps commander's staff. He wore whiskers, too.

The Corps commander turned to me.

"Send me a recommendation for decorations for these men," he said. "Send it direct to me."

That part of the line was then under the French command.

Before he left, one of his staff told me that the old

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

boy was going to recommend me for the Medaille Militaire.

I sent him the list of the men's names. Several weeks later I got a letter from my own Division headquarters, giving me hell for not sending the paper through them.

We didn't get the decorations. All we did get were kisses from Frenchmen with whiskers, hell from General Lejeune, and two hundred francs from the French for each of those German prisoners. The four hundred francs were turned into the companies' mess fund.

That was the only excitement we had during the ten days we put in at Pont-a-Mousson. Then the Eighty-second Division took over that front and we marched back several days to a training camp area.

It was late in August. There I was notified of my promotion to a full colonelcy. I had been a colonel since July 1st without knowing it, I learned.

It dawned on me that I had been promoted out of the Marine Brigade. There were so many Marine colonels senior to me, that there was no chance for me to get a regiment of Marines. And for a full colonel to continue in command of a battalion was out of the question. That was one promotion that wasn't pleasant.

A few days later, orders came transferring me to the Fourth Division. I went up to Second Division headquarters to see General Lejeune and talk it over with him. He told me that a scout from G.H.Q. had been around the Second Division looking for good timber for regimental commanders, and that he had recommended me. I asked Lejeune for a ten day leave before reporting. It was granted.

I went back to regimental headquarters to pick up my baggage and say good-by to the old crowd. Dr. Paul Dessez, now our regimental surgeon, was going to some hospital in the south of France. We took the same automobile for Chaumont, to catch a train there for Paris. It was a somewhat different trip from the one we had taken together out of La Ferte sous Jouarre.

BACK OF THE LINES

At Paris, Mrs. Wise arranged for a ten day leave from her hospital. We took the train for Dinard.

It was while on that leave that Mrs. Wise told me she had heard about a riot some of my junior officers had created in Paris. I told her I had heard the other end of it.

What had happened was that at Pont-a-Mousson, with everything quiet, I had given Paris leave to a group of junior officers. Among them was the youngster I had made take his Paris leave money and buy a new watch when he showed up three minutes late while we were in the training area at Damblain. Every one of those youngsters had proved himself in fighting. Every one of them had been through hell from the start at Les Mares Farm down through Soissons. Naturally, when they hit Paris they got full. They got into a row with the French police around the Hotel Continental. The American Provost-Marshal-General in Paris took it up. While I was at Pont-a-Mousson I had received papers reporting the facts and demanding an explanation. Upon questioning the youngsters, I knew they had none. It meant a court. So I tore up the damned papers. That was the last I ever heard of it.

It was at Pont-a-Mousson, too, that I received orders to court-martial thirty-five Marines, all enlisted men. They had been convalescing at a hospital in the rear. They escaped from it, got past the Military Police, and found their way to the outfit over a twenty-mile tangle of railroad lines and roads. They rejoined us at Pont-a-Mousson in time to get into the St. Mihiel drive.

I tore up that court-martial order, too. I never heard any more about it.

Those ten days at Dinard passed swiftly. Swimming, dinners, plain loafing. It made me forget there ever was a war. When they ended we returned to Paris. There I learned from Major Dave Wills that the Fourth Division was somewhere up around Chaumont. I went up by train, taking McKeown along with me. I had left him parked in Paris while we were at Dinard.

CHAPTER XXI

ST. MIHIEL

AT Chaumont I learned that the Fourth Division headquarters were in a château at a small town some distance away. I got a car and went over there. I reported to Colonel Christian Bach, Chief of Staff to Major General John L. Hines, the Division commander. They gave me a room in the château. After a wait of several days we were shifted out of that area and went up somewhere near Bar-le-Duc. After loafing around there a couple of days I was given command of the Fifty-ninth Infantry.

Though I had served with the Army in a Marine outfit a number of times, now, for the first time in my life, I was part of it.

On my way through Paris I had met Hiram Bearss and found out he was in the same fix. He was headed for the Twenty-sixth Division, where he was to command an Army regiment. We learned that we were the only two Marine colonels who had been given regiments in the Army. We both went to take up our new commands, wearing Marine uniform and insignia. Those we never changed.

I got a car at Division Headquarters and went over to the Fifty-ninth, some miles away. At regimental headquarters I found Lieutenant-Colonel Max V. Garber in command. He stayed on as my second in command.

I learned from him that the outfit had been badly shot up on the Vesle and was full of replacements. Beside Garber and myself, there were five officers in the outfit who had seen more than one year of military service.

I told Garber I thought a big drive was about to break.

ST. MIHIEL

We went around that night to the different battalions. The officers, naturally, were assembled at battalion headquarters. So I had a chance to look them over. They looked very good to me. If I had felt any uneasiness before, that visit dispelled it.

I slept there that night and was out next morning watching one of the battalions drill, when a Division Headquarters car came up with General Hines' aide.

"The General wants to see you immediately," he told me.

Back at Division Headquarters, General Hines had news.

"Wise," he said, "one regiment of this division will have to take over the lines from the French, in the Montgirmont-Les Eparges sector. You're the only regimental commander I've got who's had trench experience. I understand also you know that sector. The Commander-in-Chief is very anxious that this relief be made quietly, so the Germans won't know that we're holding the line there, as the St. Mihiel drive is to take place in a few days. Camions will be at your disposal for this movement. They are to report at one of your battalions at two P.M. to-day, and at the other two at two P.M. to-morrow. That's all."

It was enough. With a green regiment I didn't know, on the eve of a big drive, I was to take over the front I had first occupied when it was a quiet sector and I had with me a battalion I had spent months in training.

General Hines told me exactly where to report to the French.

I had mighty little time left. I took the Division Headquarters' car and was rushed back to my regimental headquarters. There I designated the battalion which was to take the first camion train, and gave the other necessary orders to have the regiment move in the morning. McKeown had been piling my baggage into my own car. I drove at top speed to the French Division Headquarters which had been established several miles behind the lines in the Montgirmont-Les Eparges sector at a spot called

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

P.C. Moscou. With me was Lieutenant Escudier, my French liaison officer.

Arrangements for us to take over the lines were soon completed. That very night the first of my three battalions came up. They took over part of the lines somewhat to the left of the front I had held with the Marine battalion in the spring. I had established myself in a regimental P.C. a few miles behind the lines, which the French were to vacate as soon as the relief was completed. It was a beautiful spot. Large, roomy dugouts adequately protected from shell fire with elephant iron, timbers and banked earth. Supplies could come right up by wagon road. They even had a cow for fresh milk.

Not a shot had been fired as the first part of the relief was made. Not a shot was fired all that night. The French had reported that sector as absolutely quiet. Next morning I took my car up to the battalion P.C. and from there walked up to the front lines and made an inspection. I impressed most forcibly on the officers that the whole object of our arrival there would be ruined if the Germans discovered Americans were holding those lines.

I found the trenches and wire even worse than we had left them months before. And the rats were there, stronger than ever. I returned to my regimental P.C. to wait for night.

Just after dark the other two battalions arrived. They made the relief with the silent precision of veterans. Between six and seven thousand men shifted their positions in two nights in that sector without drawing a single German shell.

Within two days after we took over those trenches, it began to rain. We didn't see the sun again until after the St. Mihiel drive was over. That was a Godsend. The poor visibility rendered the German sausages and airplane reconnaissance useless.

Now our artillery began to come in. Moving around the sector I saw the number of guns increase day by day;

ST. MIHIEL

and the number and size of ammunition dumps. Coming out of Soissons I thought I had seen the limit of ammunition dumps in one area; but that Soissons area had a shell shortage compared to this.

Mile after mile the American guns stretched, wheel to wheel, beneath their camouflage netting. Behind them for miles the shells were piled by millions.

The seventy-fives were the front line of our artillery. Behind them was another line of the six-inch guns. And behind them came, apparently, all the heavy artillery in the American and French armies. Nine-inch guns, naval guns, howitzers. The naval guns and some of the nine-inch guns were mounted on flat cars.

I had never imagined that such a concentration of artillery was possible. It fascinated me. I used to spend all my spare time back there looking at it. And again it struck me with all this activity going on, what a God-send it was that the mists were so thick the Germans couldn't see. I knew from my former experience in that sector how accurate the German artillery opposite us was. Had it been clear weather, they could have played hell with that line.

I found that we were holding the extreme left end of the American line. On our right was the French Tenth Colonial Division. On their right was the Yankee Division.

When we went into the trenches I had a pretty fair idea that we were not to be a jumping-off division. We knew now that on a drive like this, the Germans frequently made a strong counterattack on the flank of the drive. The Fourth Division job was to protect that left flank, once the drive started.

We had been in the trenches about a week when the jump-off came. At one o'clock that morning, all that artillery cut loose. I knew then that I had never heard very heavy shelling before. For four consecutive hours that steady, continuous blasting roar filled the air. Then it

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

slackened. "H" hour was five o'clock. We could hear the lesser bombardment as the barrage went ahead of the advancing infantry. The sharper bursts of machine-gun and rifle fire sounded through it.

The Tenth French Colonials on our right had gone forward with the barrage. The French had asked for the privilege of taking La Crete, where they had lost so heavily in 1915.

Walking wounded began to drift back through our trenches. They were all French. They told us that four-hour bombardment had beaten everything flat, that the Germans seemed dazed and were only offering feeble resistance. One of those Frenchmen, just back from La Crete, told me how they had captured a German paymaster who had just come up to pay off the men the night before. Added to this evidence of the complete surprise of the attack, came stories of German prisoners who told us that they had neither known that the Americans were holding this part of the line, nor that an attack on this side of the salient had even been planned.

In over our wire that morning came a wounded French Senegalese soldier. He was carrying something wrapped up in an old sheet. He was stopped and asked what he was carrying. He opened the bundle. Inside was the severed head of a German soldier. He went on with his souvenir. Apparently he had gone back to the barbaric war time instincts of the jungle from which he had come less than a year before.

All the news we got was that the attack had been successful everywhere.

Then that afternoon orders came up for us. The operation had been so successful that my regiment was to quit the trenches, penetrate five kilometers through the old German line, and take the three towns of Fresne-en-Woeuvre, Bonzee and Watronville. Forty-eight French guns were turned over to me for artillery preparation.

I requested the French artillery commander to divide

ST. MIHIEL

them into three groups of sixteen each, and hammer each one of these towns for ten minutes. From my old knowledge of the ground, I knew the men could be gotten out into No Man's Land before dawn, could get over toward the edge of the towns under cover of darkness, could wait there while the barrage hammered the towns, and the minute that barrage was lifted, I felt sure the towns could be taken without very much trouble.

I set "H" hour at five o'clock that morning. Before the barrage started, the men were across No Man's Land, and waiting at the edge of the towns. Apparently the Germans never saw them. For ten minutes the barrage dropped down on those three towns. It lifted. The men went in. Every German had been driven under ground. The towns had been rather lightly held. We took them with no difficulty and very small losses.

Back at my P.C., getting the reports of the battalion commanders, I saw that the battalion on my left was not making the progress it should. I had a motor cycle with a driver and a side car. I jumped into it and told him to get up to that battalion front as quick as his motor would let him. We dashed up the road. Ahead of us was a five-ton ammunition truck rolling toward the front. Suddenly it stopped dead in front of us. We were almost on top of it. It was too close to stop the motor cycle before we hit it. The driver swerved. But he swerved just enough for himself; not enough for the side car. I saw the corner of that truck right in front of my face.

There wasn't time to think. Automatically I threw my head back as far as it would go, and straightened out my body as nearly horizontal as I could get it. The corner of that truck flashed above my eyes. It seemed to scrape my nose. At the speed we were going, my head would have been torn from my body if I hadn't snapped back in the split-second I did. I think that was the closest shave I had in France.

By ten o'clock that morning the fighting was over on

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

my front. We started to consolidate; reversed the old German trenches. I started a personal inspection of the new line from left to right. I was feeling pretty good. Brigadier General E. E. Booth had sent up a most congratulatory message.

Fresne-en-Woeuvre was the town on the extreme right of the line. As I entered it, I caught sight of a magnificent German police dog following an American sergeant. Suddenly I remembered that early that morning a captured despatch had come to my P.C. with an attached report that it had been taken off a German courier dog. The despatch had asked for a German barrage. There hadn't been any time to fool with dogs then. There wasn't, now. But there would be later. And this dog surely took my eye.

Next morning I was making the rounds on inspection again. The dog and the sergeant were still in Fresne-en-Woeuvre. I questioned the sergeant. He told me that when we took the town he had entered a dugout and the dog had started for him. Knowing dogs, he had stood his ground. There was a piece of sausage in the dugout. After a while he got the dog to take it. And after the coaxing by which he got her to eat it, she had followed him.

I had made up my mind the night before that dog was to be mine. I offered to buy her.

"It will be a pleasure to give her to you, sir," said the sergeant. "I know I won't be able to look after her."

Then I noticed a wound on her shoulder. The sergeant told me the night before one of the men had started to fool with her, she had made for him, and he had struck her with a bayonet. A large piece of her hide was hanging loose from the wound.

I started to pat her on the head. She grabbed my hand. I knew a dog wouldn't bite you if you didn't flinch, so I stood my ground and only got her teeth marks.

I named her Gretchen on the spot. She had a choke-

ST. MIHIEL

chain collar. I got two halter chains from the transport, attached them to her collar without any trouble, and started back for my P.C. There I turned her over to McKeown. He chained her up that night to a wheel on the Headquarters car. I told him to look after her.

By now official news had told me that the whole St. Mihiel salient had been pinched out that first morning of the attack. We settled down in those old German trenches two or three days.

My inspections showed me those German trenches were in a lot better shape than the French. Dugouts were bigger and cleaner. The wire was in better condition. The duckboards were not piled up with mud. The parapet was unbroken, where not hit by shells.

Then we were ordered back to a rest camp close behind the lines. By now Gretchen and I had become thoroughly friendly. And as McKeown loved dogs, fed and exercised her and cared for her, she became just as attached to him.

Then the orders came that we were to be a jumping-off division in the Argonne drive, which was soon to start. The point from which we were to jump off was only five or six miles from our rest camp.

With General Booth I drove over to the little town of Esnes. From there we walked out to the trenches at the point where we were to jump off between Dead Man's Hill and Hill 304.

It was an awful-looking place. Shell holes were so overlapping you couldn't distinguish a single shell hole. From the trenches the ground sloped down about half a mile to a brook with a wide stretch of marsh on each bank. That was the famous Forges Brook. Beyond it, the ground sloped up again to what was pointed out as the German lines. We had been told that there were ruined villages out in front of our trenches. There may have been once. Now you could see nothing except that stretch of ground pitted with over-lapping shell holes. There

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

wasn't a tree in sight. There wasn't a thing in sight but naked devastation. Over there beyond that brook lay the Hindenburg line—the most powerful defensive line German military genius had been able to devise.

As I gazed out there that afternoon, it struck me that at last I had found myself. I knew we were starting in with the greatest and most important drive we had yet made. But it didn't seem to worry me a bit. My new regiment I hardly knew. But the little I had seen of them showed me they would obey orders and fight. I was certain that we had a brilliant future ahead. By now I couldn't see any difference between them and the Marines. I realized that we all were Americans. And the last two weeks had taught me something I hadn't learned in twenty-one years with the Marines. I knew now that the civilian soldier can make good.

With General Booth I returned to Division Headquarters. All brigadiers and regimental commanders had been called in. Colonel Bach, the Chief of Staff, spread out maps and explained very clearly every phase of the intended drive. He impressed upon us what it meant to have it accomplished promptly.

"If we break through the Hindenburg line and capture the German railroad junction near Sedan, we paralyze them," he said, pointing out the spot on the map. "The war will be ended."

I learned more specifically what my own orders were. The Seventh Brigade of the Fourth Division was to be the jumping-off brigade. The Eighth Brigade—our brigade—was to support it the first day. A little later we were to leapfrog them and become the attacking troops. Definite objectives were given.

I went back to my regimental headquarters, called in my battalion commanders, and sent the word down the line.

"D" day was September 26th. "H" hour was five A.M. It was twenty-four hours away.

ST. MIHIEL

I knew there was no place for a personal dog in what was to come. I sent for McKeown.

"McKeown," I told him, "I'm going to leave you behind in charge of Gretchen and my heavy baggage. You're to sleep in my tent. Never let her out of your sight or off the leash. Chain her up at night to my tent pole."

McKeown looked at me. Tears filled his eyes. He had been with me ever since San Domingo days.

"I'm not going along, sir?" he said in surprise.

I explained I was with a new regiment where I knew no one; that I would need my heavy baggage when I got back; that he was the only one I could trust with Gretchen.

"What's going to happen to you, sir, if you get wounded?" he asked.

"I have a hunch I won't be," I told him.

McKeown was disciplined. He made no further plea.

CHAPTER XXII

THE ARGONNE

ALL the artillery we'd had at St. Mihiel came up behind us for the Argonne drive—and more. This was the biggest artillery concentration of all. When I went up to Esnes, which stood on fairly high ground, as far as I could see in either direction the guns stood hub to hub. Back of them for miles on end the shell dumps filled the fields.

I had found out that men could not carry a full pack and fight, so there in our rest billets I stripped them down to combat packs. I detailed a guard to look after what we left behind. When we came out of this, we weren't going to find our packs looted as we had when we came out of the Bois de Belleau. Our transport was to stay there, also.

The men fell in that night to go up to the trenches with rifle and bayonet, ammunition belt, canteen, and a pack holding their iron rations, their mess kits, and their entrenching tools. The only clothing they took was what they stood in.

We marched up through the dark toward the jump-off point. We were halted back among the artillery, between the line of seventy-fives and the line of six inch guns. We stretched out on the ground, waiting for the show to start. I had noticed during the day that the morale of the men was excellent.

Nobody thought much of sleep. Knowing what was ahead, I went into an artillery dugout, thinking I might get a little nap. I lay there, still thinking I might, when the guns turned loose. I climbed out to look at the show.

THE ARGONNE

As far as I could see to the right and to the left, it was all just one mass of flame. The din was deafening. I could not distinguish individual explosions. They all merged into one unbroken roar louder than anything I had ever heard in my life. So fast were the men working the guns that the line of flame from the muzzles didn't even seem to flicker. It was a steady blaze. St. Mihiel was a popgun beside it. It was impossible to talk where we stood. Words shouted directly in my ear came like a faint, indistinct whisper.

Four hours we stayed there back of the seventy-fives, watching and listening to that show.

Five o'clock came. We filtered through that line of seventy-fives and advanced toward our trenches. The attacking troops had crawled out of them and were making their way down the slope and across Forges Brook; up the slope and toward the Hindenburg Line.

We took the trenches over. Behind us the big guns were still blazing away, laying down a creeping barrage back of which the attacking troops were advancing.

About mid-morning a few walking wounded began to filter back. Convoys of prisoners began to come in sight. We heard that the attack was going fine.

There we waited until mid-afternoon, when orders came that we were to advance.

Our objective was the first line of trenches of the Hindenburg Line. They had been captured, already. We climbed out of our trenches, formed in column of squads, and started up a road already jammed with transport, ammunition trucks, and marching troops. It was a parade in the open, without any enemy fire to face.

Three or four miles march, and we came to the German trenches. We broke ranks and went into bivouac. Some of the men holed up in German dugouts. Others stretched out on the ground. I looked around.

American troops and American transport were streaming forward as far ahead as I could see. A slow, steady,

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

irresistible advance. They were not spread out across the face of the country as in an attack. The columns were moving forward on every road in sight.

The ground around us was pitted and torn in great, gaping holes from our morning bombardment. Yet, strangely, the German trenches where we stood were not particularly damaged. I never could understand why we got through that line as easily as we did; why the Germans had pulled out so soon. That was a magnificent place for defense.

We made supper off our iron rations. Just about night-fall the movement of troops, guns and transport past us slackened, and then ceased. The road across what had been No Man's Land had become hopelessly blocked. Nothing could penetrate that tangle.

I stretched out on the ground in the open, with my tin hat for a pillow, and slept until daybreak.

Iron rations for breakfast. No coffee. We waited there with that tangle of traffic in the road back of us, and the empty plain stretching in front of us, until the middle of the morning, when orders came to advance again.

We were in a battle. But it didn't sound like it. Since our own artillery had ceased firing the day before, we hadn't heard a shot. We were to go to a designated point a few miles forward and to wait further orders. We made it by mid-afternoon.

Another bivouac in the open fields. Another meal of iron rations. Plenty of water in the wells.

That night a runner came with a message for me. General Hines, off on our left, had established his Advance Division P.C. at Cuisy, a ruined village. He had called in his brigadiers and regimental commanders.

I walked over to Cuisy. I learned that the meeting was in session in the cellar of one of the ruined houses. I went down the flight of cellar steps, lifted the blankets that screened the entrance to keep any light from showing, and walked in. A couple of candles stuck in empty bottles

THE ARGONNE

gave the only light. Brigadier generals and colonels sat cross-legged on the earthen floor. Colonel Christian Bach, the Division Chief of Staff, was presiding.

I learned then that the attack had been very successful. We had gone through very fast. Colonel Bach outlined the situation and called for suggestions.

Everybody expressed confidence that we'd take Sedan within the next three or four days. I had nothing to say.

"Colonel Wise, haven't you anything to suggest?" asked Colonel Bach.

I didn't know a thing of what had been going on up ahead except by reports. But I did know what I had seen in the rear as we came up.

"Sedan! Hell!" I told him. "If the engineers don't get a road through No Man's Land, with Military Police to control it, use the present road for one-way traffic and the new road only for traffic the other way, we won't go much farther than we are right now. The guns will be out of ammunition. We won't be able to get any supplies of any description up. I've had two full days to see these conditions."

Next morning they started work on that new road. It was completed in two or three days. One road was designated for traffic to the front; one for traffic to the rear. The tangle ended.

We waited about a day at that second bivouac. Then the orders came that threw us into action.

The third morning of the Argonne drive we leap-frogged the Seventh Brigade near Septsarges and became the front line of the attack at that point. Our first job was to take the Bois de Briulles.

At the start of the attack, my regimental P.C. was by some old trenches on the site of our second night's bivouac.

The regiment moved up before dawn. Sitting there at my P.C. I could hear ahead the shell-bursts of the American barrage that was the prelude to that attack. Our guns were right on the heels of our infantry. An hour the bar-

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

rage kept up. The moment it ended, bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire took up the chorus.

Three months before, I had stood on the edge of a ditch in front of the Bois de Belleau, and watched my Marine battalion go in. It was all in plain sight, then. Now, though the action was two miles ahead, I could see it as clearly as if I was there. For reports from Division Headquarters had told us just what was ahead of us.

The Bois de Briulles was the Bois de Belleau all over again. A dense forest, thick with undergrowth, heavily held by the Germans. Machine-gun nests, cleverly camouflaged. Snipers below and aloft.

But the Bois de Belleau had taught me what to do.

The night before, I had sent a memorandum down the line. Each company commander was to comb his outfit for any country boys who had ever done any squirrel shooting. Those men were to follow about a hundred yards in the rear of the first wave of the attack. Just as though they were hunting squirrels, they were to walk into those woods, disregarding anything on the ground; their eyes fixed on the tree tops. Their "squirrels" on this hunt were German snipers. We followed that plan whenever there were woods to take, clear through the Argonne. Reports came back to me that more than fifty German snipers were shot out of the tree tops by my "squirrel squad." Some of those German snipers were on platforms camouflaged with branches; supplied with food and water.

Late that morning, reports came in that we had been very successful.

Our casualties had been fairly heavy.

I moved my P.C. up into those woods, near an old German rest camp dating from the days of the German attack on Verdun. That afternoon I made a personal inspection of my front lines.

And then I realized that here in these woods had taken place a fight even more desperate than that of the Bois de Belleau. Just as there, our dead lay in front of the Ger-

THE ARGONNE

man machine-gun nests we had taken. But, different from there, the German dead, too, lay in piles about the machine guns they had fought to the last. In the Bois de Belleau we had taken more than twice our number of prisoners. Here the prisoners were few. This was a fight to the death.

From my company commanders with whom I talked on that inspection, I learned that the men had fought magnificently. It was the kind of fighting to tax seasoned troops to their utmost. More than half of the Fifty-ninth had never been in action before. Yet their attack had never slowed up for a minute. They had met veterans who fought like devils in prepared positions. They had outfought them and taken those positions away from them.

And though they had lost heavily, none had been shot in the back by Germans shamming dead. That was a Bois de Belleau trick that didn't work here. I had given orders, the night before we went in, that whenever they came across a German stretched out on the ground, they were to give him the bayonet before they went on and left him in their rear. One experience with that trick was enough.

Another thing, too, the Bois de Belleau had taught me. This time, when my men captured a German machine gun we weren't going to use ourselves, a bullet in the water-jacket and the breech-mechanism put it out of commission. No German machine-gun crew ever got a second chance this time.

All my energy that afternoon was spent to get an advance base established for ammunition, food, and first-aid supplies. The dump was established in that old German rest camp that afternoon. We used its buildings for a hospital. Captain Smith, my supply officer, a former trumpeter in the Marine Corps, had done splendid work at this. Major Spealman of the Medical Corps, my regimental surgeon, was up in front caring for the wounded, even before the hospital was established.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

I found our lines on the German side of the woods in splendid shape. The men had dug fox holes, machine guns had been mounted, and we were all set for any counterattack.

We had started the drive under cloudy skies. Now it began to rain. The French autumn was setting in. From that day until we came out of the Argonne on October 21st, nearly a month of continuous fighting, we saw the sun just three times. Cold and rain were the daily program.

That night, shelterless, the regiment slept as best it could beneath the dripping trees of the Bois de Brieulles, stretched on soaking earth. There we were to hang on until further orders.

The next morning we experienced our first German shelling. For a while the shells crashed among the trees. Our losses were slight. Then the shelling ceased, and a German airplane came flying over us. It circled just over the tree tops, so low that the men blazed away at it with their rifles. Then it went back toward the German lines. It must have reported what it saw. For a little later a storm of heavy shelling came down on us.

One of my junior officers came in with a report that a little off to one side of the Bois de Brieulles was a splendid substitute for my present rest camp P.C. I went over to investigate. I found a beautiful bungalow that had been built by the Germans as a home for the German artillery commander during their attack on Verdun. It gave me an entirely new conception of luxury at the front. And of efficiency, too. That was the most luxurious place I ever saw built for temporary use in active service. It had a tiled bathroom with porcelain and nickel fittings, a beautifully furnished living room, and four bedrooms, each with a big double bed and a fine mattress. Right in front of it was a deep dugout. Into that dugout ran a mass of telephone wires all laid underground. It looked as though the German commander there could sit in his dugout and talk at will to any part of the German lines—even to Ber-

THE ARGONNE

lin. I made that bungalow my regimental P.C. the minute I saw it.

I had two or three days there. Each day the German artillery gave us some attention, but not very much. Each day we kept pushing on. Here we would take one of those small clumps of woods out in front of the line, driving the Germans out in the same desperate woods fighting that had marked the taking of the Bois de Briuelles itself. There we would take another. We would consolidate those clumps of woods with a line of men in fox holes across the open ground between. As we took each clump, we mounted machine guns in it and made it a strong point. Every day our line pushed a little farther on into the Argonne.

It was the fiercest, deadliest fighting the Americans had seen. The Germans seemed to have forgotten their "Kamerad" stuff. Foot by foot, they held on tenaciously, as foot by foot we pushed them back. It looked as though fighting could not be more vicious or more deadly.

One afternoon I noticed a German airplane hovering over the bungalow. Presently a couple of ranging shots from the German artillery fell near. I knew we were in for a drumming. I gave all my own officers a direct order to sleep in the dugout that night. But there were a great many attached officers there, such as artillery observation officers and liaison officers. I invited them into the dugout, too. But those big double beds in the bungalow were too great a temptation.

I posted a runner to warn them when the shelling started, so they could get out of that bungalow and into the dugout. I told them not to undress. They went to bed.

At eleven o'clock that night the shelling started. The officers in the bungalow leaped up and dived into the dugout. The shelling was light and soon stopped. They went back to the bungalow with its beds. They looked pityingly at us there on the earthen floor of the dugout.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Captain Sweeney was one of those attached officers—an artillery forward observation officer. He was a brother of the famous Major Charles Sweeney of the Eightieth Division, a battalion of which was then under my command. Major Sweeney had won his captaincy in the French Foreign Legion before America came into the war. He was later to fight with the Poles and fly for France against the Riffs in Africa. The first time he and his brother had met during the war was at my P.C. that afternoon.

Captain Sweeney was one of those who went back to the bungalow after the shelling stopped. He occupied my old room. Everything had been quiet for an hour when suddenly the Germans turned loose a perfect hell of shelling on that area. One shell crashed into my old room, exploded, and a fragment literally cut the stomach out of Captain Sweeney, killing him instantly. My hunch not to stay in that room that night had been good.

The bungalow was badly shot up. The Germans kept shelling that spot next morning. I said good-by to the most luxurious P.C. I knew throughout the war. I moved to a bare hillside nearer the front lines.

Every day had been marked with desperate fighting. Our gains were small, but steady. Just ahead of us we could see a little valley, about a mile across, that we were yet to take. Our side of the valley was bare. At the bottom flowed a little brook that ran down to join the River Meuse at Brules. Halfway up the far side of the valley was bare. The rest of the way up to the crest was heavily wooded. Those woods were thick with Germans.

Their machine gunners, sheltered by trees and underbrush, were pouring a steady fire into us. But they were causing few casualties.

I had just gotten my P.C. decently established on that bare hillside. Three trunk lines of telephone ran from it back to brigade headquarters. Thank God, I was free from the delays of runners.

I had been out on inspection and returned to the P.C.

THE ARGONNE

that afternoon. There I found one gun, a seventy-five, that had come into battery. Some artillery youngster was in command. Some of my own officers told me he had been blazing away for the past hour or two at those German machine guns across the valley. The crew was still working the gun as I came up. With that one gun, they might as well have been throwing rocks at the Germans. I heard the familiar hum of a German airplane motor overhead. I looked up. The plane was circling over us.

I turned to my operating officer.

"We move," I told him.

"What! Leave all these telephone lines here, sir!"

"With that fool shooting that gun, and that plane overhead, there's going to be hell breaking loose here in a short time," I said.

A few hundred yards away was a sort of tunnel about twenty-five feet deep the Germans had dug horizontally into the hillside just below the crest. It looked as though they had started some sort of a big dugout. It wasn't timbered. But it was better than this spot where we stood, with what I knew was coming.

We pulled out and headed for the tunnel. My only regret was that I couldn't leave that damned gun there to be blown to hell. But I found out from the artillery youngster that he had been ordered there by some energetic superior who didn't have to live in that neighborhood; so I ordered him to pull out, too.

Half an hour later that spot looked like a plowed field. My three trunk lines of telephone were all shot out. I was back to runners again.

This was the last P.C. I established in the Argonne.

If there was any one impression I brought out of the Argonne about the Germans, beyond German courage when they made up their minds to fight to the last, it was German thoroughness. The ground we took from them was dotted with rest camps they had built for their troops during their Verdun drive. The buildings, although appar-

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

ently put up hastily, were substantial and comfortable. They even had theaters for their men in each rest camp. Vegetable and flower gardens had been planted. In one or two of them I saw henhouses, chicken runs and chickens.

From the start of the Argonne drive, our division—the Fourth—had set the pace. In the first phase of that drive we were always the first division to take our objectives. By now, on that hillside, we were bulging out a little ahead of the rest of the American line. We were advancing on the left bank of the Meuse. The Germans already had begun to concentrate their heavy artillery on the right bank, and that concentration was increasing daily. Naturally, the shelling was getting heavier every day.

By runner, orders came up that our brigade was to cross that valley and take the wooded heights on the far side. These woods included the Bois de Fays, the Bois de Malau-mont, the Bois de Peut and the Bois de Foret. Our advance was to be part of a general advance all along the line. Heavy artillery preparation was to pave the way. About a mile back of the ridge from which we were now to jump off, a fairly heavy artillery concentration had been brought up.

A little after daybreak, the guns cut loose for an hour. The Fifty-ninth Infantry, stretched out along about a two-mile front, started down the slope into the valley the minute the artillery ceased.

And again, as in the Bois de Belleau, I heard the German machine guns in the woods take up the chorus the moment our artillery stopped. Those woods had to be taken by hand-to-hand fighting. It was the same old story. You can't drive troops out of woods by artillery alone.

Stretched out on the crest of the ridge, I watched the advance of my men through my glasses.

Down the slope, across the brook, up the exposed half of the opposite side of the valley, the line went ahead. Their path was marked by the men who fell. The line vanished in the woods.

THE ARGONNE

Then, as so many times before, I heard from those woods the spasmodic bursts of fire that showed desperate hand-to-hand fighting was going on about those German machine-gun nests.

Walking wounded began to limp back across the valley on their way to the rear. Poor devils who couldn't walk were trying to crawl. Here and there, up and down the valley, a spout of smoke and flying earth showed shell bursts. Still from the woods came those spasmodic outbursts of firing.

Then, as the smoke cleared away, I learned from runners that we had gained our objectives. I reported this to Brigade.

About mid-afternoon I started out to inspect the new front lines. I went down the hill, across the valley, up into the woods to the right of our line.

I saw again the old, inevitable story of woods fighting where men take machine-gun nests by frontal attack. Out in front of those nests lay our dead. About the guns lay the German dead. They had fought to the finish. We had taken few prisoners. At my first battalion P.C. I picked up Major Wilson. Together we went out to the front. From the right of our line I worked my way over our entire front. It was dusk before I got back to my P.C.

It was an awkward situation as I saw it. The Fifty-ninth had taken every objective given it, though with very heavy losses. The Fifty-eighth, on our immediate left—the other regiment of our brigade—had done equally well. But the neighbors of the Eighth Brigade, on our right and left, hadn't been so fortunate.

So Colonel Parsons of the Fifty-eighth and I now found ourselves out in a salient of our own creation. Our attack had punched a pocket about two miles deep and, roughly, four miles wide at the base, in the German line. The end of the pocket toward Germany was possibly a mile long. We were due to catch hell on three sides the minute the German counterattack started. Toward the left of my

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

line the men of the two regiments were pretty thoroughly mixed.

I sent word back to Brigadier General E. E. Booth, informing him of the conditions.

"We've taken everything we were told to take. We can hold it," I reported, "but we can't advance any further."

He agreed with me.

All that day the Germans had shelled us steadily, though not so very heavily. Late that afternoon there was a burst of heavy shelling. Then the artillery quieted down for the night.

All that night the men on that three-sided front, in cold and a steady rain, without blankets or slickers, lay in the wet fox holes they had dug, waiting for the German counterattack. Parts of that line were in woods so thick that even in daytime they couldn't see one hundred yards ahead. They hadn't had a cup of hot coffee or a mouthful of hot food since they had started. Hard bread, canned salmon, canned corned beef, eaten out of the can, were all their rations.

We didn't know it then, but that was the program and that was the menu for the next three solid weeks. We were to set the record for the longest time an American brigade stayed fighting in the front lines. Not once in those three weeks were the Germans to relax their efforts to pinch out that salient.

I stretched out that night on the earthen floor of my hillside tunnel to catch a little sleep. I was oddly unworried, though normally that situation would have demanded worry. I had seen those men in action. I knew what they could do. They had done it.

Next morning, from that hillside, I saw on my left one of the most magnificent war pictures any man was ever privileged to see. The Germans held a splendid defensive position over there, with a stone farm building one of the principal strong points in their line. It was necessary for

THE ARGONNE

the Americans to take that position to ease up the pressure on the left side of our salient. A heavy concentration of our artillery was blasting the way for an infantry attack. Thousands of American shells tore up the earth along that line. As the shelling ceased, the American infantry went forward on nearly a three-quarter-mile front. Through my glasses I could see every movement as clearly as though through a window I was watching people pass on the street. In the face of a terrific German rifle and machine-gun fire, the attack advanced to a certain point. There it stopped. Turning in the face of that blasting they were getting, the attackers ran for cover.

Three or four times in the next few days I saw that same show staged. That position never was taken while we were in there. Always the attack broke up at the same point where I saw it stop that first morning.

We had settled down to the job of holding our salient. And though the Germans never launched a heavy counter-attack against us, they launched many small ones. In addition, they gassed us pretty thoroughly on two or three occasions. And on a regular daily schedule, their artillery gave us all it had.

I never could understand their artillery system. They shelled the woods pretty steadily. But they seemed to concentrate on that open valley more than on the woods. Every afternoon from two to four their artillery began at one end of the valley, walked up to the far end, and then walked back again with a perfect curtain of high explosive.

Their infantry counterattacks, though not very heavy in numbers, were extraordinarily vicious. Parties of fifty to a hundred of them would worm their way through the underbrush and behind trees close to our line of fox holes, with a couple of machine guns. After a few bursts of machine-gun fire, they would attack with fixed bayonets. They never made any headway. But they kept us in a constant flurry of vicious small dog fights up and down the line day after day.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

The life of my men out in that salient was plain hell. Cold food, cold weather, steady rain, constant enemy fire, patrols feeling out the line all the time, shelling, gas. Yet they never gave an inch.

So alert were the Germans, so instantly was any movement we made met with a storm of shelling or machine-gun fire, that it was impossible to get our wounded out by day. Four men to a stretcher, we got them out under cover of the dark, and back to that rest camp where Dr. Spealman and his staff were on the job.

We found one man still living with eight bullet holes in him; too weak to move or call out. He had lain in the brush under that steady rain for a week before we found him. As he was being sent to the rear, I told one of my men to take a memo about him. If he recovered, it was worth knowing. But the man who took the memo was killed next day and I never learned how that wounded man came out.

Then the Red Cross did a good job. They got a truck load of canned soup and tinned heat up to that rest camp for our wounded.

We had been there a week when an American airplane came circling low over my P.C. The aviator reached over and dropped a message which was brought to me.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, October 5th, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 29.

EXTRACT

2. The Corps Commander, in GENERAL ORDERS, cites the gallant conduct of the Fourth Division, especially the Seventh and Eighth Infantry Brigades, in the seizure against difficulties of the Bois de Fays, and the holding of it against repeated and

THE ARGONNE

determined counterattacks, between September 26th and October 5th. YOU ARE THERE. STAY THERE!

By command of Major General Bullard;
A. W. Bjornstad,
Brigadier General, G.S.
Chief of Staff.

Official:
David O'Keefe,
Adjutant General.

Copies of it were sent up the line. The men would have given a lot more for a cup of hot coffee. We had determined to stay there, anyway, from the day we arrived.

Next day, October 6th, was my fortieth birthday. I couldn't have a birthday cake, but I was to have had a birthday treat. Mrs. Wise had sent me by courier from Paris a *pâte de foie gras*. It came up to that tunnel P.C. in the Argonne the morning of my birthday. I turned it over to George, my Greek cook. George wanted to do himself proud. He took that pate far back of the lines to some rolling kitchens—and fried it! No pate in the world ever tasted like that, before or since.

Brigade Headquarters were three or four miles behind our lines. I was going back to report to General Booth one day, when I came to an open place in the woods. A German plane was circling above. I started across the open. I was half-way across it when that German dived at me, his machine gun blazing away. The bullets kicked up dirt all around me.

He flashed past me, lower than I ever saw a plane fly without landing. I looked up. The German aviator was leaning over the edge of his cockpit, thumbing his nose at me! Then he made a mock salute.

I turned to my runner.

"How the hell did he know I was an officer?" I asked.

"The Colonel is disobeying one of his own orders, sir,"

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

the runner said. "The Colonel is carrying a stick out in the open."

I had the walking stick in my hand that had descended to me from Captain Williams and Captain Wass.

On the ground, the show never changed. But overhead now and then, we got a bit of diversion.

Some anti-aircraft guns were set up near where Dr. Spealman had his hospital in the Bois de Brieculles. One morning a German plane came scouting over us, and the Archies opened up. They got him. Before our eyes he suddenly crumpled up and fell like a stone. The machine crashed nearby. Several of us went over. Then we found there were two German aviators in the plane. There wasn't a whole bone left in either body.

A day or two later an American plane and a German plane fought one hell of a duel just over our heads. Some three thousand feet up, they went whirling and spinning, circling and diving on each other. Then the German got on the American's tail. The American plane burst into flames and crashed.

On one of those three days we saw the sun, we were standing around sunning ourselves at my P.C. early that afternoon, when a long way off we saw what looked at first like the flight of a big flock of birds. Flying steadily along they came over us.

It was the famous Richthofen Circus—though sometime earlier, Baron Manfred von Richthofen, their leader, had been killed. We spotted them by the fantastic colors of the planes. That color scheme of the Circus was known to all the Allied armies. Planes of every color and every combination of colors imaginable seemed to fill the sky. The bigger planes flew beneath. Above hovered the little combat planes. They seemed to be on routine patrol.

Suddenly, far back of them, we saw another flock of planes. They seemed to be trying to overhaul the Circus. The tiny German combat planes turned and headed back

THE ARGONNE

for them. Right over our heads, high in air, they came together.

Instantly the air was filled with a swirling series of dog fights. About ten minutes the combat went on with no casualties. Then, circling and rolling, diving and climbing, firing at one another, the whole show drifted down the line and out of sight.

Our own dog fights continued to rage up and down the three lines of our salient. The Germans never seemed to sleep.

On one of my inspections of that farthest front line, I started to come home across the open. After I got under way the Germans smoked me up, down that hillside, pretty rapidly. There wasn't a thing to do but keep on going. Machine-gun bullets were spattering around me all the way.

Gas commenced to give us a good deal of trouble. The tear gas the Germans used would get among the men before they knew it. They were blinded before they could get their masks on. For about a week the Germans mixed gas shells with their high explosives, alternately.

That gas not only temporarily blinded the men, it infected their eyes to such an extent that yellow matter ran out of them. I saw lines of gas casualties coming out of the woods, one man who could see a little, in front, leading the others, totally blinded, who held on to little sticks, extending from hand to hand, to guide them.

Every now and then the German artillery seemed to pay special attention to that hillside where my P.C. stood. My staff used to say that every time I went away from there on inspection I took the good luck away from the place. It was invariably shelled in my absence. Half a dozen members of my staff were wounded in these shellings.

I found in France some curious attitudes in men's minds about whether they were going to get killed or wounded. Premonitions were countless. Any outfit could tell you scores of stories of men who knew in advance when they

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

were going to get killed—and were. I had seen this happen, myself, eighteen years before, when, at the taking of Tientsin, Captain Austin R. Davis, my company commander, had told me the night before his death that he was going to be killed the next morning.

But personally I never believed in this. I had taken a different attitude. The day I got my orders for France, I wrote myself off the books. I figured that any man who got to the front was as good as dead. After we once were in action, every added day I lived was just twenty-four hours to the good. It gave me a wonderful peace of mind. And so, though I came out of it without a scratch, I also came out of it without having wasted any time worrying.

As those three weeks in that salient wore on to an end, I saw those men keep up their fighting spirit under conditions I had never believed men could sustain. It seemed incredible that men who had never seen service before could stand such hardships and live—let alone keep on fighting.

That regiment was an amazing jumble of races and classes. My personal orderly was a French Canadian who had been a cornet player in the orchestra at Keith's in Boston. My horse orderly was a cow-puncher from somewhere near Cody, Wyoming. My cook, George the Greek, who had ruined my birthday pate, came from a short order restaurant of which he was the proprietor, in Denver. My sergeant major had been a court stenographer in Rochester, New York. My chauffeur was a mechanic from the Packard factory in Detroit. Another orderly was a farm boy from Iowa. He was only five feet tall, had tried to volunteer, had been turned down on account of his short stature—and then had been drafted! He was the maddest man I ever saw whenever the draft was mentioned.

The rank and file of that regiment came from all over the United States except the Pacific coast; came from every possible walk of life.

THE ARGONNE

They stood every test to which they were put. You can't say more than that of any outfit in the world.

After three weeks in that hell, General Pershing sent Colonel Boyd, one of his aides, up to find out what condition we were in. I told Colonel Boyd how we stood. More than half my regiment were casualties. Seven out of twelve rifle companies were commanded by sergeants. Most of the remaining companies were commanded by lieutenants.

"Can you continue to drive straight on through if we give you replacements?" Colonel Boyd asked me.

"Hell, no!" I told him. "These men need rest."

He agreed with me.

We pulled out of the Argonne on October 22nd, and the Fifth Division took over the sector. The lines had been somewhat stabilized. The Germans now were shelling less than they had been. The divisions on our left had begun to crack the German line, and that eased the pressure somewhat. The French, too, had made some progress on the right bank of the Meuse.

We marched all night through the mud, that night we were relieved, and until afternoon next day. Our first stop was close to the spot where we had taken over the German trenches the day we jumped off. That was the first time I saw what was left of the regiment after we pulled out.

Smearcd with mud from tin hats to shoes. Bushy, bristling beards on every face; full of mud, too. The same red-rimmed, burnt-out eyes I had seen come out of the Bois de Belleau. The only thing clean about them was their rifles.

But, just as I had seen what was left of my battalion of the Fifth Marines come out of the Bois de Belleau, physically exhausted but still full of fighting spirit, these men, too, were ready to do anything you asked of them.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE ARMISTICE

I HAD sent orders out ahead of us for the Second Echelon—our transport and our rolling kitchens—to come up and meet us at those old German trenches. We were ahead of them. I heard the wagons approaching long before I saw them. Then they came in sight. Gretchen was in the lead, with some soldier I didn't know fast to her leash. She was pulling him along. Without my saying a word, she ran up to me, commenced to whine, danced all around me, quivering with eagerness, and licked my hand. I knew then that I had an unusual dog. The discovery repaid somewhat all the discomforts I had been through for nearly a month without my own orderly.

"Who is that soldier on the other end of Gretchen's leash?" I asked McKeown.

"He's a man I picked up to help out, sir," was the way McKeown explained it.

The truth was that McKeown had made the man his own personal orderly. Trust a Marine never to do any work if he can get somebody else to do it!

That night, for the first time in a month, my men got hot coffee, hot food, hot water for shaving. And that night none of us slept in the open under the rain without blankets. Rolled up in their own blankets that had come up with the transport, the men turned in, in the German dug-outs, and got the first real night's sleep they had known in nearly four weeks.

We stayed there two or three days. Rumors reached me that things were not going so well up at the front; that our division, for all its heavy losses and its weeks of strain,

THE ARMISTICE

was to go back into the lines again. I didn't intend to get along without McKeown again if we did return to the front lines. I knew that meant Gretchen had to get back to the rear somewhere. She would be safe with Mrs. Wise at Neuilly. I put my Marine imagination to work to get her there. Some time before, I had got from England a compass that floated in oil. General Booth was crazy to get one. I'd had Mrs. Wise order one from England by our Marine courier service.

So I went over to see General Booth and suggested to him that as we expected to go back into the lines, he might need that compass. Could I not send Lieutenant Escudier, my French liaison officer, back to Paris to get the compass and return? General Booth approved the idea. That gave Gretchen an escort without breaking any order.

During our stay in those trenches, I allowed Gretchen to run loose, I was so certain of her. There was no need to worry. She had adopted me. And she had acquired the Marine Corps instinct for looking out for herself. With my heavy baggage was my cot. The first night I slept on it, she jumped on it, slept at the foot, and whenever I wanted to shift my leg from one side to the other she accommodated me by moving.

We were cleaned up, now. It was a different looking outfit that marched back to the Forest of Hesse for a period in a rest area.

That Forest of Hesse was the damnedest rest area I ever saw in my life. There was no forest left. The trees had all been blasted out by shell fire. Here again you couldn't find an individual shell hole. They overlapped. The whole place was grown up breast-high with heavy undergrowth. There wasn't one spot of level ground in the whole area big enough to pitch a pup tent.

There we were visited by an inspector who said he came from General Headquarters. He was a colonel, now. I had known him a long time and I hadn't known anything good of him. He had been tin-canned out of a combat

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

outfit. Naturally, he was full of information about how to run one.

We went to luncheon in my dugout. He started a discussion about what my opinion was of getting replacements right where we were, reforming the regiment, and going right back into the line again.

"You're a damned fool!" I told him. "These men need rest."

"If that's the attitude of the colonel," he said, "I can understand why the regiment doesn't want to go back into the line. A spirit of that kind has got to start from the top."

I could hardly start anything with my guest at my own table. But——

"Have you ever had any experience such as we've been through this past month?" I asked him.

"I haven't," he admitted. "But if I did have such an experience, I know what I could do."

"When we've finished luncheon, you'll find out what I can do," I told him.

Luncheon over, and both of us outside the dugout, I cursed him out for every name I could remember.

"Now clear out and don't come around here any more," I told him.

Then I went straight to General Booth and gave him a full report of the affair.

"If that fellow comes around here saying I called him names," I told General Booth, "he's telling the truth. The only names I didn't call him are the names I couldn't remember."

General Booth agreed with me that the outfit needed rest.

Major General George H. Cameron, now commanding the Fourth Division, was evidently of the same opinion. Cameron had commanded the Fourth Division when it first landed in France. He had been replaced by Major General Hines just before the start of the Argonne drive. He

THE ARMISTICE

had been put back in command of the Division while we were up at the front.

That very afternoon I heard that he had gone right up in the air about the idea of the Fourth Division returning at once into the lines. He went straight to Pershing with the announcement: "Either the Fourth Division goes back into rest area, or I'll be relieved of its command."

Unfortunately for the Old Man, both things took place.

Next morning I learned that we were to march back to a rest area near Toul. I went over to the Division Headquarters and applied for four days Paris leave. It was granted. I was driven over to Bar-le-Duc where I caught the Paris express after instructing my chauffeur to be there four days later to pick me up.

I arrived at Neuilly in the morning, full of spirits and rather proud of myself. Some very nice things had been said to me in regard to my work in that month of hell.

Mrs. Wise's apartment was on the eighth floor of the house. She told me that even before I rang the bell, Gretchen was whining. The moment I opened the door the dog leaped up and was all over me. I had written Mrs. Wise telling her exactly how to handle Gretchen, and especially to let no one else feed her. And though I saw at once that Gretchen was still fond of me, she had become Mrs. Wise's dog. It peeved me a little.

I learned that one night shortly after Gretchen's arrival she climbed up on Mrs. Wise's bed and appeared to be in great pain. A veterinary, sent for at once, said he believed the dog had been kicked. The maid who had taken Gretchen out for exercise was questioned. She said they had met a French soldier, and that instantly Gretchen had leaped to attack him. Evidently she had been trained to attack anyone she saw in a French uniform. He had kicked her in the stomach.

Outside of the natural pleasure of being home again, I got the most fun, that leave, out of Gretchen. Naturally she was crazy for exercise. Every morning she

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

brought me my cap, gloves, swagger stick, and her leather leash, and then went to the door and whined. Those were my orders to take her out. I did.

After we got to the Bois, I unleashed her and allowed her to run. It was a great sight to see her go round in a figure eight at top speed. But her great delight was to ride in a taxicab. After exercise in the Bois, my routine was Henry's Bar, a short distance from the Rue de la Paix. That was the spot where many of the American officers on leave in Paris gathered daily. Henry, a Luxembourger, was dead. But at the bar that bore his name they could make American cocktails the way we liked them, and you could get Scotch and soda—no easy thing in Paris then.

Gretchen had her own chair at Henry's. She would climb into it, hold my swagger stick in her mouth, and stay put until thirst was satisfied and all of us at the bar had settled the way the war was to be won. For, though the Armistice hadn't come yet, we knew the show was over, and in a few days it was.

I've heard a lot of stories about how the troops in France received that news. It didn't even disturb the routine of our regiment on the momentous November day.

As for me personally, the news made absolutely no impression at all. I had been convinced the end of the war was coming ever since Soissons; but the habits of a year and a half of war-time conditions die hard.

The night of the Armistice, I went over to play cards with Colonel Garber, now commanding the Fifty-eighth Infantry, the other regiment in our brigade. When I started home in my machine, I took one look and shouted at the chauffeur.

"What the hell do you mean, driving with your lights on?" I demanded. "Don't you know we're near enough to the front lines to require no lights after dark?"

Sergeant Schilling, the chauffeur, looked around at me and grinned.

"But, Colonel, the war's over," he said.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

SEVERAL days after the Armistice, I was notified that the Fifty-ninth Infantry was to be part of the Third Army, which was organized as the Army of Occupation. It was composed of what were rated officially as the six best divisions of the A.E.F.—the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Thirty-second and Forty-second.

About ten days after the Armistice we started for Germany.

That march was worse than any fighting I have ever been through in my life. For the first thing that was wished on us was an issue of British army shoes. They had hobnails in the soles and steel horseshoes in the heels. But the worst of it was that there was no give to the soles. They were as stiff as a board. They raised the devil with the men's feet.

The first day we made twenty-five kilometers. That was decent marching. But the next day, with the idea of keeping one day's march behind the retiring Germans, we did forty-three kilometers. And that played hell with the men.

I had a horse and an automobile. I rode the horse and sent the car ahead with Lieutenant Escudier and Lieutenant-Colonel Walsh, my second in command, to arrange for our billets. Escudier spoke German.

Starting from Toul, we marched all that first day through French Lorraine, stopping that night at Seprey in the German lines. We slept that night in the old German dugouts.

All the second day, too, we were still marching through

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

French Lorraine. Late in the afternoon we passed through Mars-le-Tour, the scene of a famous cavalry battle in the Franco-Prussian War. We were billeted that night in a little town three or four kilometers beyond it.

I stopped in the house of a French wine merchant. The place was absolutely gutted. That was in violation of the terms of the Armistice, under which the Germans had agreed to take nothing with them when they evacuated the towns they had occupied. I invited the owner to dine with me.

"It's the first time I've eaten in my own dining room since 1914," he told me. Germans had occupied the house. He was allowed one room in it.

Next day we marched across the border into German Lorraine—the territory they had taken from France back in 1870. Technically we were in Germany. Even the children spoke German. But we hadn't gotten into the real Rhineland yet.

We stopped at Thionville two or three days. Thanksgiving Day came during our stay. The stores there offered no opportunity for shopping. I wanted a proper Thanksgiving dinner for the mess. The only way I could see of getting it was to send back to Nancy. Yet there were difficulties. Orders were to confiscate every automobile found outside its own divisional area. But I figured that Lieutenant Escudier, being a French officer, could put up some sort of a bluff about being on a French mission if he were stopped. He headed back to the rear in my Dodge touring car, to try to pick up some turkeys or geese and various other supplies.

He brought back everything we wanted—except turkeys or geese. He said he'd had a lot of trouble with the Military Police, but had managed to bluff them.

Thanksgiving dinner would have been a hell of a meal without a bird of some sort. I had some scouting done around Thionville. We found a German family that owned two geese. They demanded one hundred and fifty

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

francs for the pair. Negotiations stopped right there. Then I sent out another man to offer soap for the geese. I knew the Germans had had no soap for two years. For one dozen bars of common brown soap, the man got two geese, two chickens, and a dozen eggs.

I found splendid shooting around Thionville, borrowed a shotgun from one of the German residents, and had the first hunting trip since I had shot duck on horseback in the lagoons between the lines at Vera Cruz. I got quail, pheasant, rabbits and even deer. The country was full of game. All the shooting for a long time had been at men.

The rest at Thionville put the men's feet in good shape. We resumed the march into Germany. We were getting into the real Rhineland now. Saarburg was the biggest town through which we passed. There we crossed the Moselle over a high stone bridge. From there on it was mostly a farming country. The whole attitude of the German population was not that of a beaten people. Nor, in the country, was their appearance that of people who had undergone any particular hardship. The country children looked well-fed. Germany had issued strict orders against hoarding food. But you can't issue regulations drastic enough to make a farmer turn in food his own family needs. In the towns, those German children looked gaunt. It was mostly children we saw while marching through towns. The adults kept indoors.

Some twenty days we marched through country in vivid contrast to what we had seen in France. We were far in past even the last line of defensive trenches. There wasn't a sign of warfare anywhere. Every night we were billeted in some German town. There was no friction. The German families received us courteously. They seemed to accept conditions philosophically. Then, too, they were accustomed to billeting German troops during maneuvers. It was an old story to them.

At last we came to the Moselle again. I received orders that my regiment would be billeted along the Moselle from

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Eller to Cochem. The Corps Headquarters was at Cochem.

We settled down to the job of occupying Germany. On the way up, the men had speculated on just what the job of an Army of Occupation might be. They soon found out. It was just drill, drill, drill. Maneuvers and sham battles—and more drill.

Strict orders had been given us not to fraternize with the Germans. But everybody did it. How could you live in a man's house without talking to him! But our men's behavior was extraordinarily decent. Not a single complaint was made by the civilian population.

There was no excitement of any kind. It was an awful let-down after what we had been through. I know, from what I saw of the men, before we had been there long they would a damned sight rather have been back in the front lines fighting.

It was a very hard job keeping them on their toes, too. Every one of them knew the show was all over. Every one of them knew we were just going through the motions. Every one of them was as crazy to get home as he had been to get to France.

We had been there something less than a month, when Brigadier General E. E. Booth was detached. I fell heir to the Eighth Brigade. It was the biggest body of men I had ever commanded. Two infantry regiments and a machine-gun battalion. Close to nine thousand men.

But I remained a Colonel of Marines, though acting as an Army brigade commander. Three days before the Armistice, Congress had passed a law making Marine officers eligible for promotion in the National Army. But right after the Armistice the War Department issued an order that there should be no more promotions for anybody.

I never in my life saw such a training schedule as came down to us from G.H.Q. You would have thought the war was just ahead of us instead of just behind us. I sup-

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

pose the idea was to keep the men on their toes and out of trouble. But whatever the idea, they worked the living hell out of those men.

I think my maneuvers must have been good. They made an English officer laugh. From what I knew of English officers I considered that rather an achievement. He came along just as we were putting on a sham battle. I had put some of my men into German uniforms to make it more realistic. Then we made those "German prisoners" bring out our "wounded" as they had to do in real war.

"By Jove," said the English officer, "that looks quite like the real thing, doesn't it?"

And he laughed heartily. There may have been something subtly humorous about that situation that I didn't catch. Anyway, we made him laugh.

We were annoyed to death by Army inspectors. They were having their innings now. Most of these inspectors were officers who had been tin-canned out of combat outfits. But now that the fighting was over they had a glorious time raising hell over trifles.

I had thought little of them since an episode that began at Toul and ended in Germany. Just before we started up with the Army of Occupation, orders came to turn all salvage into one common dump for the regiment. I went through the billets and inspected before I left. Then, after we got to Eller, three weeks later, I got a formidable official letter from an Army inspector complaining that one pair of suspenders had been left behind in one house!

Now, with these inspectors coming along every few days and hunting in pairs, I found no reason to change my opinion of them.

What I objected to was that their scheme of things was destructive instead of constructive. Instead of dropping into your outfit, finding anything wrong, coming up to you like a man and telling you about it while it was hot and you could remedy it, they'd go away without a word, wait three weeks, and then write you a letter.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

I christened them crocodiles. They'd snap and sink.

Major General Mark L. Hersey, our division commander, came over frequently to visit me at my Brigade Headquarters. He was an old friend. We had met first in the China expedition and had been made members of the Military Order of the Dragon when he was an Army captain and I a first lieutenant of Marines.

He liked good food. Strict orders had been issued not to trade with the Germans. But the Germans would trade anything for soap. And there were a lot of delicacies we didn't get in our Service of Supply. Fresh eggs, for example.

General Hersey stayed to luncheon one day. I spoke to my cook. Presently the General was served with a delicious omelette. There wasn't any left when he finished. He seemed much pleased. Then, suddenly, he looked at me.

"How did you get those eggs?" he asked.

"The people around here presented them to me," I told him.

They had—in consideration of a couple of bars of common brown soap. I suppose that was the first time a division commander's luncheon had been bought with soap for currency. But General Hersey didn't know it.

Just after Christmas I ran over to visit my old outfit, the Fifth Marines. Their headquarters were only forty miles away in a beautiful old castle on a hill overlooking the Rhine. It was very medieval outside and very modern inside. It was the castle of Prince William of Wied, who had been King of Albania before the war. He was still with the German army, but his wife, children, and sister still lived in the castle.

That afternoon they invited Colonel Logan Feland and me to take tea with them in the part of the castle they reserved for their own occupancy. They spoke English perfectly. Their whole attitude, it developed in conversation, was a fear of the inroads Bolshevism might have made into Germany; a fear that the German people might

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

rise as the Russian people had risen. They said they were very glad the American troops were there.

Just before dinner that night the Princess of Wied sent her major-domo over to my apartment to inquire my preference in wine. I got some Schloss-Johannesburger. I stayed there several nights!

I went down to see my old battalion. Captain Dunbeck, the last survivor of my old company commanders, was acting battalion commander. I learned that only one hundred and forty-one were left of the six hundred I had brought to France.

If for nothing else, that visit was memorable because I met Gallivan. I had just arrived at the foot of the height on which the castle stood. It was about dusk. There was snow on the ground. The car started up the incline. Halfway up I saw a figure come walking down. I recognized Gallivan. I had the car stopped.

"Is that place up on the hill a rest house for broken-down soldiers?" I called out.

Gallivan stiffened and looked at the car.

"I recognize your voice, sor," he said. "I got no presents for Christmas, but I have wan now at the sight av you!"

He was just coming back from headquarters after having been sworn in as second lieutenant.

I ran across a lot of other old friends on that visit. Harry Lee was colonel of the Sixth Marines. Harry Lay, now a lieutenant-colonel, was inspector of the division. R. H. Dunlap, who had been my captain in China, now was colonel of an artillery regiment. I stopped with him all night on the way home.

Back at Eller I made up my mind I wanted to get back to Paris again. I had tried to get leave on Christmas but they wouldn't let me go. General Pershing had said he wasn't going to have Paris filled up with officers of the Third Army. Not one of us got leave that Christmas.

I talked it over with General Hersey. He ran down to

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Coblentz with me. There we talked it over with Malin Craig, now a brigadier general and Chief of Staff of the Third Army.

"You're out of luck on leave to Paris," he said.

"How about leave to Neuilly?" I asked him.

He grinned. He knew as well as I did that Neuilly was a suburb of Paris. But it looked different on paper. He put it over.

I took the train at Eller and landed in Paris next morning. The first thing I did was to head for Major Dave Wills, the paymaster, to get some funds. His office was on the eighth floor of the New York Life Insurance Company Building. From the lobby I took the lift.

Dave gave me the money and told me Mrs. Wise would be in shortly about the affairs of some of the Marines at her hospital. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Wise arrived all out of breath. Gretchen was towing her. The dog climbed all over me.

I had not written that I was coming home. But——

"I knew you were here," Mrs. Wise told me as soon as she got her breath back. "They wouldn't let me use the lift because I had a dog with me. We had just started across the lobby to the stairs when Gretchen went crazy. She began to whine. And then she towed me all the way up those eight flights at top speed."

That struck me as rather remarkable. Gretchen had picked up a scent half an hour cold among all the people who had used that lobby.

All together we taxied back to No. 98, Rue Peronne.

A pleasant week in Paris. Walks with Gretchen in the Bois, mornings. A taxi to Henry's Bar—only occasionally, this trip. Dinners with friends around Paris. And this time wherever we dined, Gretchen dined, too.

Back to Eller again. The same old merciless training schedule of drills and maneuvers. I managed to relieve it with a little shooting.

But there were too many Army officers hanging around

THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

without jobs for a Marine colonel to go on long commanding an Army brigade, or even an Army regiment. Along toward the end of January, 1919, I got orders transferring me back to the United States.

Mrs. Wise and I, and McKeown, with Gretchen in tow, reached New York on the last day of February, 1919. Here complications started again. We learned that quarantine regulations required ten days' detention for all police dogs.

My sister had sent word on board that she was waiting outside the gate with her car to take us out to her home in Morristown, New Jersey. I went out to get her in. I found the gate guarded by a very sloppy-looking sentry.

"No visitors are admitted," he told me.

It looked like time for a bluff.

"Do you know who I am?" I asked him importantly.

"No, sir," he said.

"Come on in, Beth!" I said, in a loud voice.

The sentry presented arms to my sister and several of her friends as they came through the gate. Back on board the *Rochambeau*, I had my friend Alphonse, who ran the bar, open it up. A real party started, aided by the Army boarding officer, an old friend. After a bit I got the idea that since a good bluff had got my sister and her friends aboard, the same bluff would work in getting Gretchen ashore. My Army friend promised assistance. McKeown was ordered to go ashore, have the car right by the gate with the driver at the wheel, the engine started, and all the baggage aboard.

"Your dog can't go through," said the sentry.

I tried the same bluff again.

"Do you know who I am?" I demanded, in a loud voice.

"No, sir," said the sentry.

I went right through. We all got aboard the car and got away without any trouble, Gretchen grinning through the car window as we rolled off.

CHAPTER XXV

TRYING A BREATHING SPACE

A COUPLE of days at my sister's home in Morristown, and I went down to Washington. There I reported to Major General George Barnett, Commandant of the Marine Corps. He told me to take a long rest. I was given a month's leave and was told I could have more if I wanted it.

"When you're tired loafing you can have any duty you desire," said General Barnett.

I went up to Philadelphia. I was getting more restless and more nervous every day. We tried New York to see if that would help. New York was as bad as Philadelphia.

Restlessly I returned to Philadelphia.

Then it dawned on me that it didn't matter where I was. The trouble wasn't with Philadelphia. It wasn't with New York. It was with me.

After those eighteen months in France, inaction had become unbearable. The whole ghastly show was milling around in my mind. I couldn't get away from it.

Here I was in peaceful America, with every comfort and attention. I couldn't express a wish that some one was not eager to meet.

Yet always that panorama of the hell of the last eighteen months kept unrolling before my eyes.

Training camps. The roads up to the front. The trenches. Rusty barbed wire. The desolation of No Man's Land. Shell bursts. Fox holes, with men stretched in them. Gray lines of Germans advancing to the attack. The steady roar of a barrage. Bursts of fire from machine

TRYING A BREATHING SPACE

guns hidden in the woods. Heat. Dust. Cold. Rain. Mud. Forcing myself to go over dangerous ground. Suppressing all emotions. Looking at men I had trained for months and grown to know as you know your own family—looking at them walking back, wounded; crawling back, wounded; stretched dead on the ground.

I began waking up at night, shuddering, from dreams of the rain and the cold and the mud. In nightmares, the rats in the trenches kept jumping on me. Champillon, Les Mares Farm, the Bois de Belleau, St. Mihiel, the Argonne—I was living them all over again all the time.

Just getting away, I knew now, wouldn't do any good. I had to have a job with a lot of work attached to it. I couldn't see any in America. But I did know where there was one.

It was in Haiti. As far back as when I was in France, I had figured it out that a change was due in the Haitian Gendarmerie. The tour of Colonel Alexander Williams of the Marines, then Major General commanding the Haitian Gendarmerie, was about up.

I went down to Washington and asked General Barnett for the job. I wasn't promised it then, but later it came to me.

"I know something about Haiti," I told General Barnett, "but a lot of things have happened there since I left. And I want to get out of the United States, anyway. Any reason I can't go down there now, and investigate things until it's time for me to take over the job?"

"None at all," he said. "Go ahead."

It was about the end of April, 1919.

I found out the steamship *Panama* was sailing that week from New York for Port au Prince. I requested the Marine Corps to make a reservation on her for me.

If I was going down there, I wanted McKeown. I had got a letter from him telling me he was at Quantico and very unhappy. I requested his transfer. He was telegraphed to meet me in New York.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

I caught the next train to Philadelphia.

Before I got there, I knew I had found the answer to my problem. All the restlessness that had ridden me since I had been in the United States had suddenly left me. That damned panorama of France had stopped passing before my eyes. There was work ahead—work I understood.

I was a different man from the one who had left her on the train at Washington, when I met Mrs. Wise in Philadelphia. I told her what had happened. She and Gretchen were to stay in Philadelphia and rejoin me in Haiti as soon as things got settled.

That night, for the first time in months, I slept well, and two days later, taking with me two beautiful setters Jimmie Spear of the Racquet Club had given me, I went down to the *Panama's* berth in the North River. Complications started at once. The purser insisted that no dogs were permitted on board. There was no time to park the dogs and catch the boat which was due to sail in about an hour. While the argument was on, in came Mr. Rothbottom, manager of the Panama Line. He was very decent about it. McKeown, the dogs, and I, all got aboard safely.

CHAPTER XXVI

HAITI AGAIN

THE *Panama* steamed into Port au Prince May 5th, 1919. The town hadn't changed a bit since I left it in 1916. The same long wharf running out into the Bay. The same sleepy streets. The same old Champ de Mars, treeless, broiling beneath the sun. The mountains rising up back of the town. The same stretch of dense jungle up and down the coast.

I reported to Brigadier General Albertus W. Catlin, commanding the Marine Brigade in Haiti, at his headquarters in town. It was the first time I had seen him since I visited him in a hospital in Paris, after he was severely wounded around Château Thierry. He seemed glad to see me. He invited me to live with him. In addition to the big town house that was his headquarters, he had another house in Port au Prince for his residence. I accepted his invitation. I had McKeown take my things up to General Catlin's house, and spent the day renewing old acquaintanceships around Port au Prince. That night General Catlin and I sat up late and talked things over. There were a lot of things I wanted to know. Catlin was very frank about them.

He drew an unpleasant picture of the situation in Haiti. There was a good-sized revolution in central and northern Haiti, and we weren't making any headway against it. In fact, it was growing daily. You couldn't go out of any of the towns in the affected districts without a Cacao taking a shot at you, though he wouldn't hit you. Catlin wasn't very complimentary about the condition or the efficiency of the Gendarmerie, either. They had put it up to him already

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

that they couldn't handle the situation. And he gave me, too, a pretty clear picture of the bickering and friction among the American heads of the various departments we had established since we started to straighten out Haiti. He spread out before me the damndest array of military, police, financial, governmental and social problems.

By the time we went to bed that night, I knew that if I had known as much about Haiti back in the United States as I knew now, I would still be back in the United States. I could see nothing but almost certain failure ahead.

But I had asked for the job. I had it. I couldn't get out of it. I was going to see it through.

Naturally the first thing to do was to go out and see for myself. I had until July 1st to investigate—nearly two months. A couple of days more talk with General Catlin and Colonel Williams added plenty of details. Then I started out to look the whole island over. By submarine chaser along the coast, by automobile over the roads, on horseback along the jungle trails, I visited every part of Haiti. From every possible source I got all the information I could. And the farther I traveled, the more I learned, the clearer it became that General Catlin had not overdrawn the picture.

I had a hell of a job on my hands.

Catlin had told me of reports that had come in to him of brutality on the part of the Gendarmerie. Needless killings. While I was making my investigations he got another specific report.

"Wise," he told me, "here's a chance for you to look into one of these things, first hand."

The report came from a little town called Croix de Bouquet, about eight miles from Port au Prince. It was made by Mr. Payne, an Englishman who conducted lumbering operations around there. I found Payne in Port au Prince and talked with him.

"Two Haitians were shot there by the Gendarmerie the other night," he told me.

HAITI AGAIN

"Could there be any mistake about it?" I asked him.

"There isn't any mistake about it," he said. "It happened."

I asked Catlin to send a representative from the Gendarmerie along with me. Lieutenant Colonel Kenneth Tracy, assistant Chef de Gendarmerie under Colonel Williams, rode out to Croix de Bouquet with me.

The first thing we did was to go to the Gendarmerie post there. Lieutenant Brokaw of the Gendarmerie, a private of Marines, was in command. He had about twenty native soldiers.

"Reports have come in that two men have been executed in your town," I told Brokaw. "What do you know about it?"

"Nothing," he said.

Tracy and I went to see the French priest. He wouldn't talk.

Then we went to see a white man who kept a store. He wouldn't talk either.

We dropped in at the telephone exchange, where three Marines were stationed. They were not with the Gendarmerie. They were with the Marine Brigade. We questioned them. They said they knew nothing about it. But where Brokaw had said he knew nothing, and wouldn't talk after that, these men kept on talking. That hooked them. I knew they were lying. You can't deal with men at close range for years without developing a hunch that tells you whether they're lying or telling the truth.

We left the telephone exchange. In the street I ran across a German-Haitian named Peters, whom I had known back in 1916. I questioned him. At first he said he knew nothing about it. I knew he was lying, too. I drew him away from Tracy.

"See here," I told him, "you're afraid of what will happen to you if you tell what you know. I'm here to tell you that if you tell the truth, you'll be protected. Now come across."

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"You're right. There have been two men killed," said Peters. But he didn't know the details.

I rejoined Tracy. We went back to the storekeeper. This time he came across. We got the full story.

Lieutenant Brokaw had found life too monotonous at Croix de Bouquet. He and two of the three Marines of the telephone detail got drunk with a native one night. They had in jail an old Haitian they had put there, claiming he was a "Papaloi"—a Voodoo priest. It was supposed to be against the law.

Late that night they took him out with another native who was in the jail, led them to the outskirts of Croix de Bouquet, made them dig their own graves, stood them up on the edge of the graves, and shot them.

Just for excitement.

Tracy and I started back to Port au Prince.

"See here, Kenneth," I told him, "this is a Gendarmerie show. It'll look a lot better if the report comes from you than if it comes from me."

He agreed. He made a full report to Colonel Williams, who in turn reported to General Catlin. A court martial followed.

The two Marines of the telephone detail were given long sentences at some naval prison back in the United States. Brokaw, the instigator, was pronounced insane and sent to St. Elizabeth's Asylum in Washington.

That case, apparently a simple double murder instigated by an insane man, turned out to be loaded with T.N.T. The shock of the explosion reached from Haiti to Washington, out across the United States, and back to Haiti again. It ended up with the famous Mayo Court of Inquiry.

For, when McQuillan, one of those two Marines of the telephone detail, went on trial, his defense counsel, a young officer, in extenuation of the crime, made the statement that shooting of natives in Haiti was comparatively ordinary routine.

HAITI AGAIN

That statement went into the record. When that record reached the Navy department at Washington for review, hell started popping. The story got out. Congress took it up. At least one publication, *The Nation*, sent a correspondent to Haiti to investigate. Endless complications followed.

Meanwhile July first arrived. I took office as Major General in command of the Haitian Gendarmerie. Chef de Gendarmerie, the Haitians called it. Smedley Butler, the first to hold that office, had prescribed the insignia. Colonel Alexander Williams, the second, had worn it, too. I followed suit, as the third. I retained my Marine uniform. But I changed the Marine Globe and Anchor on my collar for the shield of Haiti. The silver eagles on my shoulders I laid aside for four silver stars. His Excellency, Phillippe Sudre Dartiguenave, President of Haiti, became my Commander-in-Chief.

I had command of an army of two thousand five hundred Haitian troops and one hundred and twelve officers drawn from both the commissioned and enlisted personnel of the U.S. Marine Corps.

My two months of investigation had shown me I had to handle something worse than a mere situation. It was a tangle everybody in Haiti seemed to have messed up a little more. Here was that tangle:

A well-organized revolution was under way, gaining impetus every day, with the slogan: "Haiti for the Haitians!"

The government was being carried on by as many different heads as that famous many-headed monster of mythology.

There was the Haitian President and his ministers.

There were the Treaty Officials which the United States had installed by a treaty with Haiti.

Arthur Bailly-Blanchard, of Louisiana, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Haiti, headed this group of Treaty Officials.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

John McIlhenny, of Louisiana, Financial Adviser to the Government of Haiti, was a very important member of this group, as he handled the money of Haiti.

A. J. Maumus, of Louisiana, General Receiver of Customs, was in charge of the source from which Haiti received her revenues.

Dr. Norman T. McLean, of Massachusetts, past assistant surgeon and a commander in the U. S. Navy, was Sanitary Engineer.

Commander Ernest R. Gayler, of Missouri, Civil Engineer Corps, U.S. Navy, was Chief Engineer, in charge of roads and general construction work.

Added to these, the Chef de Gendarmerie and the Brigade Commander of the Marine Brigade sat at the Council table.

A splendid collection of officials with imposing titles. But here was the joke of the thing.

Mr. Bailly-Blanchard, the American Minister, couldn't give an order to anybody, though he was technically the ranking Treaty Official.

As Chef de Gendarmerie, I was the next ranking Treaty Official. But, outside my own Gendarmerie, I could not give an order to anyone.

Although the Republic of Haiti was under martial law, the Brigade Commander couldn't give an order to anyone outside his Marine Brigade—but me. The only reason he could give me an order was that he was a Marine officer senior to me!

It was comic opera transferred into real life. Comic opera applied to a situation full of T.N.T.

There were these Treaty Officials, trying to function without a common head and in the midst of unusual complications full of deadly possibilities.

There was the foreign civilian element, most of whom were Americans, with their plantations and other enterprises, all of which were upset by the existing revolution. They were thoroughly dissatisfied with conditions.

HAITI AGAIN

There was the Roman Catholic Church. Here, the only place left in the world, it was an integral part of the state. Its two French Archbishops, French priests, French sisters, who had spent their lives working with and for the Haitians, were far from content with conditions.

Then there were the Haitians themselves, with their hands tied unless they joined the revolutionists. They no longer trusted anyone or anything. They looked silently on while we all experimented with their country.

Although, as an officer, I was not supposed to delve into the politics of the Republic of Haiti, I had to give some thought to existing conditions in order to handle my own job intelligently.

As it looked to me, the United States had intervened in Haiti in order to enforce the Monroe Doctrine after having received complaints from European investors whose interests were endangered because the Haitians had proved unable to govern themselves or pay their bills! Revolution had followed revolution.

We were not there as conquerors, but to help the Haitians straighten themselves out and to teach them.

When we first arrived in 1915, the Haitians of the better class, the Church and the foreign colony had received us with open arms. But by one blunder after another, we had succeeded in four years in getting everyone down on us.

We had put down one revolution and then built a road by forced labor. It was lawful, but in this case a bit over-worked. In resentment at this, the Haitians had started another revolution ten times worse than the one we had just suppressed. We were cordially disliked and mistrusted by all elements.

Haiti, as now I knew thoroughly, is composed of two classes, the gentry and the peasants. The peasants, forming the vast majority, are simple and kindly, good-natured and responsive.

The gentry are a proud, formal race. Some of the best blood of France is in their veins. They are descended from

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

generations of rich plantation owners. Their sons got their degrees from European universities. Their daughters were educated in the convents of France and England. They were at home in the drawing-rooms of any capital in the world. They looked upon France as their mother country, and when money was plentiful visited it yearly.

These were the people among whom one of those American Treaty Officials arrived with a book entitled "The Development of the Negro Mind," from which he quoted on all occasions!

But aside from these general conditions, I had my own troubles. The Gendarmerie had to be reorganized from top to bottom.

That Gendarmerie had been organized under the same treaty that created the Treaty Officials. It was composed of native Haitian soldiers, led by officers commissioned in the Gendarmerie and drawn from among the commissioned and non-commissioned officers and the privates of the United States Marine Corps. Upon nomination by the President of the United States they were commissioned by the President of Haiti.

These white officers, while serving with the Gendarmerie, received all their pay and allowances from the United States government as Marines. In addition they got a bonus from the Haitian government, according to their rank. Tactless juniors in the Gendarmerie had rubbed this in on juniors of the Marine Brigade who were sore at what they considered doing the same work without the bonus. That hadn't helped coöperation.

The Marine Corps personnel in the Gendarmerie were subject to the same discipline as if they were serving in the Marine Corps only. But the native troops were disciplined under a set of regulations approved by the President of Haiti.

The Gendarmerie had the entire policing of the Republic of Haiti. They distributed the pay to all civil employees outside of Port au Prince. They had supervision of all

HAITI AGAIN

municipal affairs outside of Port au Prince. For a long time they had supervised the building of all roads. That had antagonized Commander Gayler, the Civil Engineer. I turned that job over to him.

I found the Gendarmes in Port au Prince well drilled, well uniformed, well armed. They had been the show troops of my predecessors. But outside of Port au Prince they were in bad shape. Their uniforms were in rags. Most of them were barefooted. Their rifles were a joke. They were discarded Krag's, most of them with the sights knocked off. If they hit a house at point-blank range with those weapons they were doing well. Their barracks were tumble-down. Their morale was pretty low. The Cacaos seemed to have them bluffed.

The first thing that had to be done was to build up their morale. I knew that nothing appeals to the African mind as much as being well dressed. I went into conference with John McIlhenny, the financial adviser, and told him my needs. He gave me the money. New uniforms and shoes were made in Port au Prince and also bought outside. I borrowed modern Springfield rifles from the Marine Corps. I set gangs to work repairing tumble-down barracks. Within three months every native soldier in the Gendarmerie had a new outfit and a modern rifle. Their barracks were in good shape, now.

I grinned to myself as I saw them begin to walk through the streets with a touch of swagger.

The Marine standard of drill that heretofore had applied only to the Gendarmerie battalion in Port au Prince, I now extended to apply to every Gendarmerie outfit on the island.

I discovered that my predecessors had discouraged target practice on the theory that it was dangerous to teach the natives how to shoot. Some day they might possibly turn against us! I issued orders to have target practice started at once and kept up.

In post after post, all over Haiti, I told my officers to

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

impress on their men that they were better than the Cacaos. They were well-armed, disciplined, had plenty of ammunition. When they met a larger body of Cacaos, instead of running away from them they must run toward them. I told them it was all damned foolishness to say that black troops couldn't fight. That I had seen the Senegalese in France, and they fought as well as any white troops in the world.

I knew that black troops had always fought well when they had a white officer to lead them.

Their ration allowance had been ten cents a day. They couldn't feed themselves on that. I had another talk with McIlhenny and had the allowance raised to fifteen cents a day.

I knew a revolution such as was on in Haiti now could never be run without some amount of brains back of it. And I could see that all of those brains weren't in the field. Some of the best brains in Haiti, in the big towns, must be helping the men in the field. The active head of the Haitian revolution had a splendid Intelligence Service. The Gendarmerie had none.

I talked the revolutionary situation over with Major Walter Hill at Port au Prince, and Major James J. Meade, at Cape Haitien, the two officers who had immediate command of the Gendarmerie in the field. I impressed it on them that there was no use killing a lot of Haitians who would eventually make good laborers. That the thing to do was to get the leaders. And that particularly we must keep tab on the towns from which those revolutionary leaders in the field were getting information and support.

We all knew that there was one Haitian Cacao who stood head and shoulders above all the others. His name was Charlemagne Perrault.

Charlemagne was a well-educated man, a native of Cape Haitien, the son of rich parents who had sent him to school in Europe. And he had the sort of grievance against the United States with which every Haitian could sympathize.

HAITI AGAIN

Charlemagne had been under suspicion as having revolutionary tendencies long before he broke out in open revolt. It was against orders for any native to have arms in his possession. Some months before I arrived in Haiti, a gun was found in Charlemagne's house. There were various rumors as to how it came to be there. Some of them said it was planted there. Anyhow, Charlemagne got a long term of imprisonment. And at last he was put under guard in a street-cleaning gang at Cape Haitien. A member of the Yale faculty cleaning streets under armed guard in New Haven would not cause a greater sensation.

An educated Haitian would rather die than do manual labor. It was a disgrace worse than death. Even the Gendarme who guarded Charlemagne sympathized with him. It was not surprising that presently Charlemagne escaped, taking his guard with him. That was the only desertion to the Cacaos the Gendarmerie ever had.

Charlemagne's escape was a torch touched to a barrel of gunpowder. All over northern Haiti were many who might be called professional revolutionists. We had smashed them in 1916. But, though defeated, they were not pacified. Added to them were many more Haitians who had a bitter grievance of their own. Under the "corvée system" of building the road from Port au Prince to Cape Haitien they had been drafted and made to work far beyond the legal requirements, they claimed.

All they needed was a leader. In Charlemagne they found a damned good one. And he, from his birth and education, had connections among the best Haitian people in the big towns. That meant financial support and information in regard to all our movements.

"Get Charlemagne," I told Major Meade.

It was a pretty big order. It meant running down one Haitian out of several millions of Haitians in a country as big as the state of New York. And that one Haitian was surrounded by his friends, operating in a country almost entirely sympathetic to him, was protected by a fanatic

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

ical body-guard, never slept two nights in the same place, and must be run down in a tangled maze of mountains and valleys and jungles, of which there were no accurate maps.

Yet Major Meade grinned, said: "Very well, sir," and went out to do the job.

Brigadier General Catlin went home on leave. Colonel Louis McCarty Little succeeded him as Brigade commander. And he was one of my oldest friends. We had been in touch from time to time ever since, back in 1899, both of us second lieutenants, we had sailed from San Francisco to Cavite on the old *Solace*.

No better man could have been picked for that job. He was equipped, more than any other man I knew, to help straighten out those difficulties. At that time he was a bachelor. There are times in military life when an officer, like a priest, should have nothing to distract him from his work.

More than that, Louie had been educated in France, was as much at home in the French language as in his own, and had a lot of common sense.

At this time, with the exception of Arthur Bailly-Blanchard, the American Minister, and Mr. A. J. Maumus, the General Receiver of Customs, both Louisianans, there was not one of the American Treaty Officials who could talk to the President of Haiti, his ministers, or to the Haitian civilians, in their own language.

Louie Little had been Admiral Sims' aide in England during the World War. The Haitians have ways of knowing who you are and what your position has been in the United States. They were delighted with Louie's personality. Lasting good was accomplished by his kindness and understanding of them and their problems. Nothing was too much trouble, no misunderstanding was too trivial, for him to take the time and have the patience to explain our point of view to them.

Haiti has the French custom of the newcomer making the first formal call. Louie quietly began making these

HAITI AGAIN

calls. Trying situations can often be cleared away in a drawing-room that never can be touched upon in a military office.

The Cacao line of communications seemed to be getting better and better. Cacao sympathizers in Port au Prince were even sending letters out to Cacao camps and getting answers. We knew pretty well who they were, but we never were able to arrest them, for we didn't have enough evidence to prove the case in court. I started developing an Intelligence Department of our own.

Captain B. F. Hickey of the Marines, who was serving as Chief of Police in Port au Prince, was one of my best men in this department. He spoke the French of the educated Haitian. He spoke the peasant patois they call "Creole" in Haiti.

Captain Hickey was sent out to investigate an amazing report that sprang up in the interior and swept the island. A Voodoo priest had announced that a Haitian girl would die and he would bring her back to life. The girl sickened. The old French Catholic priest at the village was summoned to her.

He told this story to Hickey:

"I administered the last rites of the Church to the dying," he said. "I saw her die. I officiated at her funeral. Now, months later, I have seen walking in the streets of this town the same girl I saw die and saw buried."

"The trouble with you, Father," said Hickey, "is that you have been here too long. You need a long leave of absence in France."

Hickey did not discredit the priest's tale, except in one point. Hickey held that the girl had never died. He believed she had been given some of those native drugs, the knowledge of which seems to have been a heritage from the Congo witch doctors to the Voodoo priests of Haiti. For Hickey went to the grave where this girl was supposed to have been buried, and had the coffin secretly exhumed. It contained the skeleton of a goat!

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

In vivid contrast to Hickey in that Intelligence Department was a negro named Jim. He was a descendant of a colony of American negroes sent down to Saminar Bay, in San Domingo, in 1839. The town itself was called Saminar. They still spoke English as well as Spanish. Jim had picked up Creole in Port au Prince.

He would show up with an amazingly wide range of information about what was happening in Haiti—particularly in Port au Prince. One day I asked him how he learned all this. He grinned.

"Yo' see, Ginerall," he said, "I'se got me a woman at one end ob dis town, an' I'se got me a woman at de odder end. An' dem wimmin WILL talk!"

On August 1st, 1919, I went back from the rank of full colonel of the Marine Corps to Lieutenant-Colonel in the post-war reorganization of the Corps. That made no difference, however, with my rank of Major General in Haiti as Chef de Gendarmerie.

That month Mrs. Wise came down from New York, bringing Gretchen with her. By now I had a home. I had rented a beautiful old house with nine bedrooms and with ten or fifteen acres of grounds around it, on the outskirts of Port au Prince, high up overlooking the harbor. It was one of the show places of the bygone days. Wide marble porches, a swimming pool, woods, gardens, and fountains. It cost me one hundred dollars a month!

Meantime my military situation hadn't cleared up a bit. Charlemagne's various bands raided town after town. Those raids looked like bravado to me. A few Haitians known to be sympathizers with America were killed now and then. But there was no looting to speak of. There was little to loot.

On the surface it may sound strange that a Cacao with less than a thousand men could keep in the field while we had a Marine Brigade of some fifteen hundred men in Haiti and a Gendarmerie of twenty-five hundred men. But here was the trick.

HAITI AGAIN

There was literally no beginning or no end to Charlemagne's forces. A squad of Charlemagne's men would creep down from the mountains into one native village after another. The men in that village would join them and go with them to make the attack on which they were bent, or they were killed as American sympathizers, and their homes burned. So, all over the island, there were thousands of Haitians who were good citizens most of the year and bad Cacaos every now and then.

They lived off the country. Mangoes, alligator pears, yams, bananas, stolen cattle or pigs—these gave them all the food they needed. It doesn't take much to sustain a native Haitian. They knew the country the way they knew the palms of their own hands. They needed no map or compass. Instantly they could disband, hide their weapons, and become peaceful inhabitants.

Word would come in that a large Cacao force was gathering somewhere in the interior. By the time the Marines with their supplies—for a strong Marine column can't live off the country—reached that spot, they found nothing. Then, that night, miles away, Charlemagne's men would raid some defenseless town.

It was a combination of Blind Man's Buff and trying to find a needle in a haystack.

Colonel Little was relieved and Colonel John H. Russell succeeded him as Brigade Commander. He asked me to accompany him when he went up north to Cape Haitien on his first inspection.

And while we were in the north, some Cacaos from the band of Benoit, one of their leaders outside of Port au Prince, made a raid on the outskirts of Port au Prince that was marked by four brutal murders near Croix de Bouquet.

Four young Haitian civil engineers, working for Commander Gayler, the Engineer Chief, and in charge of a road construction gang just outside of Port au Prince, were the victims. They were living in a hut. An American was in another hut nearby. The Cacaos came down from

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

the mountains that night and began hammering on the door of the American's hut, demanding admittance.

"You get the hell out of here or I'll shoot you full of holes," the American told them, refusing to open the door. They went away. They came to the hut where the four young Haitians were sleeping, and banged on the door. One of the four foolishly opened it.

The Cacaos simply butchered the four of them.

Those four were members of old families in Port au Prince. The town was shaken as the news came in. One of the four was of very light complexion. The Cacaos had hacked off his head and took it with them. We learned later that they had shown it in villages in the interior as the head of an American.

The Haitians were bitter. All over Port au Prince you could hear complaints that if the Americans only allowed the Haitians to have arms, this wouldn't have happened.

I could not get back to Port au Prince in time for the funeral, but Mrs. Wise attended it. On my return she told me of the pathos of the scene. The President and his Ministers were there. Toward the end, the mother of one of the murdered youths began to scream hysterically.

That threw a pall over Haiti. Bitterness grew. Talk against Americans went from the highest to the lowest.

It took another tragedy to soften that bitterness. It was an American tragedy this time.

On September 20th, 1919, Harry Rubley, a Gendarmerie captain, and Frank Sampson, a Gendarmerie lieutenant, both Marines, were out on a patrol when they were shot by a Marine Brigade patrol that mistook them for Cacaos. The bodies were brought back to Port au Prince.

Through all this, too, I was up in the north. And there I learned from Major Meade of the plan that had been launched to get Charlemagne.

Meade knew as well as I did that Charlemagne would never be taken by any strong column, or killed in the fighting in any raids on towns—for he never took part in any

HAITI AGAIN

fight. He was always miles behind the fighting, in the mountains, acting as the directing brains of those Cacao attacks.

If we were to get him, it had to be by surprise. And a carefully camouflaged surprise at that.

Meade had talked it over with his junior officers. Captain Hannigan of the Gendarmes, a Marine sergeant, had worked out a plan Meade believed would do. Meade told me the details.

It all hinged on a Haitian named Conzee. For two thousand dollars American money—ten thousand gourds in Haitian currency—Conzee was willing to “turn Cacao,” get in with Charlemagne, and lead the Gendarmerie to Charlemagne’s hiding place. Besides his two thousand dollars’ reward, Conzee must have money to keep the band of Cacaos he was to raise supplied with rum and food.

I told Meade to go ahead.

Returning to Port au Prince I put it up to McIlhenny that this was the one way I could see to break the back of that revolution. It would probably cost about five thousand dollars in all. The Gendarmerie had no surplus money to use for this purpose. But if we broke up the revolution for five thousand dollars, we would be getting off cheap. McIlhenny agreed with me.

Now the malaria I had picked up originally in the Philippines came back again. There was a time when, one hour, I would be shivering under half a dozen blankets, and a couple of hours later would be packed in ice to keep down a temperature that ran up to one hundred and six.

The doctors packed me down to the naval hospital at Port au Prince. It was an awful place. McKeown came along to take care of me. The first morning I was there the chaplain came around.

“Are you prepared to die?” he asked me.

McKeown stepped in.

“You get the hell out of here!” he told the chaplain. The chaplain didn’t stay to argue.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

I told them I wouldn't stay there any longer. I had McKeown get me dressed and into an automobile. We started for Petionville, about six miles back of Port au Prince, up in the mountains. There I rented a house and went to bed.

The malaria kept me in bed about two weeks.

Convalescent, I was sitting on the gallery one day, when an orderly brought me a telegram signed by Major Meade, from Cape Haitien.

"Charlemagne's body brought in to Cape Haitien by Captain Hannigan. Identified by the Archbishop."

That was the sort of news to put a man on his feet.

About a week later, when I had returned to Port au Prince, Major Meade came down, bringing with him Captain Hannigan, Lieutenant Button, and Conzee. There at my home they told me the whole story.

It sounded to me more like a tale out of the Arabian Nights than a routine Gendarmerie report.

Hannigan had been given all the funds he needed. He saw to it in turn that Conzee was supplied with plenty of money. Conzee, beginning to talk about his grievances against the Americans, became hotter every day for "Haiti for the Haitians."

Then Conzee told some of his intimate friends he was going to turn Cacao. He got some arms and went out in the bush. It was no time at all before he became a popular Cacao leader. With his supply of money there was always plenty of rum in his camp.

Then Conzee began to stage bandit raids on various villages. News of them began to spread over Haiti. Conzee's idea was to get talked about a lot as a new Cacao leader, knowing the news would reach Charlemagne's ear. The moment he knew where to find Charlemagne, he would let us know.

Charlemagne, by some uncanny hunch, seemed to sense this. He would never recognize Conzee, never make any appointment with him, never permit Conzee to know where his camp was.

HAITI AGAIN

Conzee was sitting by the fire in his own camp one night, with his band of Cacaos around him, when suddenly out of the dark stepped Charlemagne, in the midst of his bodyguard. Pistol in hand, Charlemagne walked up to Conzee.

"Conzee," he said, "you are not a true Cacao. You are nothing but a spy in the pay of those accursed Americans."

Conzee looked Charlemagne squarely in the eyes.

"If you believe that, the best thing you can do is kill me now," he said.

Charlemagne stood over him, pistol still in hand. For a moment Conzee's life hung by a hair. Then Charlemagne spoke.

"I'll give you a chance to prove if you're a true Cacao," he said. "All you have done so far is to lead a few small raids against a few small villages. Take me a real town away from the Americans and I'll begin to think you're a true Cacao."

"I'll do it," Conzee told him.

The town he picked to capture was Grand Riviere. It was a town of about two thousand population, some twenty miles inland from Cape Haitien. We had about sixty of the Gendarmerie stationed there under Captain Hannigan.

Conzee got word to Hannigan. Hannigan planned to make a good show of defense and then retire.

In the meantime Conzee and his men had a brush out in the bush with a squad of Gendarmes led by Hannigan himself. All over Haiti spread the story of how the Gendarmerie were routed and Conzee had shot Hannigan through the arm. There was Hannigan going around Grand Riviere with his arm bandaged and in a sling. Of course that story reached Charlemagne. Conzee's stock rose at Cacao headquarters. Conzee saw to it that word reached Charlemagne that Conzee wouldn't be satisfied until he was a colonel in Charlemagne's regular establishment.

It speaks worlds for the loyalty of the Gendarmerie that the truth of that brush in the bush never leaked. Hanni-

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

gan wasn't wounded at all. His men had retired on his orders. The bandaged arm in a sling was just bluff to help Conzee. Hannigan's men knew the truth.

Then came the attack on Grand Riviere. Yelling like fiends, full of rum, blazing away with everything they had, the Cacaos led by Conzee swept down, "defeated" the Gendarmerie, and "captured" the town. Every Cacao in the lot, except Conzee, thought the show was real.

It was the first time in Haitian history that the Cacaos had taken a town from the Americans and held it.

Up into the hills went Conzee's messengers, inviting Charlemagne to come down and occupy in triumph the town Conzee had captured. Those messengers didn't know just where to find Charlemagne. But they knew they would eventually run into some of his outposts and the message would get to him. Conzee continued to hold Grand Riviere. But Charlemagne was not to be trapped. He was suspicious. Even then he would not trust himself to go down into Grand Riviere.

But he did send word to Conzee that if Conzee would come up into the mountains that night, he would meet one of Charlemagne's outposts and would be conducted into Charlemagne's camp. There they could discuss future moves in the campaign against the Americans. And if Conzee brought along a guard of honor, Charlemagne would consider going down into Grand Riviere.

Conzee slipped in to where Hannigan was lurking, hidden in Grand Riviere, and gave him the news.

"That man is never coming down here," he told Hannigan. "If you want him we've got to go after him."

Hannigan decided at once to make sixteen of his Gendarmes that Cacao guard of honor, and go up into the mountains after Charlemagne with Conzee, taking Button along as his second in command.

Those two white men had the terrific job of passing as negroes among negroes. Night was their greatest help. Luckily both of them spoke Creole.

HAITI AGAIN

Hannigan and Button stripped and blackened themselves all over with burnt cork, just as though they were making up for a minstrel show. They and their sixteen native Gendarmes dressed in the rags and tatters that were the Cacao "uniform."

Hannigan carried a pistol. Button carried a Browning light automatic rifle.

That night the two of them, with Conzee and the sixteen Gendarmes, started for the outpost Charlemagne had designated.

It was as daring a deed, I think, as men ever undertook. Certain death was the price of failure. The job was doubly hard in that the orders were to bring Charlemagne in, dead or alive. There must be no mere disappearance of Charlemagne that could be covered up by the lies of other Cacao leaders. Charlemagne must be seen and known as a prisoner or a dead man.

That little band of Gendarmes walked off into the dark. Ahead of them lay unknown dangers in which a burnt cork disguise and their own quick wits were all on which Hannigan and Button could depend to save their lives before they even saw Charlemagne, while they were passing through unknown tests and identifications.

They came to the first outpost. They were challenged. Conzee was in the lead. He gave the password. They got by successfully. They were conducted to a second outpost. Again, with Conzee leading and giving the password, they got by.

Twelve outposts they had to pass before they got to Charlemagne's camp. Everyone stopped and questioned them anew. Conzee and the password always got them by.

But at the last outpost, just at the edge of Charlemagne's camp, the beans were nearly spilled. Conzee had done all the talking up to then. Now one of Charlemagne's sentries caught sight of the Browning light automatic rifle Button was carrying. The sentry spoke directly to Button.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

"Where did you get that gun?" he demanded.

They were now some fifteen miles into the mountains. It was past midnight. Just beyond them they saw a camp dimly outlined in the fading glow of a dying fire.

As Charlemagne's sentry asked that question of Button, one of two figures standing by the embers of that fire bent down, picked up an armful of light brush, and dropped it on the embers. The brush caught instantly. The flames leaped high.

Hannigan saw by their light that it was a woman who had put the brush on the fire. And then he recognized the other figure standing by the fire as Charlemagne himself.

All this had happened in that instant when the sentry had asked that question of Button.

Button spoke up in his best Creole.

"It's a white man's gun," he said.

Something in Button's accent aroused the sentry's suspicions. He grabbed at the gun, shouting a warning at the top of his voice.

Hannigan drew his pistol and rushed forward, leaving Button and the Gendarmes to take care of whatever developed behind him. He knew he must get Charlemagne now. If the man ever bolted into the blackness outside that circle of light, he was gone. All the planning of long weeks was wasted. No such plan could ever succeed again.

At the sentry's shout, Charlemagne, scenting danger, drew his pistol. Forty feet away from his man, firing on the dead run, Hannigan shot him through the heart.

And at that very moment the Haitian woman, in a vain effort to help Charlemagne, threw a blanket on the fire and smothered it.

She couldn't have done anything to help Hannigan more.

Never halting, Hannigan rushed into the little hut by the fire and groped for Charlemagne's papers. We needed them to know his connections in the big towns. Hannigan got them. Then, rushing out, he picked up Charlemagne's body.

HAITI AGAIN

All around him guns were blazing in the dark. He was in the middle of a big Cacao camp.

Up from the outpost came Button, Conzee and the sixteen Gendarmes. They blazed away into the dark wherever they saw a flash. Firing as they went, they dragged Charlemagne's body to a little shelter, fought off the Cacaos, who could have wiped them out if they had realized how small a force they were, and waited until daybreak.

At dawn they started back for Grand Riviere with the body. They had to fight every mile of the way back. Constantly the Cacaos hung on their heels. They were under fire most of the way.

But they brought Charlemagne's body safely back to Grand Riviere. From there, by train, Hannigan took it to Cape Haitien.

The Archbishop identified it. Hundreds came to view it. Photographs of it were taken and sent all over Haiti.

From the moment all Haiti knew that Charlemagne was dead, the real backbone of the revolution was broken.

Charlemagne was given Christian burial. For the Archbishop had said with tears in his eyes:

"Moi, je suis le père des Haitians, mais je suis aussi le père des Cacaos."

("I am the father of the Haitians, but I am also the father of the Cacaos.")

Both Hannigan and Button were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor on my recommendation. And Hannigan, who had been a sergeant of Marines serving as captain in the Gendarmerie, was given his commission as a second lieutenant of Marines.

But even though Charlemagne was gone, there remained quite a number of Cacao leaders who wanted to take his place. There was still a lot of work for us to do.

Hannigan kept on doing his share of it. A Marine commission and a Medal of Honor didn't mean a vacation for him. Some time afterwards he went out into the bush

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

on the trail of 'Tit Jacques, another Cacao leader, went into his camp single-handed, and killed him.

Charlemagne out of the way, Marines and Gendarmerie alike redoubled their efforts to break up the smaller bands led by his former subordinates. Chief of these was a Cacao named Benoit who operated in Central Haiti.

All the Marine activities in the field were now under the command of Louie Little, who had stayed on as Colonel Russell's second in command. He was working side by side with me in plans to stamp out these Cacao leaders one by one.

I started out on an inspection trip along the Haitian-Dominican border. It meant about a hundred miles on horseback over jungle and mountain trails, through some of the roughest country in Haiti.

Malaria hit me again. But I had started that trip and I was going to finish it. I never would have finished it if I hadn't had Haitian rum to keep me going.

I had towns garrisoned by Gendarmes to stop in every night. I took Jim, my negro Secret Service man, along with me.

We stopped for lunch one day in a valley under some trees. A band of Cacaos appeared on a hillside about a mile away and opened fire on us. They were too far away for effective fire. After a peaceful luncheon I lay down for a nap. When I woke up they were still shooting at us.

Jim was beginning to get worried. He stepped up to me when I rose from my nap.

"Well, Gin-e-RAL, when do WE start the battle?" he asked, importantly.

We didn't start any battle. We rode on our way, leaving the Cacaos still blazing away on the hillside.

I got back to Port au Prince in pretty bad shape after that inspection trip. Haitian rum can keep you going in the face of malaria, but it's a bad combination.

The Gendarmerie were snapping into it. Ever since a patrol of them, with their new uniforms and new rifles

HAITI AGAIN

and new ideas that they were better than the Cacaos, had rallied around their wounded white officer in a brush in the bush, and had brought him out after dispersing several times their number in Cacaos, I knew the outfit was shaping up. The job Hannigan's outfit had done hadn't hurt any, either.

New Year's Day was just ahead. And New Year's is the great Haitian holiday. A Solemn High Mass is said that morning in the Cathedral at Port au Prince. The President of Haiti, all his Ministers, and the American Treaty Officials attend it in a procession formed according to order of official precedence. That afternoon the American Treaty Officials pay formal calls on the President at his palace. A day or two before, the President issues an official bulletin designating the hours at which he receives each Treaty Official. They are received in order of precedence, the one of highest rank coming first.

A discussion developed in Port au Prince among the other American Treaty Officials over the question of who was who. According to the terms of the Treaty, the highest ranking Treaty Official was the American Minister. The Chef de Gendarmerie, as I have said, came next. But when I called on the President, naturally my subordinate Gendarmerie officers called with me. That put them ahead of some of the other American Treaty Officials, who didn't like it at all.

I learned that these other officials wanted to shove the Gendarmerie's representatives into the tail of the parade.

I didn't give a damn, personally, where I marched in the procession into the Cathedral, or what time I called. But the Gendarmerie by now had been built up into an outfit with some pride. I wasn't going to have its commanding officer tied to the tail of any official procession, even if that officer happened to be me.

It was a fine tempest in a teapot while it lasted. Then the President's official bulletin came out. The Chef de Gendarmerie was to march just behind the American Min-

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

ister into the Cathedral, and was to call on the President first after the Minister. The others said they wouldn't go.

They reconsidered it when I told them I didn't give a hoot. They could go ahead of me, as far as I was concerned.

But the President's schedule of precedence remained unchanged.

I walked into the Cathedral, New Year's morning, at the end of the procession, just to show them how much I thought about this precedence stuff, personally. And the Gendarmerie caught on. They were grinning from ear to ear. But it stiffened their backbones, even while it made them grin. They knew they stood for something, officially, now.

We had quite a big reception up at our house that day, too. The President, his Ministers, and all the American Treaty Officials came.

Ever since I came back from that trip on the Dominican border, it had been a fight to keep going. Malaria never left me. I only kept moving with the aid of a great deal of Haitian rum.

And early in January, 1920, while I was at about my lowest physical ebb, the Cacaos attacked Port au Prince in force.

Dick Hooker, Brigadier General of the Gendarmerie and a Marine Colonel, my second in command, handled this affair. He reported to me next morning that some four or five hundred Cacaos had entered Port au Prince. The Gendarmerie and the Marines had driven them out of town after several hours of fighting in which the Cacaos had sustained fairly heavy losses. None of our men were killed or wounded.

Sporadic troubles continued to break out in the interior.

A Marine aviator was reported missing. Patrols found his plane wrecked in the vicinity of Hinche. But they could find no trace of the aviator. Captain Bolte of the Gendarmerie, a Marine non-com, was stationed at Hinche.

HAITI AGAIN

He started to investigate. Scouting around, he found a Haitian wearing a pair of issue shoes. Investigating him, he got the story.

The aviator had been forced down. He had escaped unhurt in the crash, though his machine was wrecked. Some Haitians who saw the plane fall came up and professed to be friendly. They told him they'd lead him to the nearest village. On the way they got behind him, hit him on the head, and killed him.

Bolte discovered they had buried the man in a shallow grave and the hogs had rooted up the body and eaten it.

Bolte finally succeeded in rounding up the man who did the killing and four or five others who were in the party.

They were tried before a Provost Court at Cape Haitien and given prison sentences. Bolte ought to have shot them when he got them.

That spring I suggested to the President that he and his Ministers take a trip to Cape Haitien. It had never been done. Port au Prince is in the south and most of the Haitien Presidents had been southerners. I knew it would be a good thing for the President to go up into the north and meet the leading Haitians there. It would prove that the President knew the revolution was over and that there was no danger in traveling his country now.

The President demurred for some time, but at last consented to go. The party was to include his Ministers, Colonel Russell, the Marine Brigade Commander, and myself.

I didn't want to have any strong armed guard with the presidential party. That would have nullified the whole effect of the trip. It would have been construed as an admission that it wasn't safe to travel in Haiti unless you were armed.

Colonel Russell decided to protect the party by carrying a Browning light automatic rifle in his machine.

We got under way at last. The President had insisted that he would not make the trip unless Mrs. Wise went

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

along. We promised him she was coming. But she went on ahead! We were to lunch at Gonaives, between Port au Prince and Cape Haitien. Captain Knighton of the Gendarmerie was stationed there. Mrs. Knighton was there, too. They were to be the official hosts. Mrs. Wise was with Mrs. Knighton when we arrived.

We sat down to chicken cooked over charcoal, heart of palm salad and ice cream made with canned milk.

It was rather a stiff and formal affair. The President and his Ministers spoke nothing but French. Colonel Russell and I spoke nothing but English.

We got underway and made it into Cape Haitien by dark. Next night there was to be a great ball in honor of the President at the Haitien Club.

Mrs. Wise had stayed behind at Gonaives with Mrs. Knighton. The day of the ball, when the President learned Mrs. Wise was not yet in Cape Haitien, he refused flatly to go. A Ford touring car with a Marine messenger was rushed back to get her. She started for Cape Haitien with Captain Knighton and the Marine messenger. It began to rain—a regular tropical deluge. There were times when the Marine messenger had to get out and wade ahead with an electric torch so they wouldn't slide off the road and get hopelessly bogged. They drove that Ford through water hub deep, praying it wouldn't stall. They reached Cape Haitien after dark, just before the ball was to start.

That ball had to be held on schedule. It meant too much to Haiti. Drenched to the skin, Mrs. Wise changed to dry clothes.

As it was, the President and his party entered the great ballroom of the Haitien Club late, amid a chill, tense atmosphere. Everybody seemed waiting to see how the experiment would turn out. The guests were presented formally to the President, rising from the rows of spindle-legged gilt chairs on which they had been sitting around the walls in forbidding silence.

The music struck up. Mrs. Wise, on the arm of the

HAITI AGAIN

Minister of Education, opened the ball, as the President did not dance. Inside an hour the President was having the time of his life. He did not leave until two o'clock in the morning.

That trip established more pleasant relations between the President and the people of north Haiti than Haiti had ever known.

The Old Man got back to Port au Prince feeling fine.

The World War no longer held the spot light. While it had lasted, nobody in Washington had paid any attention to Haiti. But now these various affairs beginning with the record of McQuillan's trial in the Croix de Bouquet murders and leading up to a proposed banking monopoly, had begun to center the Administration's attention on Haiti again. Rumbblings began to sound from Washington.

But in Haiti, the Cacaos were beginning to lose heart. The Gendarmerie and the Marines were beginning to crowd them.

A good many of their leaders commenced to quit. When the leaders started to quit, that meant, of course, that the rank and file would follow suit.

I was at dinner one night at my residence just outside of Port au Prince when one of my native Gendarmerie officers came in with the news that he had conducted up to the outskirts of Port au Prince several hundred Cacaos who wanted to come in and surrender.

I left the dinner table and with Mrs. Wise drove out to see them. It was an impressive sight. There in the dark those hundreds of Cacaos were gathered, not quite sure of what was going to happen to them. Everywhere in the light of the torches you could see gleaming eyes and teeth.

I told them that they had nothing to fear; that they had done the wisest thing they ever did in coming in to surrender; that they were to stay where they were that night and march into Port au Prince in the morning. Then, I said, they would be fed and an effort made to find work for them all. We drove back to town.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Early next morning we made a hurried trip among the market people and had a big meal prepared. It was to be served in the market place. Word was spread around town that the Cacaos were to be given a great reception.

They marched into town to find that they were the heroes of a gala day. The people of Port au Prince lined the streets. Flags were fluttering. Bunting was spread. Cheers sounded. Cries of: "*Braves garçons! Vous avez bien faites!*"

"Brave fellows! You have done well!"

The meal in the market place became a home-coming banquet in which the Cacaos were cheered and applauded and made to feel that they had taken the wisest step in their lives.

All over Haiti that story spread by native wireless.

But Benoit, the Cacao leader in central Haiti, still stayed on the warpath. The Marines and the Gendarmerie kept patrols on his heels.

Lieutenant Muth of the Gendarmerie, a Marine private, was out on a patrol with three Gendarmes and two Marines, when Benoit, with a strong force of Cacaos, ambushed them. Lieutenant Muth was killed by the first volley. The Cacaos rushed forward and grabbed his body.

The patrol had to retire in the face of that strong force. Benoit had Lieutenant Muth's body carried back to his camp, and with his own hands cut the lieutenant's heart out, ate part of it and passed the rest around. That story spread all over Haiti, too.

Benoit had to be taken. We sent out about a dozen patrols, Gendarmerie and Marines both, to run him down. Three times in one day we jumped him. Each time he got away in the bush. Then a Marine patrol commanded by Captain Perkins jumped one of Benoit's outposts, had a sharp skirmish with it, and drove it in flight. Captain Perkins didn't wait for his men. He knew the fleeing Cacaos would make straight for Benoit. Alone, he plunged after them into the jungle. Presently they came to a clear-

HAITI AGAIN

ing. It was Benoit's camp. He had even built huts there.

Perkins recognized Benoit, standing in the clearing. Benoit pulled his pistol and opened fire on Perkins. Perkins shot him dead.

The rest of Perkins' patrol came running up. There was a sharp fight with the Cacaos in the camp. They were driven in retreat.

Although there were a few scattered skirmishes between patrols and Cacaos after this, the killing of Benoit marked the real end of the revolution. Charlemagne and Benoit had been its two greatest leaders. With them out of the way, with fresh bands of Cacaos surrendering every week, it was a very short time before peace reigned in Haiti.

There has never been a Haitian revolution since.

The Gendarmerie had reached a high state of efficiency. I knew they would always fight better under white officers than under native officers, but still, as a spur to their pride and to show them that good work could bring promotion, I opened a few second lieutenancies to the best of the natives in the ranks. They made damned good officers. Under white company commanders they were all that could be desired.

We had heard from our friends back in the United States of those rumblings in Washington in regard to Haitian affairs. Now we got evidence that those reports were true.

Major General John A. Lejeune, who had just been appointed Commandant of the Marine Corps, accompanied by Smedley Butler, now a Brigadier General, who had organized the Haitian Gendarmerie and been its first commanding officer, suddenly stepped off a ship at Port au Prince, without warning, for a tour of inspection.

Butler tipped me that Admiral Harry Knapp was about due to reach Haiti and make a general investigation of Haitian conditions and General Lejeune wanted to know personally just how Marine affairs stood in Haiti before that investigation started.

Russell and I accompanying them, they made a thorough

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

inspection of the island. I left them at Diabjon on the Dominican border, from which point they were to start on an inspection of San Domingo.

General Lejeune's last word to me was that he was very well satisfied with conditions as he found them.

Before I left Cape Haitien to return to Port au Prince, word came that Admiral Knapp had arrived on the battleship *New Hampshire*.

He came ashore, established headquarters at the American Minister's, stayed two or three months, and talked to everybody.

It was evident now that Haiti was becoming a real issue in the United States, with a Presidential campaign just ahead. Wilson's term was drawing to an end. American newspapers were raising hell. Marked copies kept coming down to us.

Then, following the plague of Cacaos and the plague of investigators, came the plague of smallpox.

One day a few mild cases were reported by the medical authorities. Day by day they increased in number and in virulence. The hospital overflowed. Smallpox cases walked the open streets.

I discovered there wasn't one lone vaccine point in Haiti. I asked Admiral Knapp to wireless Washington to have a quarter of a million points rushed to us. We got them in about a week.

But meanwhile smallpox was sweeping the island like a prairie fire.

The moment the vaccine points arrived, I had them rushed to every Gendarmerie station in Haiti, and the Gendarmes themselves did the vaccinating in the interior.

Some Haitian agitators started the story that vaccination was the white man's way of killing off the Haitians. Then we had fear to fight as well as smallpox.

One Haitian, stricken with smallpox, was taken to the hospital in Port au Prince. The nurse came around to bathe him. He didn't know what was going to be done to

HAITI AGAIN

him. But he feared the worst. Frantic with fear, he leaped out of bed, rushed out across the yard, and climbed to the top of a cocoanut tree. There were too damned many things to do just then, to send men to climb up and pull him down out of his tree. I got a report later that he stayed up in the top of that cocoanut tree living on green cocoanuts until he came down, well.

Hospital facilities were utterly inadequate. Walking cases of smallpox were everywhere. My own butler caught it.

Immediately on the arrival of the first shipment of vaccine points, I ordered every member of the Gendarmerie to be vaccinated. When the rest of the natives saw that the Gendarmerie neither died nor developed smallpox, they, too, began to come up for vaccination.

After a great many had died, the epidemic ended as suddenly as it had started. As nearly as we could run it down, it had come in from Jamaica.

Admiral Knapp had departed. It began to look as though all our plagues were leaving us and Haiti would be at peace for awhile.

I began to develop some plans I had started sometime before. We had a good-sized prison farm up near Cape Haitien. The prisoners were mostly Cacaos. I started modern farming methods on that land, and brought down some blooded pigs with the idea that when those natives went back to their villages they would have learned something of modern farming and stock raising.

Except for the American-owned plantations, the bulk of the Haitian farming was of the most primitive possible sort. Natives actually lived in shacks in small clearings in the jungle, supported by their women, who literally scratched the ground with pointed sticks to plant their small crops.

Then we got word that still another investigation was headed for us. On the President's yacht *Mayflower*, Admiral Mayo, accompanied by Admiral Oliver and Major

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

General Neville, were headed for Port au Prince to start the famous Mayo Court of Inquiry.

And then the newspaper correspondents began to pour in.

That Court of Inquiry was to take up everything that had happened in Haiti since the first American occupation. The Court sat for more than a month.

Shortly after the Mayo Court reached Port au Prince, Major Jesse F. Dyer, U.S. Marine Corps, Judge-Advocate, talked with Colonel Dick Hooker, my second in command. As Hooker told me later about the conversation, I gathered that they didn't want to stir up anything. I was of the same opinion.

There was no question but that some rough stuff had been pulled in Haiti since the first American occupation. There was no question but that some of it had been justified. And there was no question but that much of it that could not be justified could at least be explained by the effect of long periods of isolated service in the tropics on northern men. Too many white men had had to sit alone for months in a shack in the jungle, looking at a couple of palm trees until they began to look at a rum bottle. But that was all over. Haiti was at peace. Haiti had been brought to peace by men fighting and living amid conditions that people back home could never even picture. What was the use of raking it all up again?

I told Hooker that we'd help out all we could. And I told him, too, they'd better not call me as a witness. If they put me on the stand under oath I was going to tell the truth.

I was never called as a witness. Admiral Mayo's court found no cause for further investigation against any individual. Haiti's troubles seemed over; but not mine. Unfortunately for me, the splendid work accomplished by the Gendarmerie in the preceding nine months and the efficiency it now had reached as a military organization was making me an outstanding figure in our Marine Corps personnel in Haiti. After several maneuvers, which I

HAITI AGAIN

managed to counteract, Colonel Russell succeeded in having me detached from duty in Haiti.

Back to the States, very much at loose ends, I took a month's leave. During that leave I ran into Smedley Butler in Washington. He was now in command of the Marine Barracks in Quantico.

"How would you like duty there.?" he asked me.

It sounded peaceful.

CHAPTER XXVII

QUANTICO

IT was in April, 1921. I ran down to Old Point Comfort, Virginia, where I picked up Mrs. Wise, Joe, our Haitian house boy who I had picked out of the bush clad in a fragment of shirt and another fragment of cotton trousers; Gretchen and a hunting dog. We headed for Quantico. Smedley Butler and Mrs. Butler put us up at their home. We looked the place over and decided on a house.

A brief visit to Philadelphia and I was back on the job. Smedley, now brigadier general in command at Quantico, assigned me to the command of the First Regiment of Marines.

Harry Lee was there now, a brigadier general and Butler's second in command. Also other Marines I knew.

It settled down to routine from the first day.

I soon found out I had nothing to do. The twenty-five hundred Marines at Quantico were nothing but a labor force. There was damned little drill. Appropriations were scarce after the Armistice, a number of barracks and other buildings were needed, and Butler had made carpenters and plumbers out of the whole outfit.

I woke up in the morning, breakfasted, went down to my office, and sat around there all day long.

There was good fishing at Quantico in the summer, but it didn't mean much to me now. I was far from well.

It was the same problem I had faced on returning to America from France. The whole show kept riding my chest. Hard work was the only answer. And there wasn't any work to do.

QUANTICO

I'll never forget that summer as long as I live.

Early that Autumn I was called up to Washington to get back the full colonelcy I had had in France. The medical board wouldn't pass me. A heart murmur and indications of diabetes.

They sent me to the naval hospital at Washington. I was around there about a month. Again I faced the medical board. This time they passed me.

I was a full colonel again.

Back to Quantico again.

Then the First Marine Brigade went to Chancellorsville for maneuvers. President Harding came down and occupied a canvas White House. Thousands of spectators came along. For nearly two weeks we went through sham battles over the ground on which one of the deadliest battles of the Civil War was fought.

It was spectacular. But there wasn't much kick in it.

Back at Quantico again, we prepared to unveil the Marine Statue.

A young French sculptor had been detailed as an observer with the Marines in France. After the war he was commissioned by the Army to do a heroic size bronze statue of an American soldier. But when the statue was finished, it was discovered that the Marine Corps' Globe and Anchor were on the helmet. Naturally the Army didn't want that.

Down at Quantico we learned about this. We put in a word for that statue. Marines and their families chipped in and bought it. It stands in Quantico to-day.

Gold Star Mothers of Marines were guests of honor at the unveiling. One of them was Mrs. Regan of Philadelphia, who had lost her son in France. She wanted to meet Major General Lejeune. I led her up and presented her. She shook his hand.

"General," she said, "if anything could reconcile me to losing my son, it's shaking your hand."

We brought her to our quarters. She inspected the

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

house carefully; took some food and hot tea. Then, just as she left, she gave Mrs. Wise a tip.

"'Tis a careless housekeeper you have, Mrs. Wise," she said. "Not a toothpick have I been able to find in your house."

A creek runs through the reservation at Quantico. The First Regiment had its quarters on the far side of the creek. The men of that outfit were proud of the regiment. We had a lot of old-timers in it. Men would enlist and reënlist with the stipulation that they be assigned to the First Marines.

It was one of our unwritten privileges that no Military Police should cross the creek and come into our back yard. I'd told Butler that we would police our side of the creek. It was all right with him.

Then old Sergeant McClintic had to get drunk. He was one of the vanishing race of old-time Marine sergeants, nearing thirty years in the Service. Coming down the street drunk, he had to encounter the first M.P. known to have crossed the creek into the First Regiment's territory.

The M.P. tried to arrest McClintic. It was a serious error in judgment. When the fight was over, what was left of the M.P. picked itself up, went over to headquarters, and preferred charges. Smedley Butler directed me to court-martial McClintic. I tried to beg him off, but it was no use.

I was damned if I was going to have McClintic broken, after all those years of splendid service. I told my adjutant, Lieutenant John W. Knighton, to see that McClintic had a proper defense.

I got more amusement out of reading the record of that court than out of anything in a long while. According to that testimony, it looked as if that M.P. had come over into our front yard and attacked McClintic; that all McClintic had done was to defend himself gently and unwillingly against an unwarranted and ferocious attack.

The court-martial cleared McClintic.

QUANTICO

But though a few of the old-timers like McClintic were left, the Marine Corps was changing under my eyes. We were getting a new type to replace the old terriers I had known all my life.

Some married enlisted men complained to General Butler that unmarried enlisted men were accosting their wives on the streets of Quantico. He called another general assembly in the big hall. He told of the complaints.

"If anything like this ever happens again," he said, "I want the husband to know there's no penalty attached to looking up the man who insulted his wife and hammering the hell out of him. If there's any penalty, it'll be for the husband who doesn't. And if the husband thinks he isn't big enough to handle the man, he can come to me for help. I'm willing to waive rank and take a crack at the man myself."

It wasn't a week later that some unmarried man took a chance. The wife told her husband. He found the man and punched the stuffing out of him. Then he dragged him by the neck up to General Butler and told the story.

Again Butler called the whole outfit into the assembly hall. He had the husband bring up on the platform the man he had licked.

"You see what happens when a Marine around here insults another Marine's wife," said Butler, pointing out the wreck.

He ordered the man's Marine insignia, buttons and leggings to be taken from him. Then he had him taken to the station, put aboard the night train for Philadelphia, and the people on the train were told what had happened and why.

Yes, the Marine Corps had changed. In the past twenty-odd years, that situation wouldn't have needed the advice of an officer.

That winter I got myself a ducking shore and had some shooting—the first since Haiti. It picked me up a little. But in the spring I went down again.

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

McKeown heard I was sick. His hitch had expired after six months in Haiti. He had gone to New York, got on the New York police force, and had married.

He reënlisted on the stipulation that he be sent to Quantico so he could nurse me.

McKeown didn't like the new Marine Corps at all.

"This is no place for you and me, Colonel," he said one morning. "This is a bunch of Boy Scouts."

I went farther down. More hospital in Washington. Three months' sick leave. Back to the hospital again.

And so, after a year of hospitals and sick leaves alternating, General Lejeune suggested that the Portsmouth Navy Yard in New Hampshire was a quiet place.

I didn't think I was going to stick it out much longer.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PORTSMOUTH

IN February, 1923, I took over the command of the Marine Barracks at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. I found about three weeks of work. After that, the show ran itself automatically under my second in command.

I soon found out I wasn't as strong as I had thought I was when I left the hospital. But I wasn't going back to any hospital if that meant retirement. I took my hospital treatment at home.

Gretchen died.

Presently it was borne in on me again how rapidly and completely the Marine Corps personnel was changing. One day a young sergeant brought in a trumpeter for punishment.

"What's the charge," I asked him.

"He called me a son-of-a-bitch," complained the sergeant.

I was dumfounded. Among the Marines I had grown up with, that thing would have been settled outside the Colonel's office. It looked to me as though the whole Corps was beginning to go to pieces.

These men were as different as daylight from dark, when you compared them with old-timers like Gallivan, who, hearing I was sick, came up from Springfield, Massachusetts, to spend the day with me. Or like Corporal "Smoke" Gallagher, another old-timer I had known ever since I had been in the Service, who was now nearing retirement at Portsmouth. Or such sergeants as Fallon, McClintic, Cook, Brown, Wagowski, Thorpe or Constandine, who had all served with me.

Then I remembered those days in the Argonne with the

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU

Fifty-ninth Infantry. Most of them had been in the Army only a few months. Yet they had done everything I could have expected of Marine veterans. When this new crowd's time came, they would do as well as those recruits in the Argonne.

But I appeared to be out of gait with them.

Here I was, a full colonel, after twenty-seven years of service, commanding one company of Marines, about eighty men strong—the same size as my first command in the Boston Navy Yard when I had entered the Corps, a second lieutenant, back in 1899.

I took stock of myself. If there was any one thing the Marine Corps taught you, it was to be fit to fight. And if there was any one thing on which I had always been outspoken, it was the old cripples trying to hang on.

Was I fit to fight? Not if the doctors told the truth. And they all agreed.

Probably I could hang on for a long time. There was foreign service ahead. Plenty of small Navy Yards after that. Desks at which I could sit and look idly.

But what the hell was the use of hanging on if I couldn't stand the gaff when another real show started?

There were plenty of youngsters who could.

I had done my job.

And so, on January 19th, 1926, forty-eight years old, I was placed on the retired list.

THE END

INDEX

- Adams, Quincy, Lieutenant, 119
 Advance Base Force of Marine Corps, 119
 Airplane combats, World War, 280, 281
 Alba, Filipino insurrecto, 77, 79
 Arcy, Filipino insurrecto, 77, 79
 Argonne drive, 264 *et seq.*
 airplane combats in, 280, 281
 artillery bombardment in, 264-265
 Bois de Briuelles in, 267-268
 Bois de Fays in, taking of, 274
 Fifth Division in, 283
 Fourth Division in, 264 *et seq.*
 withdrawal of, 283
 gas attacks in, 281
 one-way roads in, suggested by Colonel Wise, 267
 pocket salient near Bois de Fays won by Fifty-ninth and Fifty-eighth regiments, 276
 preparations for, 262-263, 264
 regimental P.C. and the energetic .75 gun, 273
 regimental P. C. de luxe, 270-271, 272
 "Squirrel Squad" at, 268
 stone farmhouse near Bois de Fays, American attacks on, 276
 taking of Hindenburg Line, 265
 Argonne drive, taking woods on right bank of Meuse, 274
 woods beyond Bois de Briuelles, taking the, 271-273
 Armistice, 288
 Army inspectors in Army of Occupation, 293
 and "fighting spirit," 285-286
 and the "suspender," 293
 Army of Occupation, composition of, 289
 in Germany, 290 *et seq.*
 drills and maneuvers of, 292
 Arrias, Minister of War of San Domingo, revolution of (1916), 139
 capture of, 154
 interview with, and ultimatum to, 142-143
 release of, 154
 Atlantic Fleet, review of, in Hudson River by President Taft, 1910, 110
 Audenreid, Mrs., at Neuilly, 191
 Bach, Christian, Colonel, 254, 262, 267
 Bailly-Blanchard, Arthur, 305, 306, 312
 Baltimore, U.S.S., 25, 88
 Bannon, Michael, Captain, 42, 101, 113
 Bar-le-Duc, 254

INDEX

- Barnett, George, Major General, brigade commander of Marines, 86
 Colonel of Marines at Philadelphia Navy Yard (1913), 119
 Commandant of the Marine Corps, 298, 299
 regimental commander at Guantanamo (1910), 112
 Barrage, box, 187
 rolling, demonstration of, by French Artillery, 166-167
 Bayly, Captain S., of H.M.S. *Aurora*, 29, 31-32
 Bearss, Hiram, Colonel, 17, 121, 155
 and cogwheel railroad in San Domingo, 150-151, 153, 154
 how he worked it, 153
 at Guantanamo, 112, 113
 at Vera Cruz, 126
 Captain, at Subig, 78
 Colonel of Army regiment in Twenty-sixth Division, A.E.F., 254
 Lieutenant in the Philippines, 17, 22
 Lieutenant Colonel in command of Fifth Marines, 172
 Lieutenant Colonel of Ninth Infantry, 179
 Ninth Infantry battalion of, failure of German trench raid against, 187-188
 Second Lieutenant, on the U.S.S. *Solace*, 6
 Belleau Wood. *See* Bois de Belleau
 Bennett, K. M., Captain, 139
 Benoit, Cacao leader in Haiti, 315
 in killing of Lieutenant Muth, 330
 killing of, 331
 Biarritz, 178
 Biddle, William P., Major General, commanding Marines in China, 42
 episode of Colonel Cochrane and, 75-76
 Frederic May Wise on staff of, in Pekin, 69
 "Sitting Bull," 42, 85
 Birmingham, U.S.S., attack on Vera Cruz by, 123
 Biscuits, cream of tartar, in the A.E.F., incident of, 167
 Blanchfield, John, Captain, death of, at Bois de Belleau, 211
 Distinguished Service Cross awarded to, 213
 Blue Devils, 164
 Bois de Belleau, 207 *et seq.*
 Fifth Marines, First Battalion at, attack by, 207, 209, 212
 wounded from, 207-208
 Fifth Marines, Second Battalion attack:
 attack ordered, 206, 214-215
 on plans of Major Wise (northern edge), 216
 on southern edge, 217
 barrage preceding attack, 219
 conditions in the woods after attack, 220, 224, 227, 230
 Engineer Companies reinforce, 224
 Engineers withdraw, 231

INDEX

- Bois de Belleau, Fifth Marines,
Second Battalion attack:
German artillery bombard-
ment, 226, 228, 229, 230,
235, 236, 237
German defenses, 217
German machine gun nests,
220, 223, 225, 233-234
German prisoners, 220
officers of battalion, 215
preparations for attack, 218
start for attack, 208
start of attack, 219
refusal by, of relief from
Second Battalion, Sixth
Marines, in face of con-
ditions, 231
Second Battalion, Sixth
Marines, in line, 231
terrific fighting in the
woods, 219 *et seq.*
withdrawal of, 236
what they did, 238-239
what was left of them
when they withdrew,
237-238
woods of northeast corner
attacked, 225
reported not taken, 222,
225
reported taken, 225, 226
woods reported all taken,
220
woods reported not all
taken, 227
wounded of, 219, 224
Fifth Marines, Second Bat-
talion, before attack:
deployed on ridge opposite,
212
under bombardment, 212,
213
- Bois de Belleau, Fifth Marines,
Second Battalion, before
attack:
ordered to find Colonel
Feland for orders, 209
reconnoiter in the bottle
neck road, 210
retreat from bottle neck,
German machine-gun fire,
211
Fifth Marines, Second Bat-
talion to old front again,
241
Fifth Marines, Third Bat-
talion at, attack by, 209,
210, 211
deployed on ridge opposite,
211, 212
hot interview between Gen-
eral Harbord and F. M.
Wise on, 240-241
Seventh U.S. Infantry or-
dered to, 236
Sixth Marines attack, 206,
214, 215
Sixth Marines, Second Bat-
talion, at, 218, 227, 230,
231
Bois de Brioules, taking of, by
Fourth Division, 267-
269. *See also* Argonne
drive
applying lessons taught by
Bois de Belleau to, 268,
269
Bois de Brule, 182
Bois de Fays, taking of, 274
Bois de Foret, 274
Bois de Veuilly, 198
Bolte, Captain, 327
Bonzee, capture of, by Fifty-
ninth Infantry, 258-
259

INDEX

- Bootes, James, Captain, 89, 155
 Booth, E. E., Brigadier General,
 260, 261, 262, 276, 279,
 285, 286, 292
 Boston Navy Yard, 1-3
 Bower, Captain, British Army,
 Wei-hai-wei regiment of,
 34
 Boxer War in China, outbreak
 of, in China, 25, 27. *See*
 also Tientsin and Peking
 relief of missionaries in for-
 eign legations at Peking
 attempted by Admiral
 Seymour of British Navy,
 28, 30
 Boyd, Colonel, 283
 Bremerton Navy Yard, 94
 Brest, France, 111
 Broach, Lieut., at Guam, 12, 14
 Brokaw, Lieutenant of Haitian
 Gendarmerie, and native
 murders in Haiti, 303
Brooklyn, U.S.S., 25, 26
 Brown, Phil, Captain, 17, 86,
 90, 113, 121, 126
 Brown, Preston (P.) Major
 General, 245
 Brown, Tom, at Vera Cruz, 126
 Brown, Sergeant, 341
 Brunzell, Lieutenant, 82
 Buckley, Richard, 103
 Budd, Lieutenant, 137
 Bullard, Robert Lee, Major
 General, 278-279
 Bundy, Omar, Major General,
 commander of Second
 Division, A.E.F., 172
 Burt, Andrew, Colonel, 77, 78
 Butler, H. M., Captain, 159, 195
 Butler, Smedley, Brigadier Gen-
 eral, and Boxer sortie at
 railroad station in Tien-
 tsin, 30
 Butler, Smedley, Brigadier Gen-
 eral, at Peking, 59
 at Vera Cruz, 126
 Captain, 42
 in command of Quantico, 336
 Lieutenant at Cavite, 17
 Major General of Haitian
 Gendarmerie, 305
 selected for Guam (1900), 24
 visits Haiti (1920), 331
 wounded at Tientsin, 35-36,
 41
 Button, Lieutenant, in capture of
 Charlemagne Perrault,
 318, 320-323
 receives Congressional Medal
 of Honor, 323
 Cacaos, fighting of, in Haiti
 (1915), 137
 Cacaos revolution in Haiti 1919.
 See Haiti, 1919-1920
 Cameron, George H., Major
 General, in command of
 Fourth Division, A.E.F.,
 286
 Campbell, American guide in
 San Domingo, 148
 Caperton, William B., Rear-
 Admiral, 131, 138, 144,
 145
 Carmody, Lincoln, Colonel, 96
 Carpenter, Harry, Lieutenant,
 12
 Carroll, Raymond, 190
Castine, U.S.S., 139
 Catlin, Albertus W., Brigadier
 General, in Haiti, 301-
 304, 312
 wounded in France, 231
 Cavite, Marine barracks at, 16,
 19, 75, 86, 94
 Chaffee, General Adna R., 43
 Champillon, 198

INDEX

- Chancellorsville, Marine maneuvers at, 337
- Chantillon, German trench raid and box barrage that failed, 187
- Second Battalion, Fifth Marines at, 186
- Charlemagne Perrault, Cacao leader, 310
- imprisonment and escape of, 310
- killing of, 318
- plans for capture of, 316
- Chasseurs Alps, One Hundred and Fifteenth, 164, 171
- Château Thierry, 192, 197
- Second Battalion, Fifth Marines at battle of. *See* Les Mares Farm.
- Chaumont, 252, 253, 254
- Chefoo, Marines on police duty at, 88-89
- United States warships at, 88
- Ch'ien-Mein Gate, Pekin, fight from the top of, 60
- China (1900), Boxer War, 25, 27. *See also* Tientsin and Pekin.
- Marines ordered to, 25
- arrival at Taku Roads, 26
- Chinese merchants, at sacking of Tientsin, 42
- Chisholm, Sergeant, 23
- Chit system, canceling of debts by Sergeant Chisholm, 23
- in Philippines, 23
- Churchman, William, 158
- Cincinnati*, U.S.S., 88
- Clemenceau, 166
- Clifford, William, Lieutenant, 9, 10, 41
- Cochrane, Henry Clay, Colonel, 1, 3
- Cochrane, Henry Clay, Colonel, arrives to replace Colonel Meade at Pekin, 70
- Commandant of Marines at Cavite, 75
- episode of Major Biddle and, at Cavite, 75-76
- established at Marine headquarters at Tientsin, 71
- ordered home, 81
- Cockfights in Philippines, 21-22
- Cocktails, effect of, on paying bills, 112
- Nam Sing's, 22
- Codman, Miss Catherine A., 155
- Coffin, Commander, of the U.S.S. *Solace*, 7-8
- Cole, Eli Kelly, Colonel, 129, 130
- Commandant of Marines, 1
- Constandine, Sergeant, 341
- Convoy, American, crossing Atlantic, 160
- Conzee in capture of Charlemagne Perrault, 317, 318 *et seq.*
- Cook, Lieutenant, at Bois de Belleau, 215, 221
- Cook, Sergeant, 341
- Cooney, Orderly, 20-21
- Courcelles, night marches of Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, to, 189-190
- Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, billeted at, 190, 192
- Coutra, Private, interpreter, 163, 191, 192, 220
- Coyle, Randolph, Lieutenant, 119, 133
- Craig, Joseph, Rear-Admiral, 101
- Craig, Malin, Brigadier General 242, 244, 245

INDEX

- Craig, Malin, Brigadier General,
Chief of Staff of Third Army,
296
- Creté, La, 182, 258
- Crocker, Henry, 98
- Crosley, Walter, Captain, 139,
140
- Crozier, Major General, 179
- Cuba, Second Intervention in,
101, 105
- Cuisy, 266
- Culebra, Virgin Islands, Ma-
rine maneuvers at, 120
- Cummings, Samuel, Lieutenant,
wounded at Bois de Bel-
leau, 211
- Cushing, Otho, Captain, 248
- D'Abruzzi, Duc, in the Philip-
pines, 87
- Daggett, Colonel, of the Four-
teenth U. S. Infantry,
in the taking of Pekin, 61
- Damblain, Fifth Marines at, 172
- Dartiguenave, Phillippe Sudre,
President of Haiti, 305,
325, 327, 328
- Davis, Austin R., Captain, 16
death of, at Tientsin, 35
death premonition of, 33, 282
- Davis, Richard Harding, at Vera
Cruz, 126, 127
- DeKalb*, German raider, 160
- Denmark, Colonel Dickens' sad-
dle horse, 103
- Denny, Frank, Colonel, 100
- Dessez, Paul, Dr., 242, 243, 244,
252
- Detroit Naval Reserve, 115
- Dickens, Randolph, Colonel, at
Tientsin, 70
Commandant of Marines at
Philadelphia Navy Yard,
101, 104
- Dickens, Randolph, Colonel,
death of, 105
Denmark, saddle horse of, 103
paralytic attack of, and its
cure, 104, 105
- Dinard, 253
- Dorward, Brigadier General,
British Army, in Boxer
War, 31
- Doyen, Charles A., Brigadier
General, 85, 161
Brigade Commander of Ma-
rines, 86
Brigadier General in com-
mand of Fourth Brigade
of Marines, 172
in command of Fifth Ma-
rines, 157, 161
returns home, sick, 188
- Dragon, Military Order of,
founding of, 73
- Draper, Herbert, Captain, 81
- Dunbeck, Captain, acting battal-
ion commander of Second
Battalion, Fifth Marines,
295
at Bois de Belleau, 215, 221,
225
wounded at Bois de Belleau,
225, 233
- Dunlap, R. H., Colonel, 121,
149, 151, 155
at Philadelphia, 76, 77
at Tientsin, 36
at Vera Cruz, 126
Captain, 41
Colonel of artillery regiment,
295
in march on Pekin, 48, 49, 50
transferred to Subig, 76
- Dunn, Harry H., 127
- Dunn, Robert, at Vera Cruz,
126
- Dyer, Jesse F., Major, 334

INDEX

- Dyson, Charles, Lieutenant-Commander, 88
- Eitel Frederick*, German raider, 156
- Eller, 292, 293, 295, 296
- Elliott, George, General, Commandant of the Marine Corps; 20, 100
- El Tejar, "attack" on, 127
- Escudier, Lieutenant, 285, 289, 290
- Esnes, 261
- Evans, "Fighting Bob," and Colonel Robert L. Meade, 82
- Fallon, Sergeant, 341
- Feland, Logan, Brigadier General, 9, 113, 121
at Vera Cruz, 126
chief of staff of Second Division, A.E.F., 178
Colonel of Fifth Marines, 209, 235, 245
Lieutenant Colonel of Fifth Marines, 157, 179, 294
- Fell, John, 158
- Ferrier, George, 122
- Field, Henry, Captain, 115
- Fifth Division, A.E.F., in Argonne drive, 283
- Fifth Marines, A.E.F., arrival at St. Nazaire, 161
at Damblain, 172
Colonel Wendell C. Neville in command of, 172
crossing Atlantic in convoy, 160
first camp in France, 161
fitness of, 179
in Army of Occupation, quartered in Prince William of Wied's castle, 294
- Fifth Marines, A.E.F., organization of, for service in France, 157-158
reorganization of, 173
training of, at Damblain, 173
transferred to Second Division, 171, 172
ordered to Montgirmont-Les Eparges sector, 179
- Fifth Marines, First Battalion, at Bois de Belleau, 206, 216
- Fifth Marines, Second Battalion, at Battle of Château Thierry. *See* Les Mares Farm.
at Bois de Belleau, 206, 207
et seq. *See also* Bois de Belleau.
ordered to clear Bois de Belleau, 214-215
what they did, 238-239
what was left of them, 237-238
- at Chantillion, 186
German trench raid and box barrage that failed, 187
- at Les Mares Farm, 196, 199. *See* Les Mares Farm.
- at Marigny, 196
- At Menaucourt, 163-165
- at Montgirmont, 181-182
- at Mery, 240
- at Pyramides Farm, 194
- at Souilly, 180
- back again to old Bois de Belleau front, 241
- billeted at Courcelles, 190, 192
- Captain Williams' company transferred to First Battalion, 207

INDEX

- Fifth Marines, Second Battalion,
 in first trenches, 183
 in Soissons drive, 246
 inspection of, at Menaucourt,
 by Marshal Foch and
 General Pershing, 165-
 166
 junior officers escape court mar-
 tial for Paris trouble, 253
 leave Courcelles, 192
 Marines escape hospital for
 the front, 253
 near Verdun, 189
 night marches to Courcelles,
 189-190
 officers of, at organization, 159
 patrols in No Man's Land,
 184, 186
 training of, 163-165, 172, 173
 in rifle fire, 172, 173
 under first fire, 181
 Fifth Marines, Third Battalion,
 ordered to attack Bois de
 Belleau, 206
 wounded at Lucy-le-Bocage,
 212
 Fifty-eighth Infantry, in the Ar-
 gonne, pocket salient of,
 275
 Fifty-ninth Infantry, in the Ar-
 gonne, Colonel Wise in
 command of, 254
 cosmopolitan nature of, 282
 Fresne-en-Woeuvre, Bonzee
 and Watronville taken
 by, 258-259
 in Argonne, 264
 in taking of Bois de Briul-
 les, 267-269
 pocket salient of, 274
 relieved in, 283
 in Army of Occupation, 289
 in Montgirmont-Les Eparges
 drive, 255, 256 *et seq.*
- Filipino insurrectos, 77
 Filipino native police, 77
 Fireman, Navy, and Captain
 Wise at Bremerton Navy
 Yard, 94
 First Division, A.E.F., arrival at
 St. Nazaire, 161
 billeted in France, 165
 in Army of Occupation, 289
 inspection of, by Marshal Foch
 and General Pershing at
 Gondrecourt-Menaucourt,
 165-166
 observation of warfare, 168,
 171
 sailing of, from United States,
 160
 First Marines in Quantico, 338
 Colonel Wise commander of,
 336
 Fisk, General, 245
 Fleet review in Hudson River,
 by President Taft in
 1910, 110
 Foch, Marshal, 247
 inspection of First Division,
 A.E.F., by, 165-166
 "The Marines seem to be the
 Chasseurs of the Ameri-
 can Army," 165-166
 Forbes, Mr. and Mrs., of
 English Colony in
 Smyrna, 118
 Forest of Hesse, 285
 Forges Brook, 261, 265
 Fortson, Eugene, Lieutenant,
 138
 Forty-second Division, A.E.F.,
 289
 Foulois, General, 248
 Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, ar-
 rival in China, 42
 fighting for the Forbidden
 City, Peking, 61, 62, 63

INDEX

- Fourth Division, A.E.F., Colonel Wise transferred to, 252
in Argonne drive, preparation for, 262-263, 264. *See also* Argonne drive.
Eighth Brigade, in taking of Bois de Brioules, 267-269
of Bois de Fays, cited, 278
in Army of Occupation, 289
in Forest of Hesse, 284
in Montgirmont-Les Eparges drive, 255, 265 *et seq.*
in rest area at Toul, 287
Fourth Marine Brigade, Brigadier General Doyen in command of, 172
ordered to Montgirmont-Les Eparges subsector on Verdun front, 179
French rations, 198
Fresne-en-Woeuvre, capture of, by Fifty-ninth Infantry, 258-259, 260
Fuller, Ben Hebard, Colonel, 112
Fuller, Edward, Captain, 159
Funston, General, at Vera Cruz, 125
Gallagher, Corporal "Smoke," 341
Gallivan, James, 163, 165, 341
and Captain Mike Harris, 174
and matches in the hayloft, 171
and "Racquet Clubbers," 162-163, 174
and war-risk insurance, 178
Gallivan, James, at Gondrecourt School for Officers, 177-178
First Sergeant, enlistment of, in Fifth Marines, 158-159
made Gunner, 174
on "Satan" Schroeder and the Marines at Guam, 14
Second Lieutenant, 295
wounded at Les Mares Farm, 201
Garber, Max V., Colonel, 254
commanding Fifty-eighth Infantry, 288
Gas attacks, 281
Gawne, Lieutenant, 138
Gayler, Ernest R., Commander, 306
Georgia, U.S.S., 105, 106 *et seq.*, 114
collision at Hampton Roads, 109
turret accident on, 114
German army at Peking, 72, 73
German raiders, internment of crews of, at Fort McPherson, 155-156
German thoroughness, 273
Germany, children in, 291
war declared against, by United States, 156
Geronimo, Fort, San Domingo, American base at (1916), 140-141
Gest, Sidney, 162
Geylin, Henry, 162
Gingals, Chinese weapons, 34
Glendenning, Percy, 162
Gonaives, Haiti, 328
Gondalu, 194
Gondrecourt, German air raids over, 172
school for officers in, 177

INDEX

- Gondrecourt—Menaucourt, First Division, A.E.F., at, 165
- Goodman, Lieutenant, 159
- Goodrall, Colonel "Manse," 76
commandant of Marines at Cavite, 81
- Grand Riviere, Haiti, "capture" of, from the Americans, 320
- Gravesend, 111
- Gretchen, 260, 261, 363, 284, 285, 287, 288, 296, 297, 300, 314, 336, 341
- Griscomb, Lloyd, United States Ambassador at Tokio, 92
- Guam, description of, 11, 24.
- Guatanamo, fleet maneuvers and target practice off, 107
organization of Marine Brigade at (1911), 112
- Gugus, the, 77
- Gulick, Mason, Lieutenant, 9, 12, 14.
- Haiti, drum signal system of, 135-136
gentry of, 307
natives, 135
Voodoo practices in, 135, 313
- Haiti, revolution of 1915 in, 130
American occupation in, 130
fighting with Charles Zamar and Cacaos bands, 137
Jeremie, Custom House taken over by American troops, 132
disarming of Haitian soldiers in, 132-133
handling of natives, 136
local conditions in, 134
- Haiti, revolution of 1919-1920, 301, 305, 310
Benoit, Cacao leader, 234
killing of, 330-331
Cacao communications, 313
Cacaos attack Port au Prince, 326
Cacaos insurrection, 301, 310
Cacaos murders in, 315
Cacaos raids, 314-315
Cacaos surrender, 329
Charlemagne Perrault, Cacao leader, 310
killing of, 318-323
plans for capture of, 316
foreign powers and, 307
Gendamerie in, 308-309
brutality of, at Croix de Bouquet, 302-304
final efficiency of, 331
officers of, 308
reconstructing of, 309
Haitian president's visit to Cape Haitien, 327
ball at Cape Haitien, 328
governing powers in, 305-306
Mayo Court of Inquiry, 304
New Year's celebration, 325
Roman Catholic Church in, 307
smallpox in, 332
Treaty officials of United States, 305-306
- Hall, Major Newton, 144
- Hampton Roads, 114
- Hance, Edward, 103
- Hancock, transport, 120, 121, 123, 160
- Hannigan, Captain, in capture of Charlemagne Perrault, 318, 319, 323
receives Congressional Medal of Honor, 323

INDEX

- Harbord, James, Major General, 166, 223, 227, 235
 Brigadier General, in command of Marine Brigade, 188-189
 hot interview with F. M. Wise after Bois de Belleau, 240-241
 Major General, 245
 on German second drive on Paris and work of Second Division, 194
 orders Major Wise to attack Bois de Belleau on own plans, 214-215
 orders Major Wise to attack Bois de Belleau on southern edge, 217
- Hardee, William, 122
- Harding, Arthur, Lieutenant, 17
 adjutant of Major Waller in China, 30
 at Vera Cruz, 126
 selected for Guam (1900), 24
- Hardy, Ethel Sewall, first meeting of, with Frederic May Wise, 129
 engagement of, to Frederic May Wise, 155
 marriage of, to Frederic May Wise, 156. (*See also* Mrs. Wise.)
- Harris, Mike, Captain, and Gunner Gallivan, 174
- Hayes, Thomas, Sergeant-Major, 102
- Hayes, Major, 189
- Heiser, Lieutenant, death of, in Bois de Belleau, 221
- Henderson, transport, crossing Atlantic in, 160
- Herbst, Colonel, regulating officer, U.S. Army, 180
- Hernandez, President of San Domingo, 141, 142
 preliminary interview with, 142-143
 resignation of, 143
 revolution against (1916), 139
- Hersey, Mark L., Major General, 294, 295, 296
- Hickey, B. F., Captain, 313
- Hickmet Bey, Turkish commodore at Smyrna, 1912, 118
- Hill, First Sergeant, 19, 33, 39
- Hill, Jumbo, at Vera Cruz, 126
- Hill, Walter, Major, 310
- Hindenburg Line, 262
 preparations for attack on, 262, 263, 264. *See also* Argonne drive
 taking of, 265
- Hines, John L., Major General, 254, 255, 266, 286
- Holcomb Thomas, Major, 227, 230, 231
- Hong Kong, 93
- Honolulu, 7
- Hooker, Richard, Colonel, 82, 126, 326, 334
- Hopkins, William, 113
- Hotaling, Joseph, 99
- House of the Hundred Steps, Yokohama, 91
- Hsiku Arsenal, near Tientsin, rescue of Allied relief column, 28, 30
 U.S. Marines at, 45
- Hughes, John A., Major, commanding First Battalion, Sixth Marines, 216, 218, 223, 224, 231, 235
- Humphries, General, 74
- Hutchinson, Dr., at Neuilly, 244

INDEX

- Ingate, Captain, death of, at
 Guam, 12
 Jackson, Lieutenant, 176-177
 Jacques, 'Tit, 324
 Jeremie, Haiti, 131
 revolution of 1915. *See under*
 Haiti
 Jim, of Haitian Intelligence De-
 partment, 314, 324
 Joaquin, Filipino bandit, capture
 of, 79-81
 Johness, Captain, 101
 Johnson, American guide in San
 Domingo, 148
 Juan, Filipino police sergeant,
 79-81
 Kane, "Tippy," Colonel, 82, 85,
 145
 Kasson, Sergeant, 19, 33
 Keyser, Ralph S., Major, 242,
 246
 Kitchens, rolling, 172, 173
 Knapp, Henry, Rear-Admiral,
 154
 Haiti (1920), 332
 Knight, Austin, Rear-Admiral,
 115
 Knighton, Captain, 328
 Kobe, Japan, 90
 Kyoto, Japan, 90
 La Crete, 182
 recapture of, by the French,
 258
 La Ferte Sous Jouarre, 242, 243
 Lampson, U. S. torpedo boat,
 146
 Langres, F. M. Wise at, 245
 Lanning, Captain, 146
 Larned, Chaplain, at Bois de
 Belleau, 228, 231
 La Voie du Chatel, 194, 206
 Lawis, David, 103
 Lawton, General, death of, in
 the Philippines, 24
 Lay, Harry, Lieutenant-Colonel,
 113, 246, 247, 295
 Leconte, President of Haiti,
 death of, 130
 Lee, Fitzhugh, Captain, 87
 Lee, Harry, Brigadier-General,
 at Quantico, 336
 Captain, 86
 Colonel of Sixth Marines, 295
 Lieutenant Colonel, 231
Legaspi, 93, 94
 Legendre, James Hennen, Lieu-
 tenant, 191, 192, 204,
 210, 218, 220, 249
 cited for bravery at Bois de
 Belleau, 213
 given Distinguished Service
 Cross, 213
 in the bottle-neck road at Bois
 de Belleau, 210
 Lejeune, John A., Major Gen-
 eral, 157, 252
 at Vera Cruz, 126
 visits Haiti (1920), 331, 332
 Lemly, Captain, at Tientsin, 35
 Lempke, Herr, German Consul
 at Monte Christi, San
 Domingo, 146
 Leonard, Lieutenant, at Tien-
 tsin, 35
 Les Mares Farm, Château
 Thierry:
 Fifth Marines, First Battal-
 ion, arrive at, 205
 Fifth Marines, Second Bat-
 talion at:
 arrival at Marigny, 196
 at Pyramids Farm, 194
 Captain Wass's company on
 left flank, in Bois de
 Veuilly, 198-199

INDEX

- Les Mares Farm, Fifth Marines,
Second Battalion at:
Captain Williams' company
on right flank, 197
German attack on line of
Marines, 202-203
missing reinforcements, 197,
198, 199, 201, 202, 204
officers of Battalion, 195
ordered to hold four-kilome-
ter front, 196, 199
nature of four four-kilo-
meter front, 196
relieved by French Infantry,
206
retreat of Germans, 204
retreat ordered by French:
"Retreat! Hell! We've
just got here!" 202
rifle fire of Marines stops
Germans, 203-204
rifles depended on by Ma-
rines, 201
sharpshooters of, 198
single marines in fox holes,
197, 202, 203, 204, 205
stop the German drive to
Paris, 203-204
French artillery at Marigny,
196
French Chasseurs at Cham-
pillon, 198, 199, 200
French filter through at, 200
retreat of French batteries
from Marigny, 202
of French Chasseurs, 202
of Senegalese troops, 202
shelling of Marigny, 198, 199,
200, 205
Sixth Marines arrive at, 204
Lewis, James, 162
and his commissary activities,
170-171
Lewis, James, attached to Mc-
Keown, 170-171
Lewis gun, 179
Ligny, 169
Liscum, Colonel, of Ninth U.S.
Infantry, death of, at
Tientsin, 37
Little, Louis McCarty, Colonel,
9, 11, 113
Brigadier General of Haitian
Gendarmerie, 312, 324
London, 1910-11, 111
London, Jack, at Vera Cruz,
126
Long, C. G., Brigadier General,
at Tientsin, 35, 41
at Vera Cruz, 123
in command of Advance Base
Force at Philadelphia
(1913), 119, 129
in command of Marines at
Philadelphia Navy Yard,
155, 158
in Philippines, 76, 78
Low, Lieutenant at Guam, 12,
14
Lucy-le-Bocage, dressing sta-
tion at, 219, 224
Manila, recreation at, 18
Manila Bay in 1899, 15
Manney, Henry, Lieutenant,
106
Mardi Gras, New Orleans, 121
Marigny, Second Battalion,
Fifth Marines, arrives at,
196
shelling of, 198, 199, 200, 205
Marine Brigade, Brigadier Gen-
eral Harbord in com-
mand of, 187-188
in Cuba, 112
Marine Corps, Advance Base
Force of, 119

INDEX

- Marine Corps, changes in character of, 339, 341
- Marines, called "Chasseurs of the American Army" (Marshal Foch), 166
- in China, for Boxer War, 25, 26
- arrival of, 26
- blistering march on Pekin, 45 *et seq.*
- arrival at Pekin, 58. *See also* Pekin.
- entry into Pekin, 59
- in barracks at the Palace of the Eighth Prince, 64
- leave the barracks in the Palace of the Eighth Prince, 74
- leave Pekin and China, 74
- in attack on Tientsin, 33
- in Tientsin, 38 *et seq.* *See* Tientsin.
- in Philippines (1899), 15 *et seq.*, 75
- maneuvers at Culebra, Virgin Islands, 120
- occupation of Haiti by. *See* Haiti.
- occupation of San Domingo by (1916), 139. *See also* San Domingo.
- ordered to France with First Division, A.E.F., 157.
- See* individual units.
- ordered to Tampico, 1914, 122
- Marriage philosophy of Navy bos'n in the Philippines, 18
- Mars-le-Tour, 290
- Martin, Lieutenant, 77
- Martin, Mrs. Elinor, use of residence of, for official headquarters in San Francisco earthquake and fire, 96
- Massey, Lieutenant, 159
- Matthews, Corporal, 34
- Maumus, A. J., 306, 312
- May, 193, 194
- Mayo, Admiral, demand of, that Mexico salute American flag, 122
- Mayo Court of Inquiry over Haiti, 304, 333, 335
- McCalla, Admiral, 96
- McClintic, Sergeant, 341
- court-martial of, 338
- McCreary, Wirt, Lieutenant, 9, 17
- and the Limberger cheese, 113
- in Philadelphia, 76, 77
- in the Philippines, 17, 41
- junk fleet of, on the Pei-ho River, China, 43, 47, 52, 53, 57, 68
- provost marshal of Marine camp at Guantanamo, 1911, 113
- transferred to Subig, 76
- McCrone, Lieutenant, 146
- McCullough, Doctor, of U.S.S. *Georgia*, 112
- McDevitt, Sergeant, 4, 86
- McIlhenny, John, 306, 309, 310, 317
- McKeown, John, orderly of Colonel Wise, 170, 192, 243, 244, 253, 255, 261, 263, 284, 285, 297, 299, 300, 301, 317, 318, 340
- and Jimmie Lewis, 170-171
- in charge of Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, mess, 170
- McLean, Norman T., Doctor, 306
- McMillan, Robert, Colonel, 245

INDEX

- Meade, James J., Major, 310, 311, 312, 316, 318
- Meade, Robert L., Colonel, Commandant of Marines at Brooklyn Navy Yard, 82
- Commandant of Marines in the Philippines, 20
- "Fighting Bob" Evans and, 82
- in Boxer War, 31, 35
- leaves China for United States, 42
- Theodore Roosevelt and, 82
- Meaux, 193
- Menaucourt, arrival of Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, at, 163
- training of Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, at, 163-165
- Mercur, Ulie, 103
- Mercy*, U.S.S., 5
- Merrill, John, Captain, 88, 94
- Mery, 240
- Mexican dollars, 23
- Mexico, trouble with, 122
- Miguelito, Dominican rebel, 146, 147
- dispersal of his men at Monte Christi, 148-149
- Mikado, garden party of, at Imperial Palace, 1905, 92
- review of Japanese and captured Russian Squadrons by, 1905, 91
- Military Order of the Dragon, founding of, 73
- Military Police in Bois de Belleau, story of, 234
- Milner, Drinkard, Lieutenant, 159
- at Bois de Belleau, 233
- Misaca*, Admiral Togo's flagship, 91
- Monkey incident in the Philippines, 20-21
- Monocacy*, U.S.S. gunboat at Tong-Ku, China, 1900, 27
- Montana*, U.S.S., cruise to Smyrna, 116
- Monte Christi, San Domingo, 145
- occupation of, by American Marines, 147-149
- Montgirmont, Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, at, 181-182
- Montgirmont-Les Eparges drive, 256 *et seq.*
- Morgan, Mrs., use of residence of, for official headquarters in San Francisco earthquake and fire, 96
- Moselle, 291
- Moses, Franklin J., Colonel, at Vera Cruz, 126
- Captain in China, 43
- clash with Captain Wise, 112
- regimental commander at Guantanamo, 1910, 112
- Murphy, First Sergeant, 19, 33
- Murphy, Paul St. Clair, Colonel, 186
- Murray, Joseph, Captain, 159, 195
- Muth, Lieutenant, death of, 330
- Nam Sing, Chinese tailor in Philippines, 21-23
- Nancy, 247, 248
- Navy drills, maneuvers and target practice, 107, 108, 109, 114
- Neuilly, 191, 244

INDEX

- Neville, Wendell C., Brigadier General, 129, 196, 197, 205, 208, 215, 228, 231, 240, 245, 246, 334
in command of Fifth Marines, 172
in command of Marine Brigade, 245
New Orleans, Mardi Gras, 121
Newport, Rhode Island, 110
Ninth U.S. Infantry at attack on South Gate of Tientsin, 32, 34
in attack on the walls of Tientsin, 37
Ninth U. S. Infantry, A.E.F., cosmopolitan composition of, 175
German trench raid and box barrage that failed, 187-188
reinforcements for Fifth Marines at Bois de Belleau, 226, 227
Noel, Admiral Sir Gerald, 89, 91
No Man's Land, patrols in, 184, 186
Nott, George, 122
Obedience in A.E.F., 177
Ohio, U.S.S., 88
O-Kin-San, 91
O'Leary, Arthur, First Lieutenant, 88
Olongapo, Philippines, 76
Marine post at, 87
Oregon, U.S.S., 25, 26, 88, 94, 105
Osama, Fort, San Domingo, occupied by revolutionary troops of Arrias, 142
Osterhout, George, Captain, 159
Otis, General, in the Philippines, 24
Packling, transport, Chinese ponies on, 74, 90
Palmer, Frederick, 167
Panama, S.S., 300, 301
Panther, U.S. transport, 145, 146
Paris, Colonel Wise at, 111, 176, 287, 296
Paris air raid, 192
Parsons, Colonel, 275
Pâté de foie gras, fried, 279
Patrols in No Man's Land, 184
Patullo, George, 167
Payne, Mr., in Haiti, 302
Pei-ho River, China, 1900, 28
Pekin, blistering march on, 45
et seq.
dysentery and typhoid in, 54, 55
grain fields in, 54, 55
Marines at Hsiku Arsenal, 45
Marines at Pekin, 58
Marines at Tong Tchow, 56-57
Marines at Yangstun, 52, 53
tombs in, 45
German Army arrives at, 72, 73
Imperial City, 66
looting in, 65
disposal of loot, 68
Palace of the Emperor's Harem at, 66, 67
Seals of the Emperors in, 71-72
Marines leave, 74
Palace of the Eighth Prince at, barracks in, 64

INDEX

- Pekin, taking of, entry of U.S. Marines at, through Sha-huo Gate, 59
 fight at the top of Ch'ien-Mein Gate, 60
 Fourteenth U.S. Infantry fighting in, 61, 62, 63
 halting of fighting at gates of the Sacred City, 63
 Reilly's Battery at, 61, 62
 start for attack, 44
 Pekinese dogs, jet-black, at Imperial City, Pekin, 66, 67
 Pendleton, Joseph H., Colonel, 87, 150, 151, 154, 155
 Pensacola, 121
 Percy, Dr. Henry, 90
 Perez, Señor, Alcalde of Santiago, San Domingo, 154
 Perkins, Captain, killing of Benoit (Cacao leader) by, 330-331
 Perrault, Charlemagne. *See* Charlemagne Perrault.
 Pershing, General, attaché at U. S. Embassy at Tokio, 1905, 91
 inspection of First Division, A.E.F., by, 165-166
 Peters, German-Haitian, 303, 304
 Petite, Mr., American consular agent in San Domingo, 146, 147
 Philbrick, Lieutenant, 132, 133
 Philippines, 1899, 15
 Marines at, 15 *et seq.*
 Pont-a-Mousson, 248
 Fifth Marines, Second Battalion, at, 248
 French decorations that failed, 251-252
 German raid that failed, 250-251
 Port au Prince, Haiti, 130, 137, 301
 Porter, David, Lieutenant, 17, 60
 adjutant of Major Biddle, 43, 69
 Portsmouth Navy Yard, Colonel Wise commandant at, 341
 Powell, "Pokey," Lieutenant, 17, 24, 41, 113
Prairie, U.S. transport, 137, 138, 139, 145
 Premonitions of death, 281
 Price, Edward, 103
 Pryor, Lee, Lieutenant-Commander, 115, 117
 Punctuality in A.E.F., 176-177
 Putnam, Captain R. B., 153
 Pyramides Farm, Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, at, 194
 Quantico, 336
 Quigley, Thomas, First Sergeant, 115
 "Racquet Clubbers," 163, 174
 in Bois de Belleau, 226
 in training at Menaucourt, 163, 165
Raleigh, U.S.S., 88
 Ramsey, Frank DeWitt, Captain, U.S. Army, at Pekin, 70
 Military Order of the Dragon originated by, 73
 Reath, Robert, 162
 death of, at Bois de Belleau, 226
 Reed, Rev. Gilbert, 66
 Regan, Mrs., and General Lejeune, 337

INDEX

- Regimental P.C., and the energetic .75 gun, 273
- Regimental P.C., de luxe, 270-271, 272
- Reilly, Captain, Battery of, on Ch'ien-Mein Gate, Pekin, 61, 62
- death of, 62, 63
- Remy, Admiral, 24, 25
- "Retreat! Hell! We've just got here!" 202
- Rhineland, 291
- Rice, Corporal, 19
- Richardson, Mrs. Edmund, 122
- Richthofen Circus, 280
- Rifle, value of, in attack, 169
- Rifle training, 172, 173
- Riordan, Sergeant Danny, 83
- Robb, Colonel, 73
- Rodgers, William L., Captain, 106
- Roosevelt, Miss Alice, at San Juan, Porto Rico, 85
- Roosevelt, Theodore, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Colonel Robert L. Meade, 82
- Rossi, Captain, Turkish chief of staff, Smyrna, 118
- Rubley, Harry, death of, 316
- Russell, John H., Colonel, at Guam, 12
- Brigade Commander of Gendarmerie in Haiti, 315
- Russell, Peter, American Minister at San Domingo, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143
- Russell, Robert, Captain, 156
- Russian fleet, captured, reviewed by the Mikado, 1905, 91
- Ryan, J. P. R., Lieutenant, 90
- Saarburg, 291
- St. Mihiel drive, 254 *et seq.*
- St. Mihiel Salient, taking of, 261
- Sam, President of Haiti, assassination of, 131
- Saminar, Haiti, 314
- Sampson, 'Bias, Lieutenant, 10
- Sampson, Frank, death of, 316
- San Domingo, revolution of 1916, 138
- American administration of customs in, 143
- American base at Fort Geronimo, 140-141
- American occupation of, 138
- capture of Arrias, 154
- capture of San Domingo City by American Marines, 144
- cogwheel railroad connecting Puerta Plata and Santiago, 150-151
- how Hiram Bearss worked it, 153
- how it worked commercially, in peace, 154
- dispersing Miguelito's men in Monte Christi, 148-149
- interview with President Hernandez, 142-143
- interview with revolutionary leader Arrias, and ultimatum to, 142-143
- march up the valley of the Zaza River, 150
- arrival at Novelito, 153
- arrival at Santiago, 153
- skirmish at Guayasanas, 152
- skirmish at Kilometer Twenty-eight, 151-152
- start from Puerta Plata, 151
- occupation of Monte Christi by American Marines, 147

INDEX

- San Domingo revolution of 1916,
 - occupation of Santiago, 153
 - opposition government by Arrias in Santiago, 145
 - Puerta Plata, 150
 - recognized Dominican government by Hernandez Cabinet in San Domingo City, 145
 - resignation of President Hernandez, 143
- San Domingo City invested by American troops, 141
- withdrawal of Arrias from San Domingo City, 144
- Zaza River, 150
- San Francisco, earthquake and fire, 96 *et seq.*
- incident of Navy officer who drank his way into reinstatement, 99
- work of Captain F. M. Wise at, 96 *et seq.*
- San Juan De Ullva prison at Vera Cruz, 126
- Santiago, San Domingo, 153, 154
- Schilling, Sergeant, 288
- Schroeder, Seton, Admiral, and the Marines at Guam, 14
- Scotch, dengue, alibi for, 92-93
- incident of the bottle of, 60
- Scully, Sergeant, 83
- Seals of the Emperors, looting of, in Pekin, 71-72
- Second Division, A.E.F., in Army of Occupation, 289
- to support French to stem second German drive on Paris, 194
- transfer of Fifth Marines to, 171, 172
- Senegalese troops, barbarousness of, 258
- Seprey, 289
- Septsarges, 267
- Service misfits, in the A.E.F., 175
- Seventh U.S. Infantry, A.E.F., at Bois de Belleau, 241-242
 - ordered to relieve Fifth Marines in Bois de Belleau, 236
 - arrive in broad daylight and are shelled, 237
- Seymour, Admiral Sir E. E., of British Navy, relief of Pekin foreign legations attempted by, 28, 30
- Shaw, Graham, 103
- Shell dumps, 247
- Sheppard, Lieutenant, 146
- Sibert, General, 166
 - and General Pershing, 166
- Silver, "Sycee," from Salt Commissioner's Yamen at Tientsin, 39, 40
- Simpson, Lieutenant, 146
- "Sitting Bull," 42, 70. *See* Bidle, William P.
- Sixth Marines, arrival of, at Damblain, 174
 - attacks of, on Bois de Belleau, 206, 214, 215, 216
- Sixth Marines, First Battalion, at Bois de Belleau, 216, 231
- Sixth Marines, Second Battalion, cut up near Bois de Belleau, 230
 - fill up gap in line at Bois de Belleau, 231
- Smith, Captain, 269
- Smith, Lieutenant, 138

INDEX

- Smyrna, 116
 fleet of all nations in, 1912,
 117-118
 harbor mines work in, 118
 Snow, Major, of the Engineers,
 224
 Soissons, civilian refugees from,
 193
 Soissons drive, 246
 Fifth Marines, Second Bat-
 talion, in, 246
Solace, U.S.S., 5
 across the Pacific on, 5 *et seq.*
 Souilly, Fifth Marines, Second
 Battalion, at, 180
 Southern Drill Grounds, 114
 Spealman, Major, 269, 278
 Spear, James, 300
 Steele, William, Captain, 160
 Storgehan, Mess Sergeant, 54
 Straight, Willard, Major, 200
 Subig, 76
 Subig Bay, 76
 Summerall, General, marking of
 targets on Pekin gate for
 Reilly's Battery, 61
 Sunderland, Lieutenant, 138
 Sweeney, Captain, death of, 272
 Sweeney, Charles, Major, 272

 Taft, President, review of At-
 lantic fleet in Hudson
 River by, 1910, 110
 Taku Roads, China, 26
 Tampico, Marines ordered to,
 122
 Tampico incident, 122
 Tanks, 246
 Target practice, naval, 108, 109,
 114
Tennessee, U.S.S., 114, 116,
 129

Terrible, H.M.S., guns of, at
 Tientsin, 34
 Thayer, Sidney, 162
 Thing, Wilbur, Lieutenant, 106
 Thionville, Thanksgiving Day
 at, 290
 Third Army, A.E.F. *See* Army
 of Occupation.
 Third Division, A.E.F., 289
 Thirty-second Division, A.E.F.,
 289
 Thompson, Colonel Dickens' or-
 derly, activities of, at
 Philadelphia Navy Yard,
 102
 Captain in Transport Corps,
 178
 First Sergeant in Transport
 Corps in France, 162
 Thorpe, Sergeant, 341
 Tientsin, Allied troops at, 31
 attack of, 33
 at South Gate of, 34
 British concession at (1900),
 28
 U.S. Marines in barracks
 at, 29
 capture of, by Allies, 37
 Marines start out for the at-
 tack, 33
 sacking of, by Allied troops,
 38 *et seq.*
 Salt Commissioner of, 32
 Salt Commissioner's Yamen,
 taking of, by Lieutenant
 Wise's Marines, 38-39
 South Gate of, taking of, by
 the Allies, 37
 Togo, Admiral, 92
 at Naval Review by Mikado
 of Japanese and captured
 Russian fleets, 1905, 91
 reception to, by the Mayor of
 Yokohama, 92

INDEX

- Tong-Ku on the Pei-ho River, 27, 74
- Tong Tchow, capture and sack-
ing of, by Allied troops, 56-57
 - U.S. Marines at, 56-57
- Touchon, Major, 164
- Tracy, Kenneth, Lieutenant Col-
onel, 303
- Train, Charles, Admiral, 87
- Training of American troops in
France, 163-165
- Transport Corps, 162
- Transportation, camion, in
France, 192
- Trench life, 183
- Trench rats, 183-184, 256
- Turrill, Major, commanding
First Battalion, Fifth
Marines, 207, 216, 235
- Twenty-fifth Infantry in the
Philippines, 76, 77

- Van Lenneps, Consul, at Smyrna,
116, 117
- Vera Cruz, American occupa-
tion of, 125 *et seq.*
 - attack on, by U.S. Navy, 123
 - arrival of U.S. Army at, 126
 - British cruisers in harbor of,
withdrawal of, 128
 - evacuation of, by Americans,
November, 1914, 128
 - German cruisers in harbor of,
withdrawal of, 128
 - Marine officers at, 126
 - Marines land in, 123
 - Marines ordered to, 122
 - Marines ordered to clear town
of snipers, 124
 - newspaper correspondents at,
126
- Vera Cruz, nineteen Americans
killed at, due mostly to
wild shooting of U.S.
sailors, 125
 - promiscuous shooting by U.S.
sailors in, 124
 - sanitary clean-up of, by U. S.
Army, 126
- Verdun, Second Battalion, Fifth
Marines, near, 189
- Virginia Capes, 114
- Voodoo in Haiti, 135, 313

- Wagowski, Sergeant, 341
- Wainright, Richard, Captain,
106
- Waldersee, Field Marshal von,
at Pekin, 72
- Walker, Lieutenant, 159
- Waller, Littleton W. T., Major
General, 7, 138
 - and the gift of Scotch, 60
 - at Pekin, 70
 - at taking of Pekin, 62
 - at Tientsin, 35
 - Brigade Commander, 129
 - Commander of Marine Brig-
ade at Guantanamo
(1911), 112
 - Commander of Marine Bri-
gade in Vera Cruz, 125
 - in barracks at Tientsin, 29
 - in Boxer War, 31, 41
 - in Philippines, 19
 - on character of Marines, 52
 - ordered to China, 25
 - ordered to Guam, 24
- Walsh, Lieutenant Colonel, 289
- Warrender, Captain Sir George,
of H.M.S. *Barfleur*, 27
- Washington*, U.S.S., 114
- Wass, Lester, Captain, 195, 247
 - at Bois de Belleau, 215, 221,
225, 227, 233, 234

INDEX

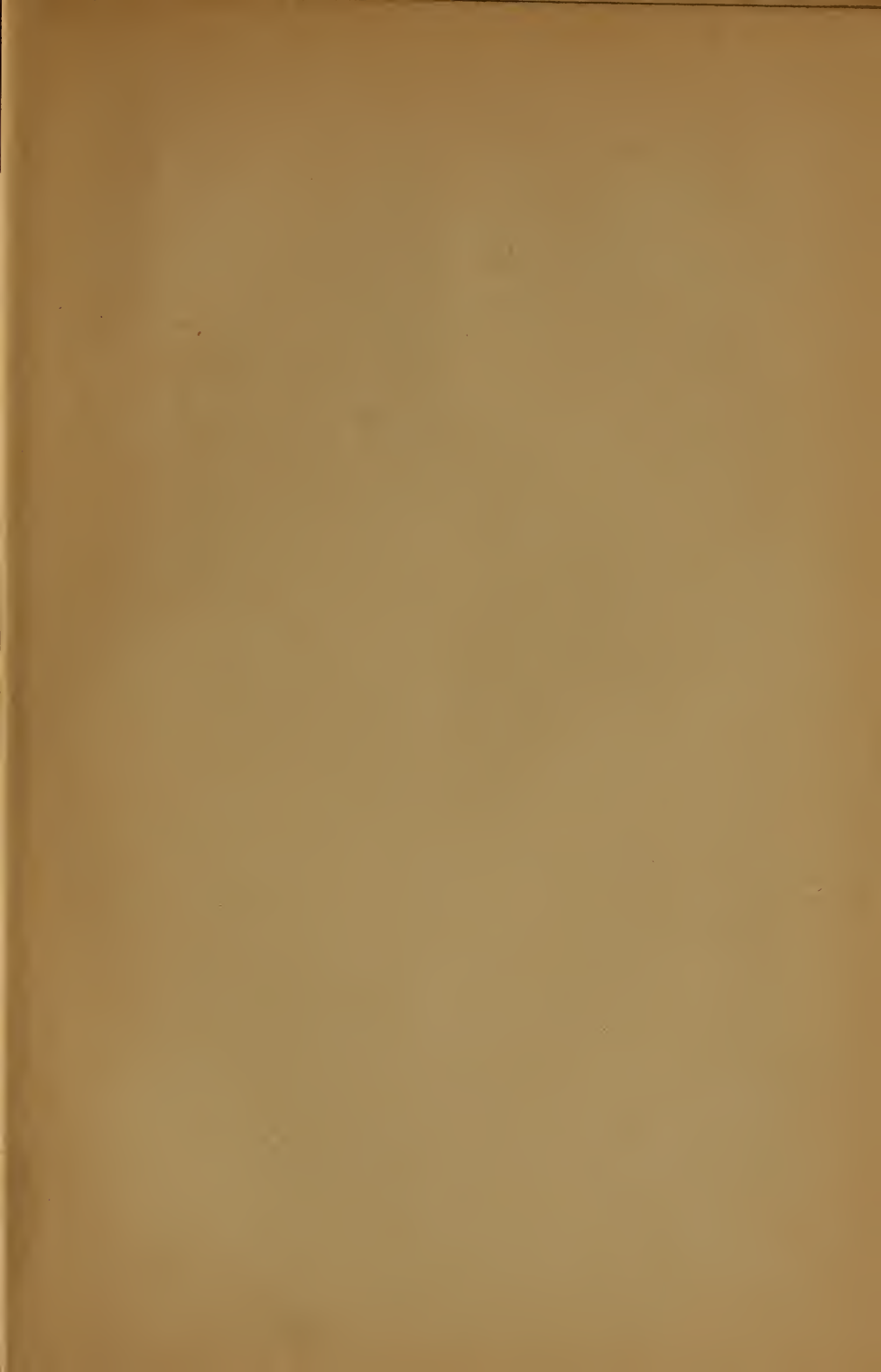
- Wass, Lester, Captain, at Les Mares Farm, 197, 198, 199, 201
 at San Domingo, 138
 death of, 246
- Watronville, capture of, by Fifty-ninth Infantry, 258-259
- Welsh Fusiliers in Boxer War, 31, 34
- White, Second Lieutenant, 97
- William of Wied, Prince, family of, 294-295
- Williams, Alexander, Colonel, Major General of Haitian Gendarmerie, 299, 302, 304
- Williams, Lloyd, Captain, 159, 195
 at Bois de Belleau, 215
 at Les Mares Farm, 197, 201
 company of, returned to Second Battalion from First, for attack of Bois de Belleau 215
 death of, 221
 walking stick of, presented to F. M. Wise, 246-247, 279-280
- Wills, Dane, Major, 245, 253, 296
- Wilson, Major, 275
- Wisconsin, U.S.S., 88, 90
- Wise, Frederic May, Colonel, and the Military Order of the Dragon, 73
 Adjutant-General to Colonels Murphy, Barnett, and Doyen, 86
 at Annapolis, for examinations for Captaincy (1903), 85
 at Boston Navy Yard, 2
 at Bremerton Navy Yard, 94
- Wise, Frederic May, Colonel,
 at Brooklyn Navy Yard, 81, 82 *et seq.*
 at Cavite Navy Yard (1904), 86
 at Mare Island Navy Yard, 96
 at Marine maneuvers at Culebra, Virgin Islands, 120
 in Philadelphia Navy Yard, 1913, 119
 at Philadelphia Navy Yard, winter of 1914-15, 129
 at Philadelphia Navy Yard, Christmas, 1916, 155
 at Prince William of Wied's castle, 294
 back with Fifth Marines, Second Battalion, 246
 Captain, 85
 Captain of Marines on U.S.S. *Oregon*, 88
 clash with Colonel Moses at Guantanamo, 112
 Colonel, 252
 Colonel, post-war organization, 337
 commissary and quarter-master on staff of Major Biddle at Pekin, 69
 engagement of, to Miss Ethel Sewall Hardy, 155
 examinations for promotion taken in San Domingo City (1916), 155
 executive officer at Philadelphia Navy Yard Barracks, 102
 First Lieutenant, 41
 Foch and, 166
 hot interview with Brigadier General Harbord after Bois de Belleau, 240-241

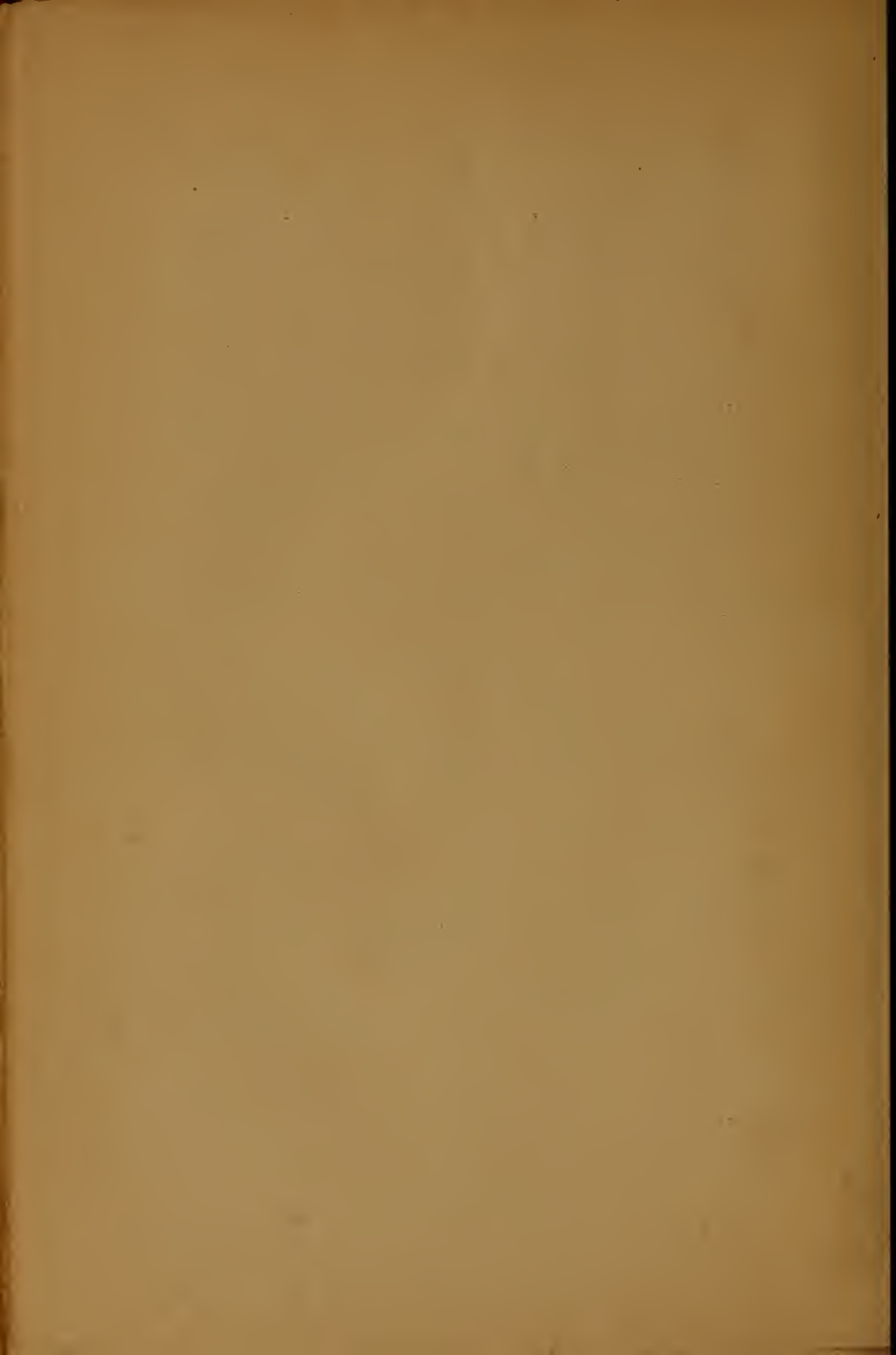
INDEX

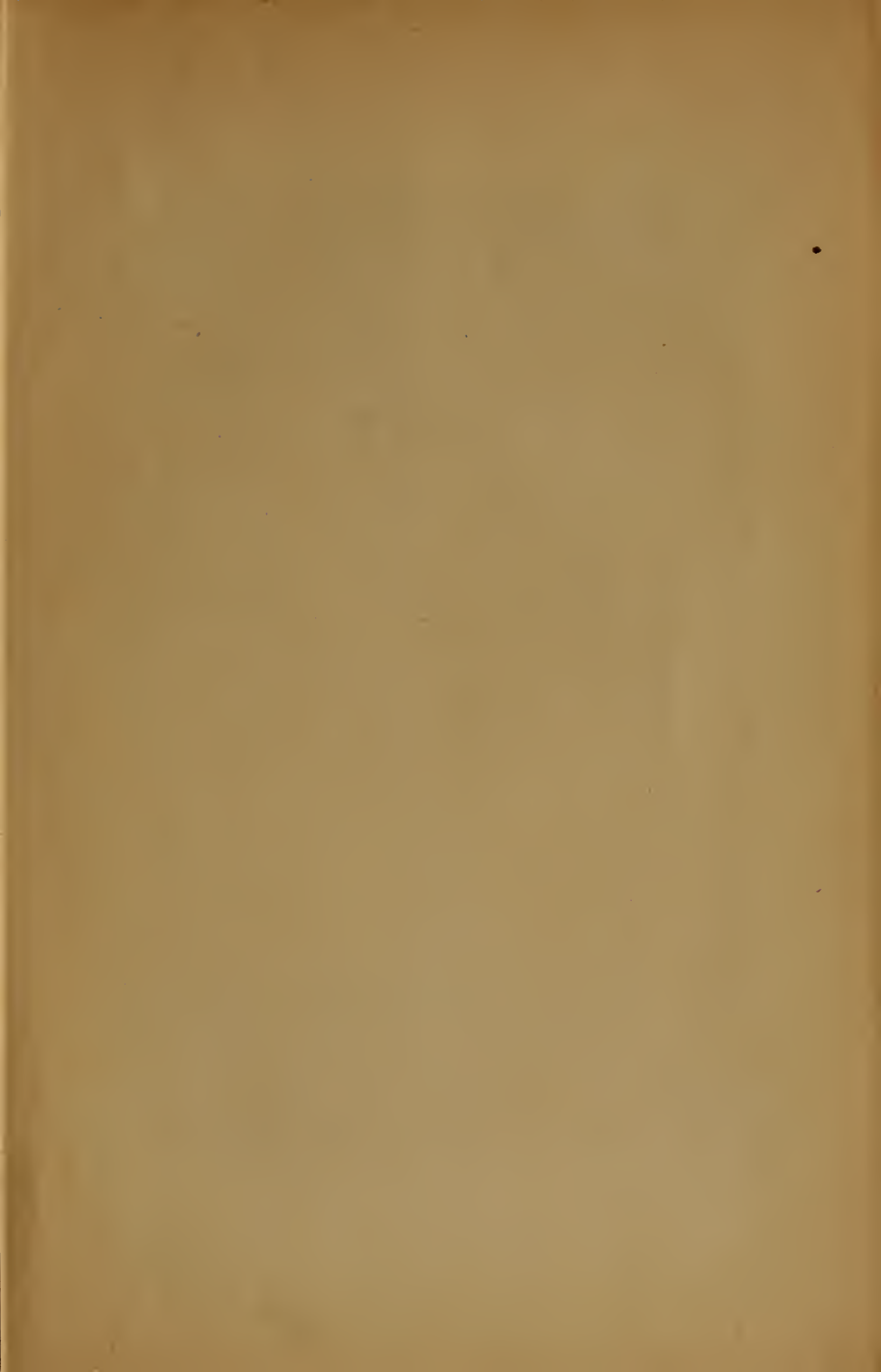
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Wise, Frederic May, Colonel,
 illness of, in Haiti, 1919, 317
 illness of (1922), 340
 immunity of, to death or
 wounding, 281
 in barracks in British conces-
 sion at Tientsin, 29
 in Cavite, arrival, 16
 in Cochrane-Biddle episode,
 75-76
 in command of Eighth Brig-
 ade, Fourth Division,
 292
 in command of Fifty-ninth In-
 fantry, A.E.F., 254
 in command of Marine Bar-
 racks at Portsmouth
 Navy Yard, 341
 in command of Second Bat-
 talion of Fifth Marines,
 157
 in Cuba for the Second Inter-
 vention (1907), 105
 in Dinard, 253
 in Gravesend and London,
 111
 in Guantanamo, 1911, 112
 in Haiti. <i>See under</i> Haiti
 in Hong Kong, 93
 in Honolulu, 8
 in Langres, 245
 in Manila, 18
 in Neuilly, 191, 244
 in New Orleans, 1914, 121
 in Newport, Rhode Island,
 110
 in Olongapo, 87
 in Paris, 111, 176, 287, 296
 in Quantico, 336
 in San Domingo, <i>See</i> San Do-
 mingo, 138
 in San Francisco earthquake
 and fire, 96 <i>et seq.</i></p> | <p>Wise, Frederic May, Colonel,
 in San Juan, Porto Rico
 (1901), 84
 in Smyrna, 116
 in Subig, 76
 in United States after World
 War, 298
 Lieutenant Colonel, 178
 Lieutenant Colonel in post-
 war organization, 314
 Major, 155
 Major and temporary com-
 mander of Fifth Marines,
 172
 Major General of Haitian
 Gendarmerie, 305
 marriage of, to Miss Ethel
 Sewall Hardy, 156
 meets Miss Ethel Sewall
 Hardy, 129
 on leave in the United States,
 1916, 155
 on provost guard duty at
 Chefoo, 1905, 88-89
 on sick leave (1901), 84
 on sick leave (1902), 85
 on sick leave at U.S. Naval
 Hospital at Yokohama
 (1905), 89 <i>et seq.</i>
 on U.S.S. <i>Georgia</i> in target
 practice off Virginia
 Capes, 1912, 114
 ordered by General Harbord
 to clear Bois de Belleau
 on his own plans (on
 southern edge), 214-215,
 217
 ordered to Cavite Navy Yard,
 1904, 85
 ordered to France with the
 First Division, A.E.F.,
 157
 ordered to School of the Line
 at Langres, 242</p> |
|--|--|

INDEX

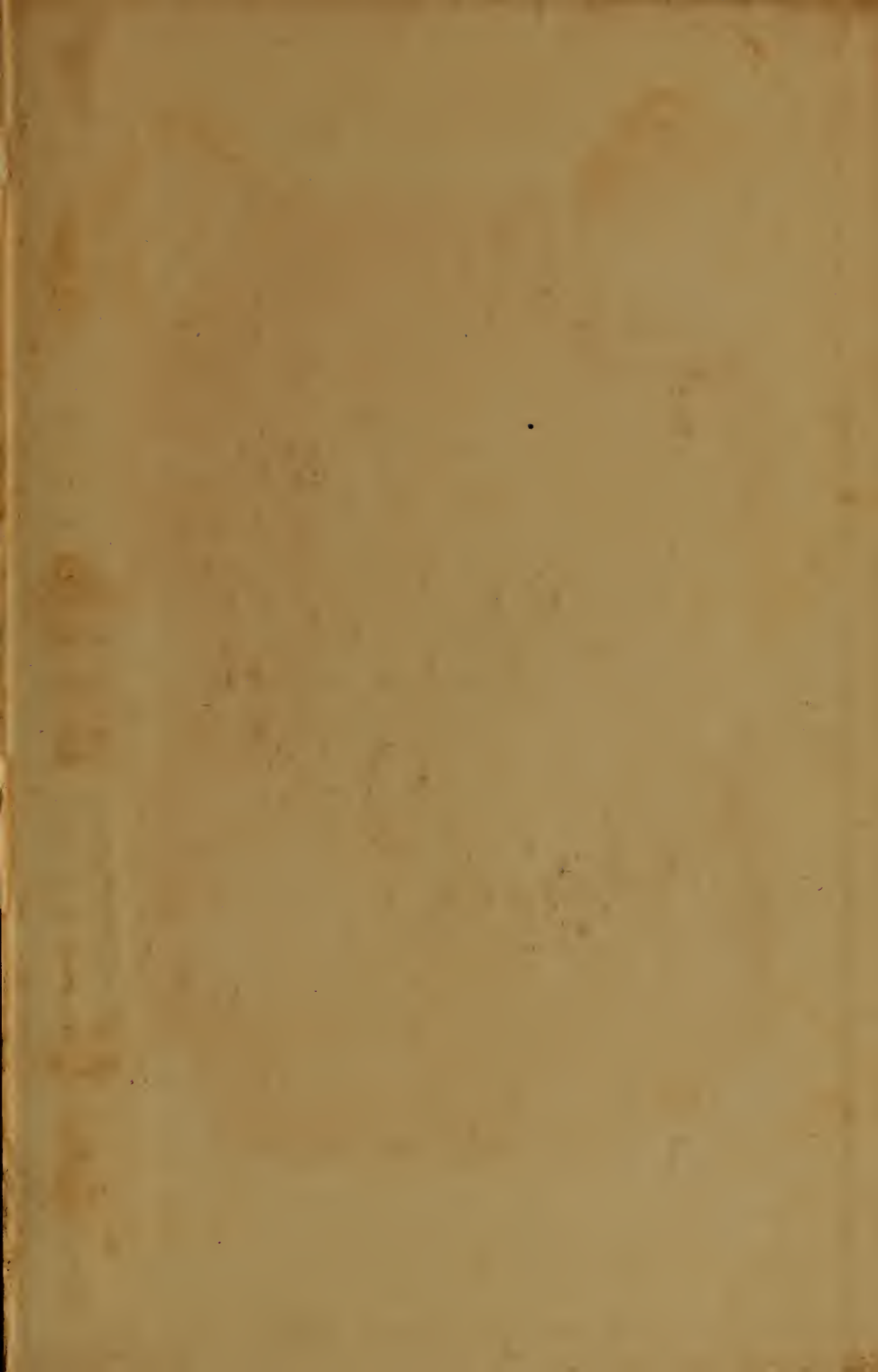
- Wise, Frederic May, Colonel,
 Pershing and, 166
 refuses appointment to Guam,
 1900, 24-25
 retirement of, 342
 sea duty on U.S.S. *Georgia*,
 105, 106 *et seq.*
 sea duty on U.S.S. *Tennes-*
see, 1912, 114
 Second Lieutenant, United
 States Marine Corps, 1
 Smyrna cruise, 116
 Supply Officer at Marine Bar-
 racks, Philadelphia Navy
 Yard (1906), 100
 to Brest, France, with Atlantic
 Fleet, 111
 transferred to Fourth Divis-
 ion, A.E.F., 252
 transferred to United States,
 297
 visits the Fifth Marines at
 Prince William of Wied's
 castle, 294-295
- Wise, Frederic May, Sr., U.S.
 Navy, at Yokohama, 91
 Commandant of All Nations
 at Tong-Ku, China,
 1900, 27, 74
 Commander of U.S.S.
Monacacy, 27, 74
 death of, 81
- Wise, Mrs. Frederic May, 253,
 287, 296, 327, 329, 336
 arrival of, in Paris, 175
 at Dinard, 253
 at Biarritz, 178
 at Neuilly, 191, 244
- Wise, Mrs. Frederic May, aux-
 iliary nurse at Army Base
 Hospital Number One at
 Neuilly, 179
 engagement of, to Colonel
 Wise, 155
 enrolls for over-seas service,
 175
 in Haiti, 314
 marriage of, to Colonel Wise,
 156
- Wise, Miss Douglas, 111
 Wise, Miss Julia, 111
 Wood, Junius, 126, 167, 190
 World War, outbreak of, 128
 United States declares war
 against Germany, 156
- Worrell, Captain, 90
 Wright, Luke, Governor-Gen-
 eral of the Philippines,
 87
- Y.M.C.A., 173
 Yangtsun, 74
 U.S. Marines at, 52, 53
 Yokohama, Bay of, 90
 House of the Hundred Steps
 at, 91
 sojourn at, 90-93
- Zamar, Charles, Haitian revolu-
 tionary leader, 137
 Zaza River valley, San Do-
 mingo, 150
 Zeppelin, down at Damblain,
 material for souvenirs,
 179











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